Encounter

October 1967 5s

St-John Perse
Poet of the Marvellous
Kathleen Raine

1917, and After
Richard Lowenthal

A E Housman's 'Hidden Grief'
Laurence Housman

Arabs & Jews 2 Letters
J L Talmon
Arnold J Toynbee

Ile de Port Cros
Robert Penn Warren

Edited by
Melvin J Lasky
& Nigel Dennis

A Map of the Underground
The Flower Power Structure & London Scene
Peter Fryer

Kenneth Burke's Dangling Novel
Denis Donoghue

Black & White Tragedy
James Q Wilson

Intellectuals & Just Causes
Robert Bolt Frederic Raphael
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Encounter

OCTOBER 1967
VOL. XXIX NO. 4

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Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. Per copy: UK 5s.: USA & Canada $1: India Rs. 2.35. Back numbers: 6s. ($1). Annual sub.: UK 57s. 6d.: USA & Canada $10 (by air $11.50): India Rs. 28: Elsewhere 60s. Trade/Subscriptions: The Continental Publishers & Distributors Ltd. 25 Worship Street London EC2 (NAT. 0854). US & Canadian subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York, N.Y. 10022. US newsstand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. 485 Fifth Avenue New York 10017 (MU 7-2645). Authorised as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for the payment of postage in cash. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. *© 1967 by Encounter Ltd.*

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Robert Penn Warren

Ile de Port Cros: What Happened

To J. J. E. Palmer

1. What Day Is

In Pliny, *Phoenice.* Phoenicians,
Of course. Before that, Celts.
Rome, in the end, as always:
A handful of coins, a late emperor.
Hewn stone—footings for what?
Irrigation—but now not easy
To trace a flume-line.

Later,
Monks, Moors, murderers,
The Mediterranean flotsam, not
Excluding the English, they cut
Down olives, plucked vines up, burnt
The château.

All day, cicadas,
At the foot of infinity, like
A tree, saw. The sawdust
Of that incessant effort,
Like filings of brass, sun-brilliant,
Heaps up at that tree-foot. That
Is what day is.

Do not
Look too long at the sea, for
That brightness will rinse out your eyeballs.

They will go grey as dead moons.

2. Natural History

Many have died, but few
Have names, it is like the world, bodies
Have been eaten by dogs, gulls, rodents, ants,
And fish, and Messire Jean le Maingre,
He struck them, and they fled.

Et les Sarrasins
se retirèrent en un isle qui est devant
le dict chastel—

but little good that, for
The Maréschal was hot on them, and

des leurs
y perdirent plus de quatre cent hommes,
que morts, que affolez,

and the root
Of the laurel has profited, the leaf
Of the live-oak achieves a new lustre, the mouth
Of the mullet is agape, and my ten-year-old son,
In the island dump, finds a helmet, Nazi—from left
To right, entering the temple, small and
Perfectly round at the point of entry, neat, but
At egress large, raw, exploding outward, desperate for
Light, air, and openness after
The hot enclosure and intense dark of
That brief transit: this
The track of the missile. Death
Came quick, for history,
Like nature, may have mercy,
Though only by accident. Neither
Has tears, but

At dusk, from the next island, from its pad at
Le Centre de Recherche d'Engins Spéciaux, the rocket
Rises, the track of the fume feathers white—
spins out, oh whiter—
Rises beyond the earth's shadow, in
Full light aspires. Then,
With no sound, the expected explosion. The glitters
Of flame fall, like shreds of foil, ice-bright,
From a Christmas tree falling, they sink
Into earth-shadow, glimmer, then die, but

The feathers of fume still shine high, dissolve
White in that last light. The technicians
Now go to dinner.

Beauty
Is the fume-track of necessity. This thought
Is therapeutic.

If, after several
Applications, you do not find
Relief, consult your family physician.

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3. The Poet Paul Valéry Walked Here And Confronted The Fierce Energies Of The World

Where dust gritty as
Hot sand was hurled by
Sea wind on the cliff track
To burnish the holly-leaf, he

Walked, and to windward afar
The sail heeled white, and white
Cat's-paws up the channel flicked.
He paused to look down, and far down

Surf, on the Pointe du Cognet,
Boomed, and clawed white,
Like vine incessant, up
That glitter and lattice of air.

Far down, far down, below
The stone where his foot hung, a gull
Wheeled white in the flame of
Air. The white wing scythed

The bright stalks of altitude
Down, they were cut at the root,
And the sky keeps falling down,
Forever it falls down with

A clatter like glass, or delight,
And his head, like a drum, throbs,
His eyes, they fly away,
They scream like gulls, and

Over Africa burn all night,
For Time is not Time, so
His breath stops in his throat,
And he stands on the cliff, his panama

Hat white in his hand,
For he is Monsieur le Poète,
Paul Valéry is his name,
On a promenade by the sea. Look—

Against the blue sky he sways high,
While in the bright intricacies
Of wind, his mind, like a leaf,
Turns. In the sun, it glitters.

4. Moonrise

The moon, eastward and over
The ridge and rock-blackness, rears.
From the widening throat of the valley,
Light, like a bugle blast,
Silver, pours at us. We are,
In that silence, stunned.

The faces
Of clients on the café terrasse
From shadow lift up. From shadow
Of sockets, their eyes yearn, and
The faces, in that light, are
Washed white as bone.

Some,
However, have shown more judgment.
They loll in the shadow of laurel.

The air is heavy with blossom.

We wait. We do not even
Know the names of one another.

5. A Place Where Nothing Is

I have been in a place where
nothing is, it is not
silence, for there are voices, not
emptiness, for there is
a great fullness, it is
populated with nothingness, loud
it is with nothingness, nothing-
ness presses on the ribs like
elbows, and the lump
of nothingness sticks
in the throat like the hard
phlegm, and if, in that dark,
you cough, there is, in that
land of nothingness, no
echo, for the dark has
no walls, or if there is echo,
it is, whatever the original
sound, a laugh. A lamp,
by each bed, burns, but
gives no light.

Earlier,
I have warned you not to look
too long at the brightness of
the sea, but now—yes—
I retract my words, for
the brightness of that nothing-
ness which is the sea is
not nothingness, but is
like that inestimable sea of

Nothingness Plotinus dreamed.

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6. Masts At Dawn

Past second cock-crow yacht masts in the harbour go slowly white.
• • •

No light in the east yet, but the stars show a certain fatigue.
They withdraw into new distance, have discovered our
• • • unworthiness. It is long since

The owl, in the dark eucalyptus, dire and melodious, last called, and
• • •

Long since the moon sank and the English
Finished fornicating in their ketches. In the evening
• • • there was a strong swell.

Red died the sun, but at dark, wind rose easterly, white sea
• • • nagged the black harbour headland.

When there is a strong swell, you may, if you
surrender to it, experience
A sense, in the act, of mystic unity with that rhythm. Your
• • • peace is the sea's will.

But now no motion, the bay-face is glossy in darkness, like
• • •

An old window pane flat on black ground by the wall, near
the ash heap. It neither
Gives nor receives light. Now is the hour when the sea
• • •

Sinks into meditation. It doubts its own mission. The drowned cat
• • •

That on the evening swell had kept nudging the piles of
the pier and had seemed
To want to climb out and lick itself dry, now floats free. On the
• • • surface a slight convexity only, it is like

An eyelid, in darkness, closed. You must learn to accept the
• • • kiss of fate, for

The masts go white slow, as light, like dew, from darkness
Condenses on them, on oiled wood, on metal. Dew whitens in darkness.
• • •

I lie in my bed and think how, in darkness, the masts go white.
• • •

The sound of the engine of the first fishing dory dies seaward. Soon
In the inland glen wakes the dawn-dove. We must try
• • •

To love so well the world that we may believe, in the end, in God.

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Peter Fryer

A Map of the Underground

The Flower Power Structure & London Scene

TWO ANNOUNCEMENTS at the UFO (Unlimited Freak-Out) club, late of London's Tottenham Court Road. "Maybe tonight is kissing night. Don't just kiss your lover tonight, kiss your friends." And later: "Some of you may be uncool, and we may be getting busted tonight. Now, I know the usual thing in clubs is to kind of throw anything on the floor. But we don't want the fuzz to close UFO down. So, like if you're uncool, will you please go out and come back when you're cool."

The first speaker is nineteen-year-old "Suzy Creamcheese" (real name: Susan Zeiger), who was arrested the other week when sitting down outside the *News of the World* offices to protest against the imprisonment of two of the *Rolling Stones*. The second speaker is Simon Barley, a drama student who runs the UFO club in the temporary absence (in jail) of its organiser. Both speakers are Americans. Along with several of their countrymen, they are missionaries in Britain of the hippy life-style, the Love Revolution, the doctrine and practice of Flower Power. UFO, each Friday night, is the principal British outpost of this new-model anarchism, whose Mecca is the famous Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco.

In Haight-Ashbury, as is now tolerably well known, some 10,000 hippies "do their own thing" before the astonished eyes of Dame Margot Fonteyn and less distinguished tourists. Their presence is estimated to be costing the city 35,000 dollars a month for "treatment of drug abuse"; how much of this sum goes on police activities against cannabis smoking is not stated. These natural-born heirs to the Beat Generation, these internal *émigrés* or (as one sociologist has called them) "Freudian proletariat," accept four guiding principles: (*1*) Do your own thing, regardless of what anyone else thinks or says or does; (*2*) Drop out; (*3*) Turn on every straight person you can reach—if possible, with cannabis or LSD; if not, turn him on to beauty, honesty, fun, and love; (*4*) If authority interferes with you, love it to death. Meanwhile, an inner core of Utopia-here-and-now enthusiasts, calling themselves Diggers after the followers of Gerrard Winstanley, are busily undermining the American economy—and, more immediately, the hippy entrepreneurs' economy—by giving away free daily meals and free clothes to all who need them.[1]

The British Underground which has emerged in the past two years and, for various reasons, has recently enjoyed much press and television coverage, was not created by Miss Creamcheese and her fellow-missionaries. In detail, to be sure, it owes much to the heartland of hippydom. *"With our love—we could save the world—if they only knew,"* sung by George Harrison on the *Beatles'* latest long-playing disc, is a fair rendering in British pop-group terminology of a sign in a Los Angeles hippy commune which reads: "SUPER-ZAP THEM ALL WITH THE LOVE!" But the British Underground has its own native roots, its own history and pre-history. Just as

[1] The transition from Beat Generation to hippy sub-culture in the U.S.A., and later developments, can be followed in: Ned Polsky, "The Village Beat Scene: Summer 1960," *Dissent*, VIII (1961), pp. 339–59; James F. Scott, "Beat Literature and the American Teen Cult," *American Quarterly*, XIV (1962), pp. 150–60; Karen Gaylord, "Bohemia Revisited," *Social Research*, XXXII (1965), pp. 163–79; Warren Hinckle, "The Social History of the Hippies," *Ramparts*, March 1967, pp. 9–26; and "The Hippies," *Time*, 7 July 1967, pp. 12–20.

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the Bolshevik Revolution of fifty years ago did not create the Communist movement in Britain, but influenced it in certain directions, so today's British Underground, *mutatis mutandis*, is stimulated, encouraged, and inspired by—but is not a product of—the love revolutionaries who have stormed the heights of "Hashbury."

THIS IS ABOUT THE ONLY clear general feature of the British Underground. It is not, in any hitherto accepted sense, a revolutionary movement. It is not merely a new cultural idiom, a novel form of entertainment, a sub-culture of cannabis- and LSD-users, a quasi-religious cult. None of these ingredients is essential, and each individual decides for himself what proportions he needs in the mixture. From one point of view, the whole phenomenon can be seen as a complex of business enterprises. The name "Underground"—despite the existence of a loosely linked Underground Press Syndicate comprising some forty journals, mostly in the U.S.A., and including the British *Peace News* as well as *The International Times*[2]—is repudiated as a "media-man's label." But no convenient substitute is provided. Indeed all forms of labelling, all attempts at clarity of definition, tend to be rejected as "boring" and "beside the point." If you're inside, you know already; if outside, you're incapable of knowing. Initiates speak among themselves of "the scene" or "the movement" or, sometimes, "the society": the latter in the sense of the supplementary society, "international, inter-racial, equisexual," that is being "slowly, carelessly" constructed within the old.[3] And "Underground" is clearly an imperfect term for a phenomenon both seven-eighths above the surface and—even as it slates "fat little publicity men" and "Lunchtime O'Booze"—acutely publicity-conscious. Nevertheless, for want of an exoteric name for the allegedly unnameable, "Underground" must serve.

One further ingredient strikes the inquirer as central to the Underground's role and purpose. It is a thoroughgoing revolt by a section of young people against the habits, manners, standards, morals, politics, taste, taboos, and life-style of their elders. Youthful rebellion is not new, as trend-spotting vicars are constantly reminding us. But no previous expression of adolescent frustration has been so comprehensive, so self-assured, or so cynical. Previous generations have provoked their elders by turning Marxist or Bohemian, or flinging food about in Oxford restaurants, or some such partial or trivial gesture of nonconformity. Today's Underground adherent speaks of "the Other Generation" as casually and implacably as the 1930s young communist spoke of "the Class Enemy."

Contrast the well-known photographs of John Cornford (1936), Esmond Romilly (1934), and Dylan Thomas (1933) with the young dandies who are to be seen today on the King's Road, Chelsea, and at the UFO club. It is a far cry from that utilitarian sports jacket and baggy flannels, or corduroys and enormously knotted tie, or "khaki shirt... red tie... and etiolated trousers" (and, for women, "that old skirt")[4]—to the gorgeous frilled shirt and acid-green or lilac double-breasted gabardine suit of 1967, and the oriental robes forecast for 1968. It is a far cry from the public schoolboys' rebellion charted in the magazine *Out of Bounds* (1934–35), the Romillys' book of that name (1935), and Philip Toynbee's *Friends Apart* (1954), to the advice given by the choreographer Jack Henry Moore in an *International Times* editorial: "If you can't turn your parents on, turn on them." The Romillys and their fellow-rebels made their peace with their elders, in various ways. Today's rebels have it in mind to set up their own bank, issue their own cheques, centralise their own bartering.

> It seems [muses Moore] that one is going to have to sever relationships with these bastards once and for all so as to have no involvement in their inhumanity.... Don't buy things from them you can buy from your friends (*I.T.* No. 14, 2 June 1967).

These, to be sure, were unusually drastic directives, even for *The International Times*, and they formed part of a frankly emotional reaction to the imprisonment for nine months, on cannabis charges, of one of the newspaper's editors. But they do express, in its purest form, the attitude of a great many of the "turned on" under-20s, the Underground's younger sub-generation. Those aged 20-to-30, including most

[2] Some others: *The Berkeley Barb*, the *San Francisco Oracle*, *The East Village Other* (New York), *The Fifth Estate* (Detroit), *The Rag* (Austin, Texas), *Mon Cul* (Seattle), and John Wilcock's peripatetic *Other Scenes*. A total circulation of 264,000 is claimed.

[3] Editorial by Tom McGrath, *The International Times* (No. 10), 13 March 1967.

[4] Harry Kemp, Laura Riding, and others, *The Left Heresy in Literature and Life* (1939), p. 153.

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of its more articulate supporters—there are said to be no leaders in the conventional sense—are generally more thoughtful and responsible. Some of them claim to have prevented the burning of letter-boxes and the bombing of police stations by wilder elements, recommending instead that the police be offered "flowers, food, and love."

BUT HOWEVER MUCH it may preach gentleness, many adolescents find in the Underground a focus for their resentment of repressive fathers, headmasters, and police; of the envy, rancour, and sexual jealousy detected in press comments and middle-aged stares; of the hatred and fear some older people are thought to feel for "kids with money to burn" on clothes, discs, cars, and other luxuries. The Underground promises adolescents both passive resistance and active capacity to shock. You disapprove of the way we speak, our smoking pot, our personal appearance, our late hours, our taste in music? Very well, we'll make our slang an authentic secret language (and when your press cottons on to it, we'll change it forthwith). We'll progress from pot to LSD trips, and from LSD to STP if we can get hold of it, and our entertainments will simulate the mind-expanding effects of our drugs. Our hair will be longer, our skirts shorter, our dress more flamboyant than ever. We'll not merely stay out all night, but campaign for a wide-open, 25-hour city, so as to change

> the waking, sleeping (and no doubt sexual and, consequently, political) habits of life, not only in London but everywhere else in the world where dreary always-sleep-thru-the-dark habits prevail (*I.T.* No. 3, 14 November 1966).

As for our pop-music groups, they'll deafen you as they act out the most savage fantasies of violence and destruction, smashing £200-guitars, setting off smoke bombs, starting fires, chopping up television sets and motor-cars and even the stage itself, fighting with each other in near-earnest.

Pete Townshend, 22-year-old lead guitarist, and guitar-wrecker, with *The Who* (formerly the *High Numbers*)—a group of ex-mods in pop-art Union Jack costumes who have graduated from the *Goldhawk* in Shepherds Bush, through the *Marquee* in Wardour Street, to become one of Britain's highest-paid groups—rams the end of his guitar into the loud-speaker, rips off the canvas covering and smashes into the speaker cone, flails out with his guitar at amplifier and stage, hurls it into the audience. He says:

> If guitars exploded and went up in a puff of smoke, I'd be happy. The visual effect would be complete.[5]

The Who's first LP, *My Generation*, included the lines: *"People try to put us down/Just because we get around."* Townshend, who calls his music "anti-middle-age, anti-boss-class, and anti-young-marrieds," said two years ago:

> The big social revolution that has taken place in the last five years is that youth, and not age, has become important (*Melody Maker*, 3 July 1965).

The personal ambition of the group's 20-year-old drummer, Keith Moon, is "to stay young for ever." And that seems to be the intention, not merely the ambition, of many Underground adherents. They will clinch an argument about their refusal to engage in political activity with the chilling remark:

> Why should we? *They* are dying off all the time. *We* are being born all the time.[6]

From this it seems hardly more than a step to the sleeve note on the *Rolling Stones' No. 2* LP, written by their manager Andrew Oldham:

> Cast deep into your pockets for loot to buy this disc of grooves and fancy words. If you don't have bread, see that blind man, knock him on the head, steal his wallet and, lo and behold, you have the loot. If you put the boot in, good. Another one sold.

THAT THE UNDERGROUND has turned its back on politics, refusing to vote and regarding Parliament as an exercise in tradition ("of importance only to tourists"), is barely understood even by those who know that it has recruited from the ruins of the anti-Bomb *Committee of 100*. A female Minister of the Crown, whose judgment on most other questions is, to say the least, well informed, told a senior Underground activist:

> I can't understand your young people. The Labour Party has done everything for them. Without the Labour Party they wouldn't have had their education, and they wouldn't have their present spending power. Why are they so ungrateful? Why, for instance, don't they come

[5] *Melody Maker*, 3 July 1965.

[6] Cf. the anonymous leaflet headed "WARNING" issued on 30 June, after the *Rolling Stones* case: "The laws *will* change—you will *all* die soon, and we *will* win—why not get things in perspective?"

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> out canvassing for Labour in the local London elections? . . .

The idea of the "beautiful people," with their joss-sticks, bubbles, candy-floss, and pot-pipes, their bells, beads, and bangles, being turned loose on the working-class electors of Hackney or Kentish Town haunts one's imagination. But the Greater London Council's unpublicised refusal to let the Alexandra Palace to the Underground for a repeat performance of the 29–30 April *"Technicolour Dream"* and *"Human Be-in"*—though that event, attended by some 8,000 people, was notably well conducted and unmarred by anti-social behaviour—has made psychedelic electioneering less likely than ever.

The G.L.C. has put the Alexandra Palace out of bounds because "the person who made the April booking is now in jail on drugs charges." Hatchards, who own Better Books, have banned cultural events in the basement there at twenty-four hours' notice (*The Times Business News*, 17 August). *The International Times* has been forced to quit its editorial office. The UFO club has been turned out of its Tottenham Court Road premises following a sensational article in the *News of the World* (30 July) about the goings-on there. Such blows are accepted by the Underground as inevitable acts of persecution by the "other generation." And it must be admitted that, so far, authority has not been very tactful or skilful in its dealings with the hippies.

Thus the police raid on the Indica bookshop in Southampton Row last March was not one of Scotland Yard's most brilliant operations. The raiders seized about 10,000 copies of *The International Times*, that newspaper's subscription list and other documents, and a number of books suspected of obscenity—including so unlikely an item as the U.S. paperback edition of *The Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer* (1945), by Kenneth Patchen (a pioneer, with Charlie Mingus, of poetry-and-jazz, whose work one recalls being printed, in red ink, in Albert McCarthy's *Jazz Forum* twenty years ago). The raid gave *I.T.* and Indica useful notoriety, rallied round them some liberal support which they did their best to alienate, and provoked what every inchoate rebellion needs most of all: a Struggle against Persecution. After twelve-and-a-half weeks' silence, the police had finally to admit that, though certain of the seized items were "definitely obscene," they could not prosecute because of "lack of publication"—*i.e.*, it could not be proved that those items had reached anyone whom they would be likely to "deprave and corrupt."[7]

THEN THERE WAS THE AFFAIR of Barry Miles, 24-year-old manager of Indica, former manager of the Better Books paperback department off Charing Cross Road, and a member of *I.T.*'s editorial board. In December 1966 he was nominated by Eric White, the Arts Council's literature director, to serve for a year as a junior member of the Council's literary advisory panel. He was even invited by White to attend the panel's first meeting on 4 January 1967, well in advance of his appointment, which was announced to the press on 29 January. Three days later he received a letter from the Council's secretary-general, Nigel Abercrombie, informing him that "further consideration" had now been given to the fact of his association with *I.T.*

> Some of the views and principles regularly advanced in that paper [wrote Abercrombie] are, in our view, unhappily incompatible with the responsibilities of members of the Arts Council advisory panels, and I am instructed to say, with much regret, that the earlier decision upon your appointment has been rescinded.

Instructed, that is, by the Arts Council's chairman, Lord Goodman, who took the view that a person associated with a journal advocating "a permissive attitude towards drugs" was ineligible to serve on a panel which included Angus Wilson, Julian Mitchell, Giles Gordon, and other recognised literary figures. One at least of the panel's members is said to be still fuming with rage at Lord Goodman's decision, and most of them felt they should have been at least consulted. A protest resolution was moved by Brigid Brophy, who asked:

> Are we to assume that, if we were living in the eighteenth century and had the good fortune to have Samuel Taylor Coleridge on our panel, he would be asked to resign?[8]

The resolution was carried by 12 votes to 2, with two abstentions, but Lord Goodman was not swayed. White now says that, when he

[7] The items in question were: *Mainline to the Heart* (1966) by Clive Matson; *The Platonic Blow* (1966), a poem attributed to W. H. Auden; and unspecified parts of *I.T.* (Nos. 4–9).

[8] She might also have mentioned Poe, Mrs. Browning, Swinburne, Thomas Chatterton, Francis Thompson, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, James Thomson, Havelock Ellis, William James, Aldous Huxley, and William Wilberforce.

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nominated Miles, he was "not fully aware of the other considerations," and that the whole business has been a great embarrassment to him. And Lord Goodman insists that the protest resolution was based on "wrong information." He made, he says, no accusation against Miles personally. He is unwilling to analyse *I.T.*'s attitude to drug-taking in greater detail, though his understanding of it (as will be seen) is not wholly confirmed by its editorial statements. However that may be, neither those who applaud Miles' removal nor those who deplore it feel that the Arts Council acted wisely at every stage of this affair.

AS AN EXERCISE IN MARTYR-MAKING, however, the Miles case is dwarfed by the legal proceedings against another member of *I.T.*'s editorial board, John Hopkins, and against two members of the *Rolling Stones* pop group. Hopkins, press photographer and organiser of many Underground entertainments, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for possessing cannabis and allowing his flat to be used for cannabis smoking. A disturbing feature of the case, which was almost unreported in the press, was that the second charge was brought under section 5 (*a*) of the DANGEROUS DRUGS ACT, 1965. This section was intended to deter proprietors of teen-age clubs from allowing pot smoking on their premises; its extension to a private dwelling would seem to go beyond Parliament's intention. It was generally supposed in the Underground that Hopkins was made an example of because of his connection with *I.T.* And this kind of belief, whether true or false, powerfully reinforces the anti-authority, anti-police syndrome among *I.T.* supporters, which *I.T.*'s own violent reaction did little to dispel:

> The man who drives our UFO is in the hands of the enemy. The enemy who can laugh over drinks and admit privately that "of course we realise that the present drug legislation is very unrealistic," and the next day send a loving, freeing person to a mind-destroying jail.... Realise that they [*i.e.*, older people] drink and get high and feel great, and you do other things and get high and they shit on you (*I.T.* No. 14, 2 June 1967).

THE *Rolling Stones* case, not unnaturally, attracted far more publicity. Keith Richard was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for permitting his house to be used for cannabis smoking. Mick Jagger was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for being in possession of four mild tablets of the benzedrine type, bought legally in Italy and authorised verbally by his doctor: "about as mild a drug case" (as *The Times* put it on 1 July) "as can ever have been brought before the Courts." On appeal, the conviction of Richard was quashed and a conditional discharge for twelve months was substituted for the sentence imposed on Jagger.[9] There had been widespread surprise that Jagger should have been sent to prison at all for a first offence, suspicion that if he had not been a famous pop singer and teen-age idol he would have been dealt with more leniently, and concern that he should have been displayed to the public in handcuffs, as if he were a dangerous criminal. The *Sunday Times* called it "a case of social revenge" (2 July); the *Observer*, "in the nature of a show trial" and "like the verdict of one generation on another" (2 July); and even *The New Law Journal* found the "disturbing" sentence on Jagger explicable only as "marking disapproval of the general habits and way of life of a section of the community of whom the community generally apparently disapprove" (6 July). *The Who* took a half-page in the *Evening Standard* (30 June) to declare their solidarity with their fellow-musicians, "scapegoats for the drug problem." And several hundred young people twice demonstrated against the *News of the World*, which they blamed for having tipped off the police.

The demonstrators shouted *"Love,"* but managed to convey the opposite emotion, especially when City of London police arrived with police dogs and started throwing young men and women bodily into vans. These young persons bear a grudge against the police which deserves investigation. They complain of having been harassed for several months by the police practice of arresting twenty, a hundred, or several hundred youngsters at a time, in pubs, clubs, and coffee-bars, and stripping and searching them all in order to find the two or three carrying cannabis. Such indiscriminate round-ups, with

[9] Robert Fraser, the art dealer, who was tried with them, was refused leave to appeal against a sentence of six months' imprisonment for possessing one day's supply of heroin, a drug he is no longer addicted to. The Lord Chief Justice, giving judgment, said: "A man in the position of this applicant is not sentenced because he is an addict—everybody is extremely sorry for him. What he is being sentenced for is commencing taking this drug."

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such negligible results, have taken place at the *Finch*'s pub in Portobello Road, the *Morning Star* pub in Kingston, Surrey, the *Tiles* club in Oxford Street, the *Tudor* bar in Brighton, and in Nottingham. The National Council for Civil Liberties questions the legality of these methods, since police are supposed to search individuals only when they have "reasonable suspicion" that those searched have illegal drugs on them. Lord Stonham's announcement that police are to be given power to stop and search anyone for drugs without a warrant[10] has aroused apprehension, for these extended powers are open to obvious abuse. Above all, one cannot spend ten minutes in Underground circles without being given half-a-dozen circumstantial accounts (complete with names, addresses, and dates) of how police allegedly plant cannabis. Accusations of this kind are easy to make and hard to prove; and in some cases those who make them admit that if they had been searched a day or a week earlier they would have had cannabis on them anyway. But policemen are not always scrupulous towards those they regard as misfits and nuisances, and the notorious Challenor case, with its planted half-brick, has made it impossible for every allegation of cannabis planting to be dismissed out of hand.

Mike Lesser—the 23-year-old badgemaker who basked naked in fifty-six gallons of jelly during a happening at the Round House, Chalk Farm, last January—claims that police have his Head Shop in Kensington Park Road under constant surveillance. The stock seems innocent enough: badges; posters (including a reproduction of a 1920s Communist Party poster, poems by Christopher Logue, and an ancient and lurid warning against the Demon Marijuana); joss-sticks, musical instruments, bells, and sundry knick-knacks. But, according to Lesser, customers are frequently taken away and searched on leaving the shop.

> You daren't protest [he says], because if you protest they will plant you, and there's no defence against that. They can walk in at any time with an ounce in their hand, and, if they do, we get a year, and there's nothing we can do about it. They're aiming to turn everybody off. They even have *hash-hounds* now—dogs trained to smell out pot. Think what it would be like for your generation if there was prohibition here, and claret was illegal, and your dinner-parties got busted. You wouldn't be relaxed and happy in the evenings any more. Well, imagine what it's like for us. Pot does us no more harm than claret does you. We sit round, and there's a magic. A magic circle, if you like, relaxed and happy. Well, they're breaking up the magic circle. They're breaking up the scenes, spreading panic and paranoia.

It was this year's intensification of police activity against cannabis users which led to the full-page advertisement in *The Times* of 24 July, headed "THE LAW AGAINST MARIJUANA IS IMMORAL IN PRINCIPLE AND UNWORKABLE IN PRACTICE" and containing a petition, with sixty-five signatures, in favour of cannabis law reform. The petition was organised by an American psychologist called Stephen Abrams,[11] and the advertisement was sponsored by his Society of Mental Awareness. The initials of this body happily spell the Sanskrit name of *Asclepias acida* (otherwise known as *Sarcostemma viminale*), the intoxicating fermented juice of which is praised in the *Sāmaveda* and the ninth book of the *Rigveda*. SOMA, like the dionysian Vedic god of the same name, enjoys as yet a shadowy existence. Its formation was first proposed by Abrams in *Cherwell* last February, the declared object being to sponsor research into the effects of pleasure-giving drugs and, in general, "to stand up for mental awareness." At present it consists only of Abrams and a few like-minded friends, one of whom—a member of a famous pop group—put up £1,800 to pay for the advertisement.

Among the dozen or so reputable medical signatories of the petition, two—Dr. Anthony Storr and Professor David Stafford-Clark—had already made their views known. The medical arguments for cannabis law reform are, briefly, that "it is not a drug of addiction and is, medically speaking, far less harmful than alcohol and tobacco" (Storr, *Sunday Times*, 5 February 1967), that its use produces no lasting ill-effects, and that no causal relationship has been demonstrated between cannabis smoking and criminal behaviour, juvenile delinquency, or heroin addiction.[12] The "pot lobby" seeks

[10] See *House of Lords Official Report*, 20 June 1967, col. 1,281.

[11] Abrams, who has done research on telepathic effects of cannabis and LSD, contributed the section on "The Oxford Scene and the Law" to *The Book of Grass*, ed. G. Andrews and S. Vinkenoog (1967), reviewed by Colin MacInnes in ENCOUNTER, April 1967, pp. 67–70.

[12] Cf. Dr. Jerome H. Jaffe, in *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics*, ed. L. S. Goodman and A. Gilman, 3rd edition (1965), pp. 299–301. These

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to distinguish between cannabis use and cannabis abuse; argues that prohibition brings the law into disrepute (since the police have been unable to prevent the spread of cannabis smoking); and brands the opposition to law reform as irrational, ignorant, and sustained by press sensationalism. Lastly, it is claimed in some quarters that cannabis can provide a quasi-mystical experience, a state of tranquillity, detachment, and euphoria for which a leader-writer in *The Times* has coined the felicitous phrase "a honey of the spirit" (15 July).

The supporters of the existing law have several lines of reply. Some argue that too little is known about cannabis to put on the open market a third potentially harmful drug which, according to Martin Silberman, research officer of the Royal London Prisoners' Aid Society, could "bring society to a halt." (To this the "pot lobby" retort that prohibition makes scientific research impossible.) A large number of medical men, while admitting that cannabis is not a drug of physical addiction, regard it as one which causes "psychological dependence" (Dr. M. M. Glatt), "utter dependence" (Dr. S. Sharman), or "mental habituation" (Dr. Felix Brown). Dr. Derek Miller warns that its use by adolescents to reduce psychological tension may inhibit psychological growth. Few nowadays, perhaps, would be found to agree with Lord Sandford that "in time marijuana on its own leads to incurable insanity."[13] Nevertheless Dr. Henry Brill believes that it does aggravate instabilities; Dr. J. A. Harrington, that, "though harmless when properly used," it often inhibits higher mental control and releases repressed desires and fantasies, and may therefore stimulate persons already prone to crime and violence; Dr. Elizabeth Tylden (*British Medical Journal*, 26 August), that it causes confusion, apathy, voracious appetite, bronchitis, and bad temper. And a recent paper by A. Tella and others (in the *Journal of the Society of Health, Nigeria*, II (1967), pp. 40–50) claims cannabis use leads to insanity, murder and other crimes, "political thuggery," and prostitution, but is unfortunately poorly documented.

There is wide support for the "escalation" argument: that cannabis smoking predisposes to heroin addiction. This is claimed categorically by Dr. P. A. L. Chapple,[14] and by the Recorder of Birmingham, according to whom 69 "hard" drug addicts out of 70 in that city began with cannabis (*The Times*, 28 July). In Dr. Dale Beckett's experience, about 95 per cent of heroin addicts start on cannabis,

> but it can also be incontrovertibly shown that 100 per cent of heroin addicts have, in the past, had instant coffee. One cannot possibly conclude that cannabis leads to heroin addiction on the basis of these statistics (*New Society*, 18 May).

Dr. Beckett adds, however, that a statistically significant number of patients—about 12 per cent—say they used heroin "because they wanted something better than pot." Dr. S. Sharman (*New Statesman*, 14 July) holds that abolition

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views seem to be supported, on the whole, in most of the recent scientific papers on cannabis: *e.g.*, H. B. M. Murphy, United Nations *Bulletin on Narcotics*, XV, No. 1 (January–March 1963), pp. 15–23; and Dr. Oswald Moraes Andrade, XVI, No. 4 (October–December 1964), pp. 23–8.

[13] Lord Sandford said he was relying on information in the latest issue of the *British Journal of Addiction* (see *House of Lords Official Report*, 20 June 1967, col. 1,286). But how reliable was this information? The article in question (*BJA*, LXII, 1967, pp. 203–8) is by Samuel Carter McMorris, a California lawyer, who in turn relies on three authorities. The first, *Narcotics: Nature's Dangerous Gifts* (1963), by the American botanist Dr. Norman Taylor, though permissive towards other forms of cannabis, warns (p. 23) that "continued and excessive use" of one unusual and highly concentrated form "leads straight to the lunatic asylum." To condemn all cannabis use on this ground is like condemning beer and burgundy because of the perils of meths drinking. McMorris' second authority is Erich Hesse's *Narcotics and Drug Addiction* (1946), a translation of a work published in Stuttgart in 1938, several years before scientific study of cannabis began. In fact McMorris simply repeats two of Hesse's extracts from much earlier sources: a 1924 German book on cocaine addiction and a paper which appeared in the *Berliner klinische Wochenschrift* as long ago as 1891. McMorris gives the impression that these warnings were written *in 1946*.

His third authority is significantly suppressed by the editor of the *British Journal of Addiction* but may be found in the article's original version, as printed in the *Medico-Legal Journal* (XXXIV, 1966, pp. 74–9): "In the complete distortion and demoralisation of the brain . . . marijuana is even more harmful than morphine." This quotation comes from *Science Speaks to Young Men on Liquor, Tobacco, Narcotics, and Marijuana*, a tract published in California about the year 1938 and written by two Second Adventists and anti-Darwin fundamentalists, George Thomason and Alonzo Lafayette Baker.

[14] In the *British Journal of Addiction*, LXI (1966), pp. 269–82, though he suggests "it is anomalous to treat the cannabis takers as criminal, while the heroin (or amphetamine) addict is treated as a sick person."

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of cannabis control would *guarantee* increased illicit sales of heroin—a view directly controverting Manfred Mann's argument (*The Times*, 1 April) that prohibition of cannabis creates a black market which gives potential addicts access to heroin, whereas legalisation would *limit* such access.

Leaving aside the allegation that the SOMA campaign is "communist-inspired," there is finally the social argument put forward by Dr. Felix Brown, physician in psychological medicine at the Royal Free Hospital, that cannabis hits at "the very motivation of human life" by inducing a withdrawn, dreamy state which becomes one of the main experiences of the smoker's life, taking precedence over love, career, ambition, home, and family formation.

> Marijuana [wrote Dr. Brown] is one of the hallucinogenic drugs. Hallucinations are one of the clearer signs of insanity. Just as a parson should be against sin, so a psychiatrist should, I think, be against insanity, though this is not apparently an opinion shared by all my colleagues (*The Times*, 29 July).

On the other hand, Dr. Nicholas Malleson (head of the University of London's Student Health Service and a member of the joint Ministry of Health and Home Office Standing Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence) sees more potential danger in the existing situation than in the "comparatively harmless" effects of cannabis. He would like possession of cannabis treated as only "a titular offence—like a sixteen-year-old buying cigarettes." Increasing permissiveness, provided it did not outstrip social responsibility and judgment, would separate the drugs issue from the adolescent revolt, he says. "I think it is a great pity that these two things have got mixed up."

AT PRESENT THEY ARE thoroughly mixed up. Drug-taking is a constant topic of conversation in the Underground. Its rituals, mystique, and effects are endlessly discussed, with a persistence that strikes an outsider as bordering on monomania. Dr. R. D. Laing estimates that, of the children aged 15 to 25 of middle-class parents in London, 80 per cent have used cannabis and 15 to 20 per cent LSD. According to Abrams, there are at least 500 regular cannabis users among Oxford undergraduates; this figure has been disputed by Oxford's Chief Constable but is accepted by the University's Student Health Committee. Dr. Malleson puts the proportion of cannabis users among London students at between one in ten and one in fifteen. "Nine out of ten people 'on the scene' smoke cannabis," said another of my informants. "To a great extent the use of pot is a deliberate rejection of the whole alcohol-based morality of this society. The under-30s have largely rejected the alcohol mystique. I don't know anybody who drinks to excess, and many don't drink at all. They look on alcohol as an esoteric drink, much as they regard, say, mescalin and opium."

LSD, though in practice less widely used than cannabis—the Underground ethos seems to frown on its purely hedonistic use and encourages a day or two of meditation beforehand—is more pervasive, in its effects on dress, emblems, music, and personal attitudes. The hermetic vocabulary of drug-taking appears in the names of pop groups and in their songs: *The Move's I Can Hear the Grass Growing* and *Eight Miles High* (written by the American *Byrds*); the words "I'm very stoned" in the *Beatles' Strawberry Fields Forever*. Paul McCartney's admission that he had used LSD was hardly surprising to anyone who had been listening to his group's music. Kenneth Tynan called *Tomorrow Never Knows* "the best musical evocation of LSD I've ever heard." And the *Beatles'* latest LP, *Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band*—which took six months to prepare, sold almost 250,000 copies within a week of its release on 1 June, and was warmly praised by the music critics of *The Times* and the *New Statesman*—is sprinkled with rather childish clues: *"I get high with a little help from my friends,"* for instance, and ***Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*** with its Carroll-in-the-supermarket visions of *"tangerine trees and marmalade skies," "a girl with kaleidoscope eyes," "plasticine porters with looking-glass ties,"* and *"cellophane flowers of yellow and green . . . that grow so incredibly high."* "Tripping with this record is a mind-blowing experience," wrote *I.T.*'s critic (No. 14, 2 June 1967), predictably. Scarcely less predictably, the BBC banned one of the thirteen tracks, *A Day in the Life*, because of its refrain: *"I'd love to turn you on."*

As for personal attitudes, one LSD user told me: "LSD is decisive in the whole concept of Flower Power. LSD is what has made the concept of passive resistance widely acceptable. Most of us were fairly aggressive a few years ago. Now, though we may have some aggression left, we try not to hurt people."

Another said: "This movement has been abso-

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lutely created by LSD. One should not underestimate its importance as a catalytic force. Many people are with the Underground because LSD has caused a change in their basic character. But once one's eyes have been opened by LSD, it should take second place. It should not be abused. This is a social movement, not a pleasure-seeking cult. We have to learn how to use LSD, just as people have learnt how to use alcohol. We as a sub-culture have to make sure people learn how to use it properly. Meanwhile I want to see an emergency service set up in London to help people who are on bad trips, to talk them down or administer the correct dose of one of the phenothiazines, which control extreme reactions to LSD. This would have to be a clandestine service, but it is essential until people learn wisdom and responsibility."

And a third: "LSD is a crash programme for breaking through to the spiritual fountain-head within each person instead of taking it from any authority. This explains why the authorities are trying to stop it."

It is only fair to say that *I.T.*, editorially, has never encouraged the use of any drug, though its individual contributors have been free to write as they please, and many of them have more or less openly proselytised. Bradley Martin's "Interpot" column gives recipes for "ginger hashcake," "superpot," and similar delicacies, laconic accounts of police raids and arrests, and warnings against such archetypal figures as "a grass named 'Joe,' thick-set, with large head.... Be careful, he has access to communal pads in Notting Hill and Earls Court" (No. 14, 2 June). Readers "busted" or "harassed" are given a telephone number to ring for legal advice in their predicament (and an organisation called "Release" has been set up to provide such advice, procure legal representation, and pay fines). Yet Dr. Timothy Leary and his notorious "turn on, tune in, drop out" slogan[15] seem to have scant following in Britain, and even regular LSD-users here refer to Leary sardonically as "the biggest non-drop-out in the States" and as "right in the social game." *I.T.*'s editorial position is that

> drug addiction and mind or body damage caused by taking drugs can result in extreme human misery. It is, therefore, maybe not so wise simply to start pushing "turn on, tune in, drop out" as a world-saving slogan. Perhaps if we ever get round to doing full serious research into the effects of drugs—as we must do soon—we might find no one will want to use them again (No. 3, 14 November 1966).

And again, "we must not get hung up on some drug scene. Finally, the only scene is where you are with yourself 'spiritually'" (No. 6, 16 January 1967). On "hard" drugs:

> In all probability, the heroin problem will be blamed on some sinister underground of evil for years to come.... It would ... help if the black romance was taken out of drugs addiction. The sensational horror stories published by some newspapers attract many young people like moths to a flame. The drug addict becomes equated with the rebel-outsider hero of the young. If more emphasis was put on calmer articles giving accurate information ... the approach of the young might be much calmer (No. 8, 13 February 1967).

There is, it seems to me, some sense in this warning against press hysteria. On any realistic Underground map, the "drug scene" must necessarily loom large. But we should be on our guard against exaggeration. One is constantly being told, by this or that prominent figure in the movement: "Oh, he doesn't smoke, you know." And the "straight" ten per cent or more include some of those doing the more original cultural work. In fact there are not a few Underground activities and enterprises which do not depend on, or entail, cannabis or LSD, and in relation to which the overworked and probably obsolescent vogue word "psychedelic"—coined by Dr. Humphry Osmond to mean "mind-manifesting" and swiftly appropriated by advertising copy-writers—may signify little more than "fashionably experimental" or "colourful."

THE UNDERGROUND has just entered Year Three of a fifteen- or twenty-year cycle, says Jim Haynes, founder of the new *Arts Laboratory* theatre club in Covent Garden. "It's going to be a very good ride," he says.

Year One of the Haynes calendar started on 11 June 1965, and quite by chance, Neruda, Voznesensky, Ginsberg, and several other foreign poets happened to be in London, and an *ad hoc* group calling itself the *Poets' Co-operative* invited them to come and read, scraped a few hundred pounds together, booked the Albert Hall, and filled it with more than 6,000 "beautiful human beings." Many more were turned away. Flowers were handed out at

[15] Cf. Diana Trilling, "Celebrating with Dr. Leary," ENCOUNTER, June 1967, pp. 36–46. Leary recently admitted that LSD is "like Russian roulette"—but "of course we're all gambling men" (*International Herald Tribune*, 19–20 August).

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the doors. The readers included Simon Vinkenoog, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gregory Corso, Harry Fainlight (who said one of the poems he read was written under LSD), the Viennese concrete poet Ernst Jandl, Adrian Mitchell, and Christopher Logue. Voznesensky turned up but did not read; Neruda did not turn up. Ginsberg accompanied himself with finger-cymbals. The readings went on for four hours. It was a surprising success, which "made literary history," as *The Times Literary Supplement* said in an editorial headed STIRRING TIMES (17 June 1965).[16] (There was less enthusiasm for the second coming of Ginsberg, in July this year, when the "ageing sex fiend, dope fiend, communalist, anarchist, visionary, and scribe"—his own description—chanted mantras at a "Legalise Pot" rally in Hyde Park and was prevented by police from accompanying himself on the squeeze-box.)

Some of the cultural experiments which have come to be thought of as characteristic of the Underground were being conducted before the summer of 1965. The poets Mike Horowitz (founder of *New Departures*, 1959–62) and Pete Brown, whose regular poetry-and-jazz readings-and-recitals started in 1959, were performing with coloured lights, slides, and occasional back projections at the *Marquee* as early as 1963. Their aim, as Brown puts it, was "to stimulate the jazz musicians into playing free music by giving them abstract coloured patterns to contend with." It was a prototype of the kind of entertainment latterly familiar at the UFO club. Horowitz, in fact, was probably the first to see the possibilities in what have come to be known as mixed-media or intermedia shows—though he used only modern-jazz players and the young experimental composer Cornelius Cardew and, like everyone else in the *avant-garde* at that time, neglected pop groups. Only Ginsberg had a high regard for British pop music, which he thought was well ahead of British poets. "He was running round telling everyone how great the *Beatles* were, and we all thought he was crazy," says Brown.

Towards the end of 1965 Dr. Joseph Berke, an American psychiatrist who had been active in New York's so-called "Free University" (courses on "Life in Mainland China Today," "The Uses and Social Implications of Hallucinogenic Drugs," and "The Search for the Authentic Sexual Experience"), came to Britain with the idea of setting up a similar institution here. In March 1966 a "London Free School" opened in the Notting Hill area, with John Hopkins as secretary.[17] One of its discussion groups, called *Fantasy Workshop*, led by the poet Dave Tomlin, experimented with carnivals, poetry reading, painting, and mixed-media shows that at last included pop groups. In October and November 1966 the *Pink Floyd*, a pop group that had first tried light-and-sound experiments when it provided music for Hornsey College of Art's Light-Sound Workshop some months before, was giving regular performances under London Free School auspices.

Meanwhile, the *Traverse* group had migrated from Edinburgh to London's Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre; Michael White had brought *Le Workshop de la libre expression* to the Denison Hall for London's first "organised" happening; Yoko Ono had come to London with unfinished paintings and her *Bag Show* and other happenings; underground film-makers had formed the London Film-makers Co-operative; the Indica bookshop-cum-art gallery had opened in Mason's Yard, St. James's, with exhibitions of Le Parc and Takis; and little magazines had proliferated. Among these was Jeff Nuttall's *My Own Mag*, which ran to seventeen mimeographed issues and carried work by William Burroughs and Nuttall's cartoon strips (later transferred to *I.T.*). Another, Miles' *Long Hair* (one issue only) was sold out on publication day; its successor, and *I.T.*'s immediate predecessor, *The Long Hair Times* (one issue only) had "FUCK FOR PEACE" on the title-piece and a tone of mockery throughout. *The International Times* was launched in October 1966, and 2,500 attended its inaugural "all-night rave" at Arnold Wesker's Round House, with the *Pink Floyd*, light-shows, films, and happenings. The new pattern was complete.

As the Underground's more-or-less fortnightly house organ, *The International Times* (circulation 16,000 plus 20,000 in the USA) refuses to be judged by conventional standards of spelling, layout, or anything else. Some pieces are printed sideways; some, upside down. There is no nonsense about regular publication, and, if a printer objects to an item, readers must wait patiently

[16] Edward Lucie-Smith, on the other hand, writing in ENCOUNTER (August 1965, pp. 64–5), felt the "great experiment had misfired," revealing an "abyss of incomprehension."

[17] It published a newsletter, *The Gate*, afterwards *The Grove* (which "went psychedelic" in September 1966), and a news-sheet for young people, *Adventure*.

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until his successor is found. *I.T.* will entertain hippies with a centre spread of a naked young woman holding a drinking-straw up her right nostril; or instruct them with Raymond Durgnat's erudite account of rubber fetishism and his consumer's research report on London strip clubs. Interviews are transcribed straight from tape without editing. The small ads column offers signed portraits of Lenin (10s.), candles smelling of aniseed cloves, and the services of "highly versatile platic [*sic*] hippie girl" who "needs job quickly."

Another Underground printing venture, however, is as smoothly professional as *I.T.* is slovenly and amateurish. Stuart Montgomery's Fulcrum Press is now the biggest publisher of new volumes of poetry in this country. It has cut across traditional methods of book distribution, and sells at least 3,000 copies of every book it produces. And this at a time when, without Arts Council or other subsidies, little presses and little magazines find it difficult to exist.[18] Fulcrum have abandoned the duplicator mentality along with the duplicator, and favour sound typography, generous margins, and other signs that their designer is a craftsman who knows his business. Fulcrum publish the concrete poet Ian Hamilton Finlay (the 1965 offset edition of *Glasgow Beasts, an a Burd Haw, an Inseks, an, aw, a Fush*); *A Range of Poems* (1966) by Gary Snyder (the only Beat poet who went to Japan and became a Zen master); *Briggflats* (1966) and other works by Basil Bunting; and *High on the Walls* (1967) by a 21-year-old Newcastle poet, Tom Pickard.

This young man persuaded the local authorities to rent him the Morden Tower, part of the old walls of Newcastle, for ten shillings a week, and turned it into a bookshop and venue for poetry readings by Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, Corso, Bunting, Creeley, and young British poets. There are only two chairs in the Morden Tower, one for the poet who is reading, the other for the oldest member of the audience. Either this, or local press attacks on *High on the Walls* as obscene, have led to threats to close the place. There is now a regular provincial poetry circuit: half-a-dozen cities where a young audience of 200 or so will come to hear visiting poets. In Nottingham, the Trent Book Shop is a centre for such readings, and the Tarasque Press in that city has published the *Poems* (1965) of Spike Hawkins. Pete Brown's *Few* (1966) was published by the Migrant Press in Birmingham, and Fulcrum are bringing out his *100 Selected Poems* this year. Also in his twenties is the Merseyside poet Brian Patten, now published by Penguin and Allen & Unwin, but still regarded by Adrian Mitchell as "fantastically underrated."

The Underground theatre is not confined to London, either. In Bradford, Albert Hunt, former drama critic of *Peace News*, runs drama improvisations at the Regional College of Art. Roland Muldoon's *Cartoon Archetypical Slogans Theatre* (CAST) takes souped-up agit-prop on tour, with an occasional light-show thrown in. In London, Jeff Nuttall's *People Show* (*Mother, A Nice Quiet Night, Something Else*, etc.) has been seen at Better Books and, on occasion, UFO. The *26 Kingley Street Co-operative*, pioneers of "experimental environment," stage Sunday events at Stratford once a month. The *Traverse* tradition is in process of being reborn at Haynes' *Arts Laboratory*, Drury Lane, comprising bookshop, cinema, discothèque, and art gallery, as well as an open-space free-form theatre seating about 150. An early production is promised here of Arlene Hiquily's *Fish for a Face in the House of a Thousand Mirrors*, described as "a long erotic poem for an actress and a thousand images."

Two Underground dance companies brighten the London "scene." Members of David Medala's *Exploding Galaxy* no longer put the door of their communal flat back on its hinges, so frequently are they "busted" and searched for drugs. Regarded by *I.T.* as "London's hope for anarchy in dance" (No. 16, 30 June), this group occasionally tries to rehearse in the parks but is usually frustrated by attendants and police. Alan Reid's *Children of Shiva* dance group consists of a Scotsman, an Australian, and two Americans who perform Indian folk dances to the sitar. (The Vedic deity Śiva—"the happy one who creates the elements," according to the *Śvetāśvatara-Upaniṣad*, V. 14—is claimed as god of cannabis smoking.)

Underground film-making is thought of as an American invention. But Jeff Keen, who lives in Brighton, was making midget films out of comic strips and news images as long ago as 1958, though he could get few people interested.

[18] The Bristol *Resuscitator*, for instance, is having to fold after seven issues, since the Arts Council has decided not to renew its grant (£40 over three years). The grounds for such decisions are never stated.

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Keen, who also paints, and edits little magazines, is still an enthusiast (*Wail* and *Like the Time Is Now*). Peter Whitehead filmed the Albert Hall poetry reading (*Wholly Communion*) and the *Rolling Stones'* Dublin tour (*Charlie Is My Darling*). Stacy Waddy, assistant to Robbe-Grillet and John Schlesinger, specialises in animated poems (*Concrete Poem, Walk*, Spike Hawkins' *Three Pig Poems,* and Roger McGough's *M.61*). The American Steve Dwoskin (*Alone* and *Chinese Checkers*) is now teaching at the London College of Printing; his collaborator Ron Geesin edits tape recordings of musical instruments to produce a sound-track of bell-like sonorities, somewhere between conventional and electronic music. Don Levy's *Time Is* was financed by the Nuffield Foundation; he is now editing *Herostratus*. Yoko Ono's *Film No. 4* of 365 naked bottoms belonging to "people who represented the London scene" was refused a certificate by the British Board of Film Censors but fared better at the hands of the Greater London Council. Its creator described it (in the *I.C.A. Bulletin*, August) as "like an aimless petition signed by people with their anuses." Two issues have appeared of the London Film-makers Co-operative journal, *Cinim*, edited by Philip Crick.

In music, a potent if not always admitted influence on several "psychedelic" pop groups has been the work of Cornelius Cardew. He collaborated with Karlheinz Stockhausen in 1957–60 to produce *Carré*, a forty-minute work for four orchestras, four choirs, and four conductors. His own *Treatise*, performed at the Commonwealth Institute last April, can last up to four hours; a one-hour version was recently broadcast by the BBC. Recordings of collective improvisations by Cardew and four other performers, using prepared piano, two cellos, guitar, saxophone, two transistor radios, and other equipment, have been issued under the Satie-esque titles *Later During a Flaming Riviera Sunset* and *After Rapidly Circling the Plaza*. Cardew has performed at UFO and the Round House, but finds the atmosphere uncongenial, even though he does not intend his music to be "listened to academically," but to "produce a kind of high."

Cardew's influence is most apparent, to my ear, in the playing of the *Pink Floyd*, who went professional in February and recently issued their first LP, *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*. Their earlier single, *Arnold Layne*, was banned by Radio London because it was about a clothes fetishist. "Psychedelic" pop groups use amplifiers of ear-splitting power; feedback in place of a melodic line; various electronic gadgets, such as reverberation units, fuzzboxes, and oscillators; electronic generators to set up a powerful background hum; and unorthodox tunings (Eric Clapton, guitarist with *The Cream*, tunes his top string a minor third higher, as if it were on a banjo). Some "Eastern influence" is creeping in: the *Beatles* use a sitar on the *Within You Without You* track of *Sgt. Pepper*, and *The Move*, a car-wrecking group from Birmingham who on one occasion nearly burnt down the *Marquee*, have made similar experiments.[19] There are, in fact, constant efforts to discover new musical and extra-musical effects. The *Pink Floyd* have tried playing guitars with cigarette lighters. Roy Wood, *The Move*'s lead guitarist, sometimes uses a violin bow. *The Soft Machine* have experimented with free-form music and poetry reading; the *Melody Maker* calls them "loud, naïve, and entertaining" (17 June). The group known as *Tomorrow* wear imposing masks and costumes for their mimes of death, resurrection, and fertility; their disc *My White Bicycle* suffers from the exclusion of this visual element. The eponymous leader of *The Crazy* (sometimes, *Incredible*) *World of Arthur Brown* is the Underground's eccentric and clown. With grotesquely painted face, he leaps from side to side or leans far out from the stage on his immensely long legs, haranguing his audience in a blues monologue, wailing, screaming, cajoling, wisecracking, and finally setting his head-dress on fire. Recently arrested for possessing dangerous drugs, Arthur Brown has just invented "pornographic pop," in a show with the *Exploding Galaxy*:

> Singing while wallowing on the floor with four *Galaxy* nudes, he reached the all-time high in erectile music.... Unfortunately it is impossible to describe the performance without endangering the *Galaxy* (*I.T.* No. 17, 28 July 1967).

THE ONLY ORIGINAL ART FORM associated with the Underground is the light-show, in which static or moving abstract coloured images

[19] At a show in Nantwich last May (according to a report in *I.T.* No. 13, 19 May 1967) a now celebrated group, *The Move*, threw banana skins at the audience. One of the group slipped on one of the skins, cut his head, sprained his wrist, "and is now taking legal action against *The Move*."

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are projected on screens, musicians, and dancers. Stroboscopes project flickering lights, which are supposed to synchronise with the brain's alpha rhythms and can produce epileptic seizures in predisposed subjects. Kinetic art machines (snow and flame machines) throw gliding or dancing patterns on ceiling, floor, and elsewhere, so that the observer feels he is floating in light. The painter Mark Boyle, a lecturer at Hornsey College of Art, was the pioneer of this art form in Britain, and there are now at least twenty-three separate light-show specialists from whom equipment and operators may be hired. Much use is made of hollow slides, into which coloured oils and other fluids ("evolving jelly," etc.) are injected. Dermott Harvey, a biochemist, has invented a machine to inject colours in a way that allows precise control over the amount of fluid and the point at which it enters the slide; subsequent movements are unpredictable, and no effect can ever be recaptured exactly. A pop group called the *Social Deviants* have their own light-show, and Jack Braclin, a photographer, makes light-shows the central feature of his *Happening 44* club in Gerrard Street, Soho.

Several light-shows are always to be seen on Friday nights at the UFO club. Those who enjoy UFO speak warmly of the empathy and non-verbal communication attained there with people of like mind. Verbal communication is scarcely possible, so loud is the music. The visitor sees a collection of charming but withdrawn individuals, smiling vaguely at friends, jerked at times by the music's rhythms, but ultimately quite self-sufficient and self-absorbed as each intently explores his private world and savours his private visions. UFO in macrocosm was seen at the Alexandra Palace *Technicolour Dream*, which was many people's introduction to a new and virtually contentless form of entertainment; an imitation UFO for older people was the *Electric Garden*, which outraged Underground diehards by selling alcohol and otherwise fostering "bad vibrations," but has now been "given over to the scene" and renamed *Middle Earth*.

Both UFO and special events are advertised by means of vivid posters, in which the styles of Alphonse Mucha and, to a lesser extent, Aubrey Beardsley are tempered with astrological, Aztec, and North American Indian influences. Lettering is pure Mabel Lucie Attwell, but in any case tends to be kept to a minimum, since the aim is to communicate intuitively rather than verbally. These posters seem to work better than the analogous neo-*Art-Nouveau* designs by Wes Wilson for Bill Graham's rock-and-roll dances and light-shows at the Fillmore Auditorium in Haight-Ashbury. They are the products of "Hapshash and the Coloured Coat": two young men, that is, called Michael English and Nigel Waymouth, who have developed their special style because "almost none of the advertising done by the other generation works for our generation." They try, not to sell or persuade, but to convey a feeling, a mood, a state of mind. Their poster advertising *Tomorrow's My White Bicycle* disc was rejected by EMI because it showed naked breasts; their second attempt, plastered with concealed phallic symbols, was accepted. They have also designed record sleeves and shop-fronts, but the shop-front they did for Michael Rainey's Hung on You boutique in Cale Street, Chelsea—a shop patronised by the *Beatles* and the *Rolling Stones*—had to be taken down when other shopkeepers complained that it "lowered the tone of the neighbourhood." Some advertising agencies have offered them work; some are starting to imitate them.

Waymouth is associated with another boutique, Granny Takes a Trip, on King's Road. Nearby is Dandie Fashions, run by Neil Winterbotham and John Crittle (the latter recently charged with possessing dangerous drugs). All three shops are distinguished by the youth and engaging unprofessionalism of their proprietors and designers. In an effort to make young men's clothes gentle and unaggressive, they have done away with shoulder padding. Jackets are close-fitting; trousers, tight round the thigh. These are nostalgic styles, in some respects harking back to the pre-Raphaelites, but mingling influences quite eclectically. Long, double-breasted overcoats or Indian-style tunics do service as jackets; at Hung on You the most popular garment last spring was a quilted, high-buttoned jacket in the style of Mao Tse-tung, called "The Great Leap Forward." Shirts, often tailor-made in satin, have mandarin or high, pointed collars and ruffles down the front. Ties are not worn, but a loosely tied scarf often hangs outside the shirt-front. Bright colours are mandatory: pastel shades or floral patterns for summer suits, swirling greens and blues or tiny floral patterns for shirts. Winterbotham favours rich, shiny, crushed velvet; Rainey, gabardine; Waymouth, whatever he can get hold of that is colourful and primitive. Not only Carnaby Street has been influenced by these leaders of underground fashion: Scandinavian boutiques are already displaying signs announcing "THE HUNG-ON-YOU

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STYLE," and Dandie Fashions plan to open a branch in the USA. As the mass producers close in, copy, and undercut, Chelsea begins to advance into fresh territory: flowing, tight-sleeved robes, in Arabian and Aztec styles, worn over wide satin trousers. These are now being designed for 1968.

THE CLOTHES-MAKERS ARE NOT ALONE in having a head for business. The Underground as a whole is a paying concern, with bank accounts, an efficient accountant (Michael Henshaw), and a penchant for forming companies as a protection against "hustlers": the spivs of the Underground, who make their "bread" from exploiting other people's ideas. *The International Times* is owned by *Lovebooks Ltd* (registered June 1965) whose directors are Hopkins, Miles, Henshaw, Haynes, Moore, and McGrath. Art dealer John Dunbar, singer Peter Asher, and bookseller Christopher Hill are, with Miles, directors of *Indica Books Ltd* (registered September 1966). Hopkins and Henshaw are directors of *UFO Club Ltd* (registered May 1967). And Miles and Henshaw are directors of *ESP Disk Ltd*, registered last February to produce tape recorders and tapes. Each company has a nominal capital of £100. There are ideas for a television consortium that would apply for a licence in five years' time. There is talk of at least one pirate radio station, and of an Underground Arts Council to subsidise artists and writers. As publicists and organisers, the Underground businessmen are nothing if not flexible. Even *I.T.* is not intended to remain a newspaper for ever. Already several special issues have been put out in fly-sheet form; and tapes, video-tapes, and sandwich boards may serve *I.T.*'s purpose in the future. The Underground suspects our printed culture is doomed, and does not mind giving it a kick or two on the way down. It takes its communications theory from Marshall McLuhan, just as it quotes Wilhelm Reich and Eric Berne on social and psychological matters. But it is hard to judge how far these thinkers have been digested.

CRITICS of the Underground say it borrows its ideas and fads from the USA, and has "too many Americans" in influential positions. They accuse it of mindlessness, naïvety, pretentiousness, bad taste, and lack of critical intelligence. They berate it for having produced no really outstanding talent, and for flirting (or worse) with media-men. They criticise it, most severely of all, for total disregard of burning political issues, withdrawal from political activity, inability even to mount a vigorous campaign to free John Hopkins.[20]

That American-hippy influence is pervasive is undeniable. So much has already been said. It is especially strong in vocabulary (mainly of U.S. Negro provenance), in the obsession with "inner space," and in the woolly doctrine of Flower Power. Nevertheless the differences between the British and American "scenes" should not be minimised. Britain, for instance, has a far smaller proportion of full-time "drop-out" hippies, a far higher proportion of part-time, week-end, "plastic" hippies. Britain does not have any Diggers—yet.[21] And, however strong the literary influence of the Beat poets may be over here, the British Underground claims to be, in turn, ahead of its American counterpart musically and sartorially. I cannot agree with John Morgan's assertion (in *The Listener*, 3 August) that the British imitate the music of the 300 Californian "acid-rock" groups (the *Jefferson Airplane*, the *Doors*, the *Grateful Dead*, *Moby Grape*, etc.). Since the emergence of the "Mersey beat" in 1959, the prevailing wind in pop music influence has surely blown the other way, with the *Beatles* "the major taste-makers in hippiedom" (*Time*, 7 July).

As for the presence of a number of U.S. expatriates on the London "scene," the significant thing may be not so much that they are Americans as that they are expatriates. Some are virtually anglicised; most left the USA for the sort of reason that critics of their presence here would regard as respectable; though I know one London publisher who seriously dis-

[20] Cf. the sympathetic but pungent critique by Charles Marowitz in the *Guardian* (24 June): "Social evils syruped over with a fraternal mysticism.... But what a wet kind of love it is! Self-aggrandising displaced Americans with flairs for publicity and an inexhaustible *bonhomie* as shallow as it is pervasive.... A tacit assumption that simulated reality is somehow superior to the grimy here-and-now... and that private hallucination is the cool antidote to disturbing external circumstances.... A sense of unreal comic-strip bravado." I have found no Underground participant over twenty whose comment on Marowitz's article was not to this effect: "I hate to admit it, but much of what he says is true."

[21] But the imminent opening of "London's first Digger shop, with free clothes, washing machines, etc." is announced by the management of *Middle Earth* in Covent Garden.

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misses the whole British Underground as "a State Department plot to undermine the British Left with drugs and political quietism. . . ."

Common to both sides of the Atlantic is a growing disillusionment—a tendency, even, to "drop out" from the Underground itself. Lisa Bieberman's complaint of "frauds and failures" and "meaningless declarations of 'love'" in the U.S.A. (*New Republic*, 5 August) echoes Marowitz's strictures. Meanwhile the *Beatles'* carefully phrased repudiations of drug use (*Melody Maker*, 2 September) and their turn to outright mysticism seem calculated to deprive the British "drug scene" of much contingent glamour.

TO BE CALLED MINDLESS is not regarded as insulting by Underground adherents. They freely admit that abstract ideas, intellectual controversy, scholarship, and the culture of the past are not matters of daily concern with them. They argue that these are not serious matters for most people in an acquisitive society; and that they see no need to bolster their status with intellectual any more than with material property. There is in their attitude a quite frightening degree of cultural nihilism and iconoclasm. Unconsciously they adopt much that is apparent in the older generation they despise. They are a glass in which that generation may see its own privatisation, its own passivity, its own refusal to accept social responsibility. Older people spend long periods gazing at the television screen; the hippies gaze for hours at abstract coloured lights. Older people dream of winning the football pools; the hippies simply dream. Older people smoke tobacco and drink alcohol; the hippies smoke pot, go on LSD trips, and drift blissfully in "inner space." I do not want to press the analogy too far; but these similarities may help to explain why the older generation prefers not to look too closely at the Underground and, when it does look, hastily repudiates the resemblance and cries vengeance on the *Rolling Stones*.

THE UNDERGROUND'S refusal to campaign on political issues and its inability to campaign on civil liberties issues—even those which directly concern it—flow from its failure to comprehend the nature of society and of power. This failure in turn springs from the hippies' fundamental solipsism: their belief that sensation is the essence of life, with the corollaries that all experiences, including hallucinatory ones, enrich life, and that human practical activity in society is secondary or totally meaningless. Dr. Felix Brown has called this belief "the heresy of the half-life." He regards it as "the saddest and most hopeless philosophy of life which has ever emerged". (*The Times*, 29 July). But the hippies are armoured against such arguments, for they see themselves, not as social beings, but as self-sufficient individuals who have undergone a quasi-religious conversion. They have retreated into private worlds of "personal evasion," as Colin MacInnes put it in last month's ENCOUNTER. They do not see themselves as agents of social change. "*Try to realise it's all within yourself/No one else can make you change*," sings George Harrison on the *Within You Without You* track of the *Beatles' Sgt. Pepper* LP. The "revolution," we are told, has already taken place—within the minds of the young. With the middle-aged and the old, the Underground is not concerned. Haynes says:

> We have got plenty of time. Why bother with them? They're not going to listen anyway. So we ignore them. We'll never convert them. But we will convert our contemporaries, one by one.

And in ten years' time, the argument goes, the new "turned on" generation will start getting itself elected to Parliament. At that point, presumably, the supplementary society, in which everyone is "turned on," beautiful, happy and, above all, loving, will begin to slough off the old, and a new Golden Age will dawn. Meanwhile policemen are kissed and given flowers and offered three months' pay if they will leave the force and look for another job.

This "apolitical systemicide," as it has been called, is a puerile programme in whose favour we are invited to throw overboard the analysis of social and political forces and to take no further part in "aggressive" collective efforts to solve humanity's problems.

Yet the widespread disillusionment of youth with conventional political organisations, even those claiming to be revolutionary, tends to encourage the spread of just such puerility. It is to be feared that police raids, censorship, imprisonment, and bans will encourage its spread even more. If authority feels the need to control the British hippies at all—and the need to do so has not yet been established—it should start by asking itself, and answering, a difficult question: How do you convince a solipsist of the error of his views?

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Richard Lowenthal

1917, and After

On the Model of the Totalitarian State

FIFTY YEARS AGO, the Bolshevik Party seized power in Russia in the name of the Soviets of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies. For months before, "All Power to the Soviets" had been their central political slogan. For many years afterwards, they propagated the "Soviet system" as the specific political institution of the new régime—the only adequate political form for the rule of the working class, the "dictatorship of the proletariat" envisaged by Karl Marx. The new Russia was proclaimed a "Soviet Republic" and soon extended into a "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics." When the Communist International was founded in 1919, it was to the Soviet banner that it rallied the most militant revolutionaries of Europe, and it was for the creation of Soviet rule on the Russian model that communists were subsequently to fight and die in Germany and Hungary, in the Balkans and the Baltic States, and even in distant China. But the Soviet system did not, in fact, spread to other countries—not even to those which came, after the Second World War, to form part of the "Soviet bloc"; and even the Chinese communists, who had copied the institution in the shifting rural areas controlled by them after 1928, did not in the days of their final triumph restore the name which they had abandoned under their 1937 anti-Japanese alliance with Chiang Kai-shek.

This failure of the efforts to spread the "Soviet system," and the ultimate abandonment of those efforts by the Russian Bolsheviks themselves, did not, however, prevent the political forms of their new State from having a world-wide impact; only it was a very different set of political institutions that proved of major historical importance as an international model. It is as the first totalitarian single-party State, rather than as the first Soviet State, that the new type of government developed by the Bolsheviks has attracted imitators—not only among those who share their ideological goals, but also among their most bitter enemies and among people who are quite indifferent to those goals. Thus while the Bolsheviks, in stressing the Soviets as their most important political contribution, selected the institution that expressed most clearly the *legitimation* of their power by its alleged social content, the course of history has selected the institution that embodied the *reality* of their power—independent of any social content.

IN THE COMPLETED FORM which it reached in Russia from about 1921, and in which it has made its way around the world, the totalitarian single-party State may be defined by four main institutional characteristics. The first is the monopolistic control of the State by the ruling party, excluding the toleration of other, independent parties in opposition or even as genuine partners in coalition, and leading logically also to a ban on the formation of organised tendencies or "factions" *within* the ruling party; this amounts in effect to a monopoly of political initiative and decision for the inner leadership of that party, and ultimately to a monopoly of decision for a single leader. The second is the party's monopolistic control of all forms of social organisation, depriving these organisations of their role as independent interest groups as exercised in non-totalitarian, "pluralistic" societies and converting them into as many tools for the mobilisation, education,

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and control of their members by the ruling party; this enables the totalitarian régime to supplement the levers of the state bureaucracy for controlling the actions of its subjects "from above" with a network of organisations enveloping them from cradle to grave, while preventing the formation of any independent groups. The third is the monopolistic control of all channels of public communication, from the press and other mass media to all forms of education, of literature and art, with the aim not merely of preventing the *expression* of hostile or undesirable opinions by a kind of censorship, but of controlling the *formation* of opinion at the source by planned selection of all the elements of information. The fourth is what Lenin himself used as the definition of dictatorship—"the removal of all legal limitations on state power," in other words, the possibility to use state power in arbitrary and terroristic ways whenever this is deemed expedient for the purposes of the régime.

It is essentially the combination of these four characteristics which has enabled the totalitarian régimes of our time to extend the effectiveness of state power beyond anything that was deemed possible before 1917.

THIS INSTITUTIONAL SCHEME had not been conceived by the Bolsheviks in advance. We may apply to it the words of J. L. Talmon about another régime with which their rule has often been compared:

> Jacobin dictatorship was an improvisation. It came into existence by stages, and not in accordance with a blueprint. At the same time, it corresponded to, and was the consequence of, a fixed attitude of mind of its authors, intensified and rendered extreme by events.[1]

In the Bolshevik case, however, this attitude of mind had long produced its appropriate body in the centralistic organisational structure of the party that seized power on 7 November 1917. Lenin had consciously created his "party of a new type" as an instrument for the revolutionary conquest of power; and even though, in writing *What is to be Done?*, he had been far from envisaging the concrete forms that party's domination was to take fifteen or twenty years later, the possibility of a totalitarian party dictatorship was implied in the shape of that instrument. Without the pre-existing "party of a new type," the first state of the new type could not have been built up; with that party once victorious, the tendency for its leaders to establish dictatorial, monopolistic rule was given —to be brought out "by events."

To understand how the truly epoch-making new system of government became possible, it is therefore necessary to recall how unusual were the basic features of Lenin's concept of the revolutionary party. Up to 1902–3, a party had been generally understood to be the organised expression of a part, a section of society—of a particular economic or social interest or current of ideas. Even the socialist parties of western and central Europe that based themselves on the revolutionary teachings of Karl Marx were supposed merely to express the actual ideas and aspirations of the industrial working class of their respective countries: in Marx's own view, his theories could be assimilated by these parties only gradually in the course of their experience, and it was for each of them to draw its own conclusions on the best road to power in accordance with national conditions. Yet Lenin, in writing *What is to be Done?* as a platform for the reconstruction of the Russian Social-Democratic Party organisation in 1902, and in forming his own "Bolshevik" factions over the question of centralised control during its 1903 congress, started from the assumption that no mere "interest group" of the industrial working class would be able to overthrow Russian Tsarism; that the coalition of all discontented classes and groups necessary for this crucial task could be forged only by a conspiratorial organisation of professional revolutionaries specifically devoted and adapted to the conquest of power; and that this organisation needed links in *all* oppositional classes and groups as well as in the state machine, even though the industrial workers must furnish its main base. Such a party, being not the expression of a social current, but the instrument of a will to power and of a strategy for achieving it, could not grow democratically from its roots, but must be planned and built "centralistically" by its founders. Its local committees must be appointed by the central leadership, its members received only after scrutiny by the local committees, selection from above rather than election from below must be its principle all along the line. Only thus could the historically conscious, "scientifically" Marxist leadership use the party to carry out its strategy and bring about a result which the historical

[1] J. L. Talmon, *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* (London, 1952), p. 122.

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process might fail to yield "spontaneously," that is, without such planned intervention.

As Lenin's Marxist critics—Plekhanov, Axelrod, and Martov, Trotsky and Rosa Luxemburg—protested at once, this concept of the party had its roots not in Marxism, but in the tradition of the Russian revolutionary conspiracies of the 19th century, and particularly in the theories of those of their members who professed so-called "Jacobin" principles, that is, the primacy of the conquest of power and the need to adapt the revolutionary organisation to this overriding purpose. In reply, Lenin proudly accepted the model of such revolutionary organisations as the *Narodnaya Volya* and its predecessor, the (second) *Zemlya i Volya*, pointing out only that they did not confine themselves to conspiratorial activities, but combined those activities (such as the infiltration of the state machine and the preparation for armed insurrection) with open revolutionary propaganda. He also defiantly accepted the Jacobin label, going as far as to define the revolutionary social-democrat of his dreams as "a Jacobin inseparably linked to the working class movement."[2] The view that both the Leninist party and the Bolshevik dictatorship were largely reenactments of the earlier model set by the Jacobin Club and the rule of the *Comité du Salut Public*—a view equally widespread among the apologists and the critics of Bolshevism, and also encountered among historians and political scientists—goes back to those early debates. But this interpretation overlooks the fact that all the parties to the dispute confused the historical reality of Jacobinism with the later legend created by F. M. Buonarroti, and as a result gravely underestimates the true originality of the Bolshevik achievement.

In fact, and contrary to that legend, the dictatorial climax of the French Revolution was not, and could not be, a party dictatorship of the Jacobins, because the Jacobin Club never was the kind of disciplined, centralised, and ideologically homogeneous party that could have played that role.[3] It started as a broad forum for politicians ranging from liberal monarchists to intransigent republicans; it became more radical by the secession or expulsion of the more moderate elements just as the National Assemblies changed their political colour; the secretary in charge of correspondence with the provincial clubs changed frequently and had no power to enforce conformity with the views of the centre. Hence when centralised dictatorship did in fact develop, it spread from the centralisation of government—through the *commissaires en mission*—to the clubs and not *vice versa*. The idea that the clubs should control state appointments was voiced by the Hébertists but rejected by Robespierre, and a temporary majority in the Jacobin Club did not protect the Hébertists from being wiped out by the holders of the real power, the Committee of Public Safety. Conversely, the rule of that committee was eventually overthrown in the Assembly by deputies who belonged to the Jacobin Club—although Robespierre had not previously lost his majority there.

But while the French Revolution never produced the reality of a party dictatorship, it did produce the idea. That idea arose after the fall of Robespierre in the prisons of the Thermidor: the concept of the "revolutionary vanguard" was born as a dream of the defeated rearguard of revolutionary extremism. The first attempt to put the dream into practice—to create a party and a régime which would avoid the "weaknesses" of the Jacobins and of Robespierre—was made in the conspiracy of Gracchus Baboeuf; and it was a survivor of that conspiracy, Filippo Buonarroti, who later launched the legend that Robespierre and the Jacobins had themselves set the example for that attempt.[4] From Buonarroti, the concept of the conspiratorial revolutionary party aiming at an "educational" dictatorship passed to Louis-Auguste Blanqui and to the Russian "Jacobins" of the nineteenth century, notably to Blanqui's friend Peter Nikitich Tkachev. It was in that sense

[2] For Lenin's proud, if critical acceptance of the tradition of the revolutionary organisations of the 1870s, see *What is to be Done?*, in Lenin, *Selected Works*, vol. II, pp. 148–50, 182; the latter passage includes an explicit tribute to the importance of Tkachev's ideas for that tradition. For the Jacobin definition of the revolutionary social-democrat, see *One Step Forward, Two Steps Back*, ibid., p. 433.

[3] For a documented analysis of the political and organisational history of the Jacobins, see Crane Brinton, *The Jacobins* (New York, 1930).

[4] The main source both of the real Babouvist tradition and of the "Jacobin legend" based on it is F. Buonarroti, *La Conspiration pour l'Egalité dite de Baboeuf* (1828), reprinted in Paris (1957). J. L. Talmon properly distinguishes between "the Jacobin improvisation" and "the Babouvist crystallisation."

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that the founder of Bolshevism was accused of being a Jacobin, and that he accepted the label.

Even so, Lenin at first sincerely rejected the implication that he was aiming at a party dictatorship in Russia. We do not know just when he came to regard such a régime as the necessary political form for the "dictatorship of the proletariat," but we do know that up to the First World War, he considered that a dictatorship of the proletariat was not yet on the agenda of Russian history. During the revolution of 1905, he aimed at the overthrow of Tsarism by an alliance of workers and peasants, and at the formation of a coalition government of Social-Democrats and Social-Revolutionaries as its political expression. It was only the shock of the war of 1914 that convinced Lenin that a socialist revolution had become an immediate task internationally, and that it was therefore the duty of socialists even in backward Russia to go beyond the overthrow of Tsarism and the establishment of a "bourgeois-democratic" régime and to set up the power of the proletariat—in order to contribute to the fulfilment of the international task.

When Lenin, after his return to Russia in April 1917, began to propagate this new concept, first within and then beyond his party, he did so under the slogan "All Power to the Soviets." Yet while he emphasised the Soviets as the direct organs of proletarian rule, the opposition of all other socialist parties to this programme convinced him that the establishment of that rule depended on the Bolsheviks acquiring control of the Soviets first. In the course of 1917, the Bolsheviks ceased in Lenin's mind to be merely the most enlightened and energetic representatives of the interests of the Russian working class and became, to him, the *only* party of the Russian proletariat; and this implied that the "dictatorship of the proletariat" must in fact take the form of a Bolshevik party dictatorship.

This crucial identification of party and class appears as a matter of course in all Lenin's writings during the months immediately preceding the seizure of power. It becomes most explicit on the very eve of victory in his pamphlet *Can the Bolsheviks Retain State Power?*, in which the Soviets—the directly elected representatives of the workers, soldiers, and peasants—are openly and unceremoniously treated as the new "state apparatus" by means of which the victorious Bolsheviks will exercise and maintain *their* power and carry out *their* policy. It was a consequence of this outlook, not yet understood at the time even by many leading Bolsheviks, that Lenin after 7 November consistently rejected all proposals for a coalition with the Mensheviks and accepted as temporary partners in the new régime only those Left Social-Revolutionaries whom he regarded as representing the peasants in the process of agrarian revolution. It was another consequence that he dispersed the Constituent Assembly, elected *after* the Bolshevik assumption of power, when its large non-Bolshevik majority refused to vote a blanket endorsement of all the revolutionary measures already enacted by the new régime.

By the time of the October Revolution, then, Lenin was determined to establish a revolutionary dictatorship of his party. But this did not mean that he had, even then, a plan or blue-print for a totalitarian single-party state. What was clear in his mind was the last of our four characteristics of such a state—the rejection of any legal limitations on the revolutionary power. This was sufficient to enable him to suppress resistance to his policy as the need arose. But as resistance developed into civil war, determination to break it was no longer enough: to maintain and defend the revolutionary government, a new state machine had to be created.

It had been an essential part of Lenin's revolutionary programme, explained most fully in his pamphlet on *State and Revolution* and based on Karl Marx's analysis of the Paris Commune, that the victorious proletariat could not use the bureaucracy, army, and police which had served its exploiters as a machine of oppression, but must smash them. Before 7 November, he had also followed Marx in arguing that the new proletarian régime had no need to put another *professional* state apparatus in their place: part-time workers' delegates in the Soviets, part-time voluntary organs of workers' control in economic life, a part-time workers' militia would be enough.

Yet after victory, and especially with the spread of civil war, the creation of a new, revolutionary army, police, and bureaucracy became imperative if the Soviet régime was not to follow the Paris Commune also on the road to defeat. The new, professional state machine

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had to be staffed with reliable cadres at least in the key positions; and in the conditions of party dictatorship, reliable cadres could only mean Bolsheviks. From being the leading force in the Soviets and the government, the party thus developed into the backbone of a new state machine: its monopolistic control of the new state became entrenched in practice before it was proclaimed in theory. In fact, as Leonard Schapiro has shown,[5] the party was so little prepared for this task that its provincial organisations were temporarily almost paralysed by the absorption of the most active cadres in the work of the new Soviet bureaucracy. When the need for central control of the assignments of party members to state jobs was recognised by the spring of 1919, the central party apparatus was still quite inadequate for this new role: it had to be expanded from a mere 15 persons to 600 within two years.

Even so, during the entire period of the Civil War, the Bolsheviks never argued in principle that they should be the only legal party. Nor was there any hint of that doctrine in the constitution of the RSFSR adopted by the fifth All-Russian Soviet congress in July 1918. But they did argue that they would not tolerate any bourgeois parties opposed to Soviet rule in principle, nor parties working for the armed overthrow of the new régime, even if they professed a socialist programme; and they claimed that the central and local organs of Soviet rule, including the *Cheka*, must not be hampered by any legal safeguards in deciding whether any party, newspaper, or individual was guilty of such counter-revolutionary activity. In practice, this led not only to the suppression of parties and groups that were actually supporting armed insurrection against the Soviet power—such as the Right Social-Revolutionaries when they set up a counter-government in Samara in June 1918 in the name of the dissolved Constituent Assembly and under the protection of the Czech legionaries, or those leaders of the Left Social-Revolutionaries involved in the assassination of the German Ambassador and the abortive Moscow revolt of July of that year. It also produced a cat-and-mouse game of arbitrary harassment of parties and groups that explicitly and consistently placed themselves on the ground of the new Soviet Constitution and the defence of the Soviet régime, but claimed the democratic rights of competing for influence and criticising the authorities on that basis, such as the Mensheviks led by Martov and some breakaway groups from the Social-Revolutionaries. In the absence of legal standards, the only maxim underlying that practice was clearly that no party, however loyal to the "Soviet system," must be allowed to become strong enough to endanger the effective power of the Bolsheviks: whenever and wherever that seemed to threaten, newspapers were shut down, opposition candidates arrested on the eve of elections, newly elected Soviets with opposition majorities dispersed, elected trade union boards replaced by appointed communists—and it was a mere matter of expediency whether the arrested leaders would quickly be released again, deported by administrative order, or—in rare cases—brought to trial on trumped-up charges.[6]

YET WHILE THE Bolshevik régime of the Civil War years was clearly a terrorist dictatorship—"Red Terror" was officially proclaimed as a policy after the attempt on Lenin's life in August 1918—and while the dictatorial party increasingly merged with the new state machine in process of construction, it did not yet create a totalitarian single-party State as we have come to know it since.

As late as 1920, there were many hundreds of Mensheviks in the provincial Soviets, and Martov himself was able in the Moscow Soviet to voice their protest against the arbitrary suppression of "working-class democracy" and to advocate their programme for economic recovery that anticipated the later New Economic Policy of the Bolsheviks. Important trade unions were still under Menshevik control, and the Bolshevik leaders were under no illusion that the influence of their critics among the workers was increasing as the Civil War drew to a close. Discontent and indiscipline had moreover affected so many of the Bolsheviks' own militants that spontaneous co-operation between Mensheviks and those undisciplined Bolsheviks produced surprise majorities against the "party line" in Soviets or trade unions more than once. It was only after the end of the Civil War, in early 1921, at a time of growing unrest among both workers and peasants culminating in the Kronstadt rising, and simultaneously with the decision to introduce the New Economic Policy, that Lenin decided to put his régime on a more

[5] L. Schapiro, *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union* (London, 1960), pp. 241–6.

[6] L. Schapiro, *The Origin of the Communist Autocracy* (London, 1955), pp. 192–204.

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secure institutional basis. To understand the decision that produced the first modern totalitarian régime, we must try to envisage the problems that faced him.

THE CLASSICAL TASK of a Jacobin revolutionary dictatorship had been fulfilled. The counter-revolution had been defeated, the power of the former ruling classes broken for good. But the expectation that the Bolshevik victory in Russia would be the immediate prelude to socialist revolutions in the advanced countries of Europe had not come true. The "dictatorship of the proletariat"—in fact of a minority party claiming to represent the proletariat—had remained isolated in a backward country in which the proletariat formed a minority, and in which, as Lenin knew and recognised, the economic and cultural preconditions for a socialist system were lacking. To overcome the discontent born out of economic paralysis, to begin the work of recovery after the devastations of war and civil war, major economic concessions to all the remaining non-proletarian strata—to the peasant majority above all, but also to the traders and technicians—were inevitable. The "war communist" fantasies of a straight leap into Utopia had to give way to a policy of patiently creating, in co-operation with all classes, the productive resources which elsewhere had been created by capitalism, and which alone could eventually form the basis for a socialist economy. It seemed the typical situation for a "Thermidor"—for liquidating the revolutionary dictatorship that had done its work. That was indeed what the Mensheviks suggested with growing confidence in their own judgment.

Yet Lenin drew a different conclusion. He agreed on the need for a break with utopian dreams, for material concessions to all productive classes, for shifting the emphasis in Russia from political revolution to economic evolution. But he insisted that the "proletarian" dictatorship must be maintained during the new phase as well, in order to ensure that evolution was accomplished by what he termed state capitalism—under the control of a state which would maintain Russia's independence from the capitalist world and prevent the restoration of a class of capitalist owners, even while accomplishing the task which capitalism had fulfilled in the advanced countries, and would thus preserve the foundations for the later transition to socialism as well as a stronghold for the international revolutionary movement. The Bolsheviks must hold on to their dictatorial power —no longer primarily as a revolutionary dictatorship, but as a special type of a dictatorship of development. It is from this decision that the truly unique course of the Russian Revolution begins. It is from this decision, too, that the need to create a system of totalitarian institutions has resulted.

THE NEW NEED, as Lenin saw it, was no longer the comparatively simple one of fighting the class enemy arms in hand. It was to harness the economic energies of non-proletarian classes for a constructive task, to grant them a place in society for a whole period—yet to prevent them from influencing the direction of economic and social development. As Lenin had once conceived the "party of a new type" as an instrument to make the social forces of discontent converge in a revolutionary direction which they might not otherwise take, so now he conceived the State of a new type as an instrument to guide the millions of independent peasants, the private traders, the industrial technicians of bourgeois origin, in a socialist direction which ran counter to their natural tendency to evolve a capitalist social structure. To foil that tendency, it was not enough that the state kept firm control of the "commanding heights" of the economy; the alien classes must be permanently excluded from any possible access to the levers of political power. The unique purpose of forcing an entire society to develop not in the direction corresponding to its inherent trend, but in the direction dictated by the ideology of its ruling party, required a unique institutional form, closing all channels of political expression to the existing social forces: no plurality of political parties, however vestigial; no organised interest groups or publishing media free from party control; and finally, as a logical extension of this principle, no plurality of organised tendencies *within* the ruling party, as in the absence of opposition parties such "factions" would tend to become the channels for the pressure of non-proletarian class interests.

Oddly enough, no formal ban on all remnants of non-communist parties was passed even then. But mass arrests of their central and local leaders destroyed their organisations for good in the early months of 1921, so that in the summer of 1922 even the Menshevik leadership, by

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then in exile, explicitly renounced any further attempt to put up candidates for Soviet elections. Moreover, a formal ban on factions within the ruling party *was* passed at its tenth congress in March 1921—the same congress that introduced the NEP—on Lenin's proposal, and explicitly based on the grounds stated above—thus showing that the final destruction of the other parties at this moment was a deliberate decision. By November, on the fourth anniversary of the Bolshevik seizure of power, Zinoviev could state publicly that the Bolsheviks had been "the only legal party" in Russia for some time past. The remaining Menshevik-controlled trade unions were "reorganised" under appointed communist leaders during the same year, thus proving that the régime could in fact not afford to tolerate the independent advocacy of the interests of the industrial workers any more than of any other class. By the time of the twelfth party conference of the Bolsheviks, in August 1922, the need to extend the principle of *Gleichschaltung* to all "so-called social organisations," as well as to the universities and publishing firms, was proclaimed on the ground that otherwise these legal channels could be used by the now illegal "anti-Soviet parties" for their dangerous propaganda.

THE FIRST TOTALITARIAN STATE, thus, did not arise either as an automatic result of revolution and civil war, or as a mere instrument for the accelerated economic development of a backward country. It was the product of the decision to use the dictatorship resulting from the revolution in order to twist the development of society in the preconceived direction indicated by the ideology of the ruling party. As Lenin saw it, however, this politically directed development would henceforth proceed by evolutionary methods, without further violent upheavals. The emphasis in the writings of his final years was on the need to raise the economic and cultural level of the Russian people—including in particular the cultural level of the new bureaucracy—by steady, patient efforts within the given political framework. Lenin's last pamphlet on the agricultural co-operatives in particular, which Bukharin was later to describe as his political testament, pointed to the growth of co-operation rather than capitalist differentiation in the countryside as decisive for the evolution of Russia in a socialist direction, but envisaged this growth as taking place voluntarily on the basis of the peasants' material self-interest, parallel with the progress of the agricultural machine industry on one side and of the peasants' educational level on the other.

This evolutionary vision of the state-guided development of Russian society was also generally accepted by Lenin's heirs, at least as long as the problem of post-war recovery dominated economic life. As for Stalin in particular, he continued to oppose the idea of reviving the internal class struggle against the peasants for several years after first Trotsky and then Zinoviev and Kamenev had called for it. When, in 1925, he undertook to define the task of the totalitarian régime in terms of a distinction between the "bourgeois" and the "proletarian" revolution, he explained that the former had only had to remove the pre-capitalist "political superstructure" after the new capitalist economic and social "basis" was already fully developed, whereas in the case of the latter the political seizure of power—the creation of the new "socialist" superstructure—was a *precondition* for the development of the new basis, the socialist economy and society.[7] But while this formula brought out with striking clarity the originality of the task bequeathed by Lenin and the extent of his departure from the Marxist tradition, it contained no hint that the creation of the new basis would require further crises of a revolutionary character.

YET AS THE PERIOD of recovery drew to a close and the problem of financing Russia's industrialisation—of the "primitive socialist accumulation of capital"—pressed to the fore, the hidden, inner contradiction of Lenin's vision of the guided socialist evolution of a society containing a majority of small, independent producers became obvious and confronted his heirs with a dilemma. The financing of "socialist industrialisation" by peaceful, evolutionary methods—by encouraging the peasants to earn surpluses and to lend their savings to the State—as advocated by Bukharin, was *economically* possible and indeed rational. But, as experience showed by 1928, it was bound to increase the *social* weight of the individualist peasantry and to lead to a growing dependence of the formally all-powerful party-state on the informal but effective organisations of the village, typically led by the most efficient, near-capitalist peasants. The more

[7] J. V. Stalin, *Problems of Leninism* (Moscow, 1947), pp. 129–30.

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successful the evolutionary road in terms of production and savings, the less likely was it to lead in the desired direction of preventing a capitalist development of the village and its growing impact on Russian society as a whole —the more it would therefore undermine the purpose and ultimately the power of the totalitarian régime. Conversely, the alternative road of financing "socialist industrialisation" at the expense of the peasants, by siphoning off their surpluses more or less forcibly, as originally advocated by the "Left Opposition," might effectively stifle the tendency towards capitalist development in the village and maintain the course required by the régime's ideology; but it was bound to provoke peasant resistance to an extent that could be broken only by the massive use of state power—in other words by the abandonment of peaceful evolution.

In launching the "liquidation of the kulaks as a class" and the forced collectivisation of agriculture, which he himself later described as a revolution "equivalent" to that of October 1917, but distinguished from it by being "accomplished from above, on the initiative of the State,"[8] Stalin decided in favour of the primacy of the totalitarian régime and its ideological goal. He recognised what Lenin had not foreseen—that a totalitarian régime can fulfil its task of diverting the development of society from its "spontaneous" course in an ideologically preconceived direction only by repeated recourse to revolutionary violence. The dynamics of the permanent, or at any rate recurrent, revolution from above as developed by Stalin are the necessary complement to the ideological goals set and to the totalitarian institutions created by Lenin. They, too were not part of a blueprint, but they grew out of a "fixed attitude of mind"—and out of the institutions in which it had been embodied—under the pressure of events.

THERE IS NO NEED for me at this point to discuss the later development of Soviet totalitarianism under Stalin and its post-Stalinist fate; for it is the form given to the single-party State in the final years of Lenin's rule and the early period of Stalin's that has become effective as an international model and that is still regarded as "classic" in the Soviet Union today. What concerns us here is the degree of success obtained by the Bolsheviks by means of these institutions in achieving their objectives, the impression caused by this success in different regions of the world, and the reasons both for the domestic success and for the spread of the model.

To begin with a negative statement: the Bolsheviks clearly did *not* succeed in achieving the goals that had originally inspired their revolutionary dictatorship—in establishing the social power of the proletariat or in approaching an egalitarian society. Both ideological goals were, of course, strictly incompatible with the immediate task of state-directed "primitive accumulation," which required massive material sacrifices on the part of all productive classes, including the industrial working class. The ruling party, being potentially independent of its original proletarian basis by its centralistic structure, used its dictatorial power to impose these sacrifices on workers and peasants alike, and to identify itself in outlook and composition increasingly with the "new class" of bureaucrats and technicians who were both indispensable for the process of state-directed industrialisation and scarce, and therefore had to be privileged.

But the Bolsheviks *did* succeed in achieving the goals that had inspired their transformation of the original revolutionary dictatorship into a totalitarian single-party State: in maintaining their own dictatorial power, far beyond the revolutionary crisis that had enabled them to seize it, by turning it into an engine for the state-directed modernisation of their country, and in changing the direction of Russian social development to a considerable extent from the course it would otherwise have taken. Their experience showed that even the most powerful state could not force society to conform to aims that were inherently utopian. But it also proved that a new type of state specifically geared to the purpose of directing social development could alter the "natural" course of that development far more effectively than had previously been believed possible.

EVER SINCE, IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, the first western thinkers began to conceive of the economy as a self-regulating mechanism, and of the development of society as following immanent historical laws, modern thought about the relation between state and society had been dominated by the concept of the limits of political force. However much Liberals and Marxists might later disagree about the *content* of the

[8] *Short History of the CPSU* (Moscow, 1939), p. 279.

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laws that controlled social life, they did agree that these laws were objectively given and could not be altered by political fiat. Nor did either school show much awareness that their supposedly universal laws were in fact generalisations based on the experience of modern western societies alone. Conservative thinkers, too, while more wary of this type of generalisation, tended to minimise the "manageable" element in society by their emphasis on the limits of legislation and on the necessary ineffectiveness of any attempt to interfere with the organic growth of a historical entity.

To all of them, the Bolshevik experiment seemed foredoomed to failure—because it violated the canons of economic rationality, because it tried to leap ahead of the stage reached in Russian social development, or because it was contrary to the character and traditions of the Russian people.

Yet the Bolshevik régime, by following political investment priorities and by brutally forcing the mass of the people to bear the cost of its often grossly irrational economic methods, succeeded in building up the industrial apparatus of a modern Great Power with remarkable speed—at the price of depressing the standard of living of the Russian people for decades. By deporting millions of "kulak" families to break peasant resistance, it succeeded in suppressing the inherent tendency of the individualist peasantry to competition and capitalist differentiation, and in shepherding the bulk of the rural population into state-controlled collectives —at the price of causing a catastrophic loss of livestock and condemning Russia's agriculture to abysmal stagnation for a quarter of a century. By exposing an entire generation to a combination of harsh bureaucratic pressures, based on the threat of dire penalties for trifling offences against labour discipline or for failure to fulfil the delivery quotas, with intense educational remoulding through an all-embracing network of party-controlled organisations and publications, it succeeded in changing the "Russian character," the typical attitudes to work and leisure, to rationality and superstition, to family and state, far more quickly than the combination of Reformation, Counter-Reformation, and Enlightenment with the brutalities of early capitalism had brought about comparable changes in the West—at the price of creating a "reserve army" of state slaves in its labour camps and of drastically narrowing the mental horizon of the entire nation.

Moreover, the unprecedented concentration of political, economic, and ideological power by the totalitarian institutions (which caused Trotsky to write at the end of his life that Stalin could truly make the claim "*La Société c'est moi*"), did not only enable the ruling party to create a social structure of a completely new type, consisting of the four classes of the ruling and managing bureaucracy, the state workers, the collective peasants, and the labour slaves in the camps. It also enabled it to combine the prevention of any organised resistance to state-imposed sacrifices and party-directed mental remoulding with the active mobilisation of the people to share in the society's transformation and their own. The party-controlled Soviets, trade unions, and other mass organisations, long deprived of any independent role as organs of self-government or of the advocacy of group interests, proved effective organs for broadening mass participation in the administrative execution of decisions handed down from the top. The institutions of the Union Republics and the smaller national units, barred from attempting independent national policies or even from developing a true cultural autonomy at the risk of countermeasures ranging from wholesale purges of political and intellectual leaders to the verge of genocide, proved nevertheless effective in giving large numbers of members of these nationalities, including not a few who had been illiterate only yesterday, the chance to learn to help administer their own affairs in their own language—always in accordance with central directives.

In the end, totalitarian oppression proved compatible with, if not conductive to, the growth of a truly felt "Soviet patriotism," a genuine allegiance of the citizen to the State in whose greatness his blood, sweat, and tears had been invested by the rulers.

LAST AND NOT LEAST, the party régime has succeeded in maintaining for half a century, through several crises of leadership succession, dramatic policy turns, murderous purges, and the supreme test of a world war, both its power over its subjects and its internal cohesion. No ancient or modern dictatorship of revolutionary origin can boast of a similar record.

The Russian achievement has been all the more remarkable because, while the nature of the totalitarian single-party State requires a single leader with uncontested authority (so as to stop the inevitable disagreements within the

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inner circle from leading to the growth of organised factions), the nature of communist ideology has prevented the Bolsheviks from admitting this need and seeking an institutional solution for the problem of succession. Yet on the other hand it is that same ideology, the common faith inspiring the cadres of the ruling party, that must be regarded as to an important degree responsible for the longevity of the régime—not only because it has helped again and again to maintain its *political* cohesion in the face of crises, power struggles, and tyrannical crimes that would have been intolerable to non-believers, but also because it has helped to maintain its *moral* cohesion in the face of the innumerable temptations of dictatorial rule. Soviet bureaucracy, including the party bureaucracy, has of course had its full share of the corruption inseparable from the exercise of arbitrary power. But a comparison with some other modern dictatorships will at once show the vital difference of degree. In fifty years of Bolshevik rule, corruption has never reached the point of endangering the cohesion of the system. For an ideology that has had to be adapted to such far-reaching changes of situation, policy, and generation as the communist one, that, too, is a remarkable achievement.

THE EXPERIENCE of the first totalitarian régime has thus shown that the impact of the political will, of modern state power wielded in the service of an ideological faith, on the development of society, can be far more profound than either liberal, Marxist, or conservative thinkers had believed possible before the 1920s. The "limits of political force" could be stretched far beyond the imagination of the 19th century by a revolutionary party in power —on three conditions. It must be inspired by an absolute, unquestioning belief in its idea and determined to act on it with the utmost ruthlessness. It must know how to utilise the new totalitarian engine, to combine the employment of a state machine freed from legal restrictions with a monopoly of political, organisational, and educational activity, in order to prevent the formation of independent social groups and to mobilise the people in its service. And it must know how to make hard choices when the necessities of maintaining power come into conflict with some aspects of its ideological beliefs, and yet preserve its ideological cohesion.

For the stretching of the limits of political force did *not* mean, as it might have appeared at first sight, that *anything* was now possible to a skilled and ruthless political manipulator. Limits still did exist, and they had repeatedly forced the Bolshevik leaders to change their policies and revise their ideology accordingly. As we have seen, it had proved inherently impossible to create in any real sense the "dictatorship of the proletariat" which they had set out to establish. It had proved impossible to combine the forced industrialisation of Russia with an approach to egalitarianism, or the imposition of sacrifices on all classes with freedom of discussion and organisation. The Bolsheviks survived in power because, under Lenin as under Stalin, whenever they were confronted with the dilemma of choice between the needs of forced modernisation and the vision of Utopia, they gave preference to the former. They succeeded in extending the range of the possible because they did not persist in attempting what was really impossible.

It may be seen as a reflection of this feature of the Bolshevik achievement that the impact of the totalitarian institutional model on the working-class movement of the advanced industrial countries has on the whole been less durable and far-reaching in its consequences than has been the impact on the nationalist élites of non-western countries with major unsolved problems of development, and even the impact on the anti-democratic and anti-labour extremists of some western countries in the throes of major social crises. Communist ideology might well hold out the example of the October Revolution to western proletarians in a temporary mood of acute despair and utopian expectation, but the very strength of such expectations tended to act as an obstacle to successful imitation of Leninist practice in periods of potentially revolutionary crisis. As with the lapse of time the essence of Leninist-Stalinist totalitarianism as an engine of forced modernisation of a special type became increasingly obvious to communists and non-communists alike, it also began to appear increasingly irrelevant to the needs of the working classes of advanced industrial societies. In the course of half a century, no communist party beholden to the Bolshevik model has succeeded by its own strength in winning power in a western industrial country. The only remaining western communist parties of importance, those of Italy and France, are by now so convinced of the hopelessness of the attempt that in recent years they

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have issued programmatic statements to the effect that they no longer regard the model as applicable in advanced western countries with democratic traditions.

By contrast, some non-western nationalist leaders have been far ahead of the western communists in recognising the importance of Russian totalitarian institutions as an engine of state-directed social development, and in viewing this instrumental function as completely separable from the egalitarian and internationalist goals of the communist ideology with which these institutions had been historically bound up in their Russian origin. It was nationalist leaders of this type who were to make the first attempts at a selective imitation of the Russian model of the single-party State.

Of Consequence

Before James Carra knew Anne Furlington
She made love, often, the first in both their lives,
Under a slipping mauve quilt in a seaport,
With nightlong traffic noise disturbing;
There being wallpaper the same as in her
College room; and it was Peter Daines.
It was the world. No one seemed later hurt, or
Finally betrayed.
It was not of consequence.

When Hester Lang told Cavan Benther that
Hidden in some long spell away from him was
A week when Philip Quernier was prepared
And it happened three times (but each time one of them
Pretended) an hour was enough for Cavan's
Fury. Nor were these people heartless. It was
Not of consequence. Such oddness at such distance
Could be healed.
It was the world.

Elizabeth Pender felt that past could be
Contentedly left as past concerning
William Stennett's beds where Margaret Bourn
Fought conscience and hindering fear. She
Only nodded; and thought. Such guileless frankness
Gave a lot of help. This would leave
No injury-traces. . . . It was the world. In minutes
Their hands came coolly together.
It was not of consequence.

Alan Brownjohn

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Laurence Lerner

I Know the Girl who minds the President's Children

We were at school together.
I'm sure she'll remember.

I see her every day, across the wall;
She's got them both, the little boy, who's four,
And the girl, who must be six. But she's so small
—Smaller than I was before
I went to school, or even before I left.

She walks them out for an hour. Not Sundays, though;
But all the other days. I'm always there.
I watch, and think, "She's lucky."

She was a class above me,
But I think she'll remember.

Anna—my name is Anna.
If you said that, and if you said I went
To the same school, and if you said I knew
The one who had her job before
Who wasn't lucky
(I mean of course with the other President)

Or do you think I shouldn't mention that?

—It was that big grey school across the park.
They had me for a year. I couldn't stay
—That is, I didn't.

Of course I've been put away
—Once, but they let me out. Now I need the work.
I could look after one—the little boy—
While she went to the toilet. I know what you have to do.
Or if her young man comes and they have to talk,
The whole hour, even. I could manage the two.

Really, I know what to do.
I know how to get past the soldiers, and over the wall.

I mean, if she's got a young man;
And there's no one would miss me, or even know I'd gone.

Tell her it's Anna.
I'm sure she'll remember

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A. E. Housman's "De Amicitia"

Annotated by JOHN CARTER

IN July 1942, six years after his brother's death, Laurence Housman, who was his literary executor, presented a small packet of papers to the Trustees of the British Museum with the stipulation that it was to remain unopened for twenty-five years. Thereafter it was "to be made accessible to the Council of the Society of Authors for publication." The principal content of the packet is a twenty-page article (undated) in Laurence Housman's handwriting entitled *A. E. Housman's "De Amicitia,"* which is now printed by permission of Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., owners of his copyrights. Enclosed with this were his brother's pocket diary for 1888 and fourteen leaves extracted by LH from those for the years 1889–1891, quotations from which (embodied in his article) are printed by permission of the Society of Authors acting for the owner of the A. E. Housman copyrights.*

The earliest published reference to the existence of these papers that I am aware of is a letter (7 October 1956) of Laurence Housman's quoted on pp. 116–7 of *A. E. Housman: Man behind a Mask* by the late Maude M. Hawkins (Regnery, Chicago, 1958), to which British attention was promptly drawn by Professor William White of Wayne State University in a sharply critical letter to *The Times Literary Supplement* (1 August 1958). Mrs. Hawkins visited Laurence Housman in 1951 and received more than a hundred letters from him between July 1949, and June 1958 during the preparation of her book.[1] But her reliance, for a number of inferences and speculations, on the quoted letter, in which LH hints darkly at revelations contained in the "remarkable diary" lodged in the British Museum, took too little account of the nonagenarian's failing powers. "My main trouble now," he had written to Mrs. Hawkins as early as 1952, "is increasing loss of memory"; and again, in July 1953, "My memory has become a wreck." It certainly had—even to the extent of an error of eight years in the date at which the packet was to be unsealed (he told her 1959, the centenary of AEH's birth); and an assertion (23 June 1958) that AEH's friend Adalbert Jackson (d. 1892) had survived his better-known brother Moses (d. 1923) by more than a year.

In fact, *A. E. Housman's "De Amicitia,"* which must have been written at least fourteen years earlier than this letter, shows that the diary entries contain no "revelations" of the kind that LH had led Mrs. Hawkins to expect. Poignant indeed they are; but it is the poignancy of an iron reticence; everything has to be read between the lines. Laurence Housman's handling of his brother's poetical remains has been widely, and in some respects deservedly, criticised. I am therefore happy to have been entrusted with the task of introducing to the public so perceptive and sympathetic an analysis of what A. E. Housman, writing to a friend two years before his death, called "the great and real troubles of my early manhood."[2]

* I am indebted for advice on a number of points in my annotation of these papers to Mr. John Sparrow, who shared with me eight years ago the privileged opportunity of a preview of the then sealed packet.

[1] These were made available to me earlier this year by the kindness of her daughter, Mrs Margaret Kalmbach.

[2] Laurence Housman, *A.E.H.*, 1937, p. 56.

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In the final paragraphs of *De Amicitia* Laurence Housman gives his reasons for writing it, with the intention of publication at a later set date. The "personal" reason was his belief that

> the more intelligent, the more charitable, the more kindly of understanding . . . having fuller knowledge will be able to have more liking also for the man who, in his own life-time, could not let himself be better known.

His "social" reason was that

> though, in their treatment of the homosexual problem, "the precious balms of the righteous" have broken many heads, and many hearts, and ruined many lives, I have a hope that, twenty-five years hence, their day of evil power will be gone; and that society may, at long last, have acquired sufficient common-sense to treat the problem less unintelligently, less cruelly, more scientifically.

His hope was fulfilled almost exactly on time. These papers were unsealed on 11 July 1967: the Sexual Offences Act (1967) went on to the Statute Book on 27 July.

★

WHEN MY BROTHER'S PAPERS came into my hands after his death, I was confronted with the fact that he had left me to discover in them certain matters of a very intimate character about himself, of which previously he had never spoken to me, although I had reason to think that he was aware both of my knowledge of what had so deeply affected his life, and of my sympathy for the unhappiness which it had caused him.

In the first place I had to deal with his unpublished poems, which, under the terms of his will, had been left for me to decide what should and what should not be published. I found that most of these were more autobiographical than any which had appeared previously. Several of them were, in my judgment, as good as the majority of those which he had himself published; and their place in the M.S. notebooks showed that they were of no later date. The only reason I could find for his not having allowed them to appear was that they were too autobiographical, and that they referred to certain persons (or to one person) still alive. But from the fact that he had not destroyed them I judged that their publication had been left to my discretion, and that he had no objection to their autobiographical nature being recognised after his death.

It is true that all but thirteen of the poems in *A Shropshire Lad* were written directly in the first person, in a form, therefore, that implied not narrative but personal feeling, or personal experience: and that some of these may have been autobiographical; but there was no poem which could for certain be so regarded. In my judgment those which are most closely autobiographical in feeling are the four which stand in sequence and may have been placed in sequence for that reason—XXX, XXXI, XXXII and XXXIII,[3] but even in that series there is one word, "yeoman," which is inapplicable to the writer himself. Of these four I believe that no. XXX is the most direct expression of personal experience —and suffering.

In *Last Poems* there is far less material of an autobiographical character. In *More Poems* and *Additional Poems*—the two selections for which I was responsible—there is far more. That material my brother could have used to make *Last Poems* more nearly of a size with *A Shropshire Lad*.[4] Yet though he held back from doing so, he left me free to decide otherwise; and my interpretation of these two facts is that he was willing for those more personal poems to be published—but not in his own lifetime.

Of these poems, those which I reckon to be the most direct expression of personal feeling, or experience, are the following:

From *More Poems*: "They say my verse is sad: no wonder"; "I to my perils of cheat and charmer"; "I promise nothing: friends will part"; "The mill-stream, now that noises cease"; "Like mine, the veins of these that slumber"; "Ho, everyone that thirsteth"; "To stand up straight and tread the turning mill"; "Shake hands, we shall never be friends, all's over"; "Because I liked you better"; "Farewell to a name and a number"; "He looked at me with eyes I thought"; "When he's returned I'll tell him—oh"; "Far known to sea and shore"; "O thou that from thy mansion." From *Additional Poems*: "It is no gift I tender"; "Ask me no more for fear I should reply"; "He would not stay for me; and who can wonder?"; "Now to her lap the incestuous earth"; "The stars have not dealt me the worst they could do"; "Oh who is that young sinner with the handcuffs on his wrists?"; "The laws of God, the laws of man" [actually *Last Poems* XII].

[3] "Others, I am not the first," "On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble," "From far, from eve and morning," and "If truth in hearts that perish."

[4] *A Shropshire Lad* contains 63 poems, *Last Poems* 42.

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HERE, THEN, ARE twenty-one poems (I might have added others) which have a more directly personal note than any of those previously published, except the four already mentioned, and one other to which I shall refer later; and all these poems have some degree of connection with the trouble which overshadowed the whole of my brother's life. As I read them for the first time, they pointed quite clearly to the fact, which I already knew, that his deepest friendships were with men, that those friendships caused him trouble and grief, and that—in one instance at least—he gave a far greater devotion than he ever received in return. In that greatest of all his friendships (and probably in most of the others) there was no response in kind. Almost every friendship that he formed was destined to be a lonely one—the emotional element which went to the making of them being his alone. Only once, among the very small number of letters which he had selected and kept, from the correspondence of bygone years, did I find an instance of warmth of feeling as great as—perhaps, in this one case, greater than his own. It was a farewell letter, written by a colleague when he left the Patent Office to become Professor of Latin at University College London, in 1892. I do not think the writer of it was one of his special friends, but I found it lying alongside another letter—the last which he ever received from the greatest of all his friends, the Jackson who is here referred to. After congratulations on his professorial appointment, the writer goes on: "As a rule English people never allow themselves to say or write what they think about anyone, no matter how much of a pal he may be. Well, I am going to let myself loose. I like you better than any man I ever knew. There is, as far as I could ever discover, absolutely no flaw in your character as a man, and no one could ever hope for a better friend. I don't say this only on my own account, but I have seen how you can stick to a friend like you have to Jackson. I mean not stick to him in the sentimental sense of not forgetting him although he is right out of your reach. (sic [LH]) I have always, besides liking you so much, had a great respect for your learning.... Dear old pal, I'm as pleased as if I had done something good myself. Yours faithfully...."[5]

At the time when that letter was written, Jackson, who had been the closest friend of his undergraduate days at Oxford, and also one of his colleagues at the Patent Office, had gone, three years before, to take up a permanent appointment in India, from which he only returned on leave at long intervals.

It is of that friendship, founded on deep mutual regard, but nevertheless a one-sided one in the direction already indicated, that I have to write the story—or that part of it which I was able to gather from brief references—fewer than a couple of hundred words in all—in diaries dating from January 1888 to November 1890; and from the poems which had remained unpublished.

MY BROTHER and Moses Jackson first met when in 1877 they both went up to St. John's College Oxford with scholarships. Their association remained unbroken for a period of four years; for the last two[6] of which (together with A. W. Pollard who was also a St. John's scholar) they shared lodgings in St. Giles'. Their association was resumed when, after his failure in "Greats," my brother became a Civil servant at H.M.'s Patent Office, where Jackson was already in a position of somewhat higher standing. From 1882 till somewhere about 1885 they shared lodgings, together with Jackson's younger brother Adalbert, in Talbot Road Bayswater. In 1885 or 1886, they parted company and my brother went to live by himself at Byron Cottage Highgate. After that they met daily at the Patent Office, and as a rule lunched together, until Jackson in December 1887 sailed for India, where he remained as Principal of a Training College at Karachi for the greater part of his life. On leaving India he took up another post of a similar kind in British Columbia, where he died in 1923.

The shared lodging in Bayswater ended in an incident of which I do not know the full explanation. Quite suddenly, and without a word of warning, my brother, after something which must have been of the nature of a quarrel, disappeared for a week; and an anxious letter from Jackson came to his father to say that he did not know what had become of him. Whether the worst was feared I do not know. After a week's absence he returned, but only for a short time; probably the strain of such close association with a friend who could not respond with

[5] LH had published a fuller quotation from this letter in his *A.E.H.* (pp. 92–3). The signature was illegible.

[6] Actually, during their fourth year only (see A. S. F. Gow, *A. E. Housman, a sketch*, 1936, p. 9, and Grant Richards, *Housman*, 1941, p. 34 *n.*).

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the same warmth of feeling had proved too much for him; and he found it better to part.

It is only a surmise that the two poems, XXX and XXXI[7] in *More Poems* may have had their origin in what then happened. But though there was disagreement there was no final parting such as the poems suggest; they remained firm friends through life, but always with a difference.

No letter from Jackson to my brother remains, except the last, which I found in an envelope, on which in Alfred's handwriting were the words "Mo's last letter." It was the letter of a sick man written faintly in pencil, from the hospital where shortly afterwards he died. Above the faint writing, the better to preserve it, Alfred had gone over the whole in ink. It began, "Dear old Hous"; it ended, "Yours very truly"—a formula of reserve to which I have reason to believe that Jackson must have adhered through the whole of their correspondence. No doubt he intended the formula to have its full value; but demonstrative affection was something from which he may have found it prudent to refrain.

A. E. HOUSMAN
1859–1936

BEFORE I COME to the evidence of the diaries for proof of my brother's devotion to this friend above all others, I must deal with a few points of special interest in the poems, indicative of his keen sympathy for those whose problem of life was similar to his own.

In his copy of *A Shropshire Lad*, alongside the poem which begins "Shot? So quick, so clean an ending?" I found a newspaper cutting, dated August 1895, in which was quoted[8] a letter addressed to the coroner by a young Woolwich cadet, who had thus taken his own life. The letter made it quite plain that his trouble was what it is the fashion to call "pathological"; his own nature was the enemy he feared. "I will state," he wrote, "the main reasons which have determined me. The first is utter cowardice and despair. There is only one thing in this world which would make me thoroughly happy: that one thing I have no earthly hope of obtaining. The second—which I wish were the only one—is that I have absolutely ruined my own life; but I thank God that as yet, so far as I know, I have not morally injured, or "offended," as it is called in the Bible, anyone else. Now I am quite certain that I could not live another five years without doing so, and for that reason alone, even if the first did not exist, I should do what I am doing.... At all events it is final, and consequently better than a long series of sorrows and disgraces."

Those last words formed the basis of the third verse of the poem:

'Oh, soon, and better so than later
After long disgrace and scorn,
You shot dead the household traitor,
The soul that should not have been born.'

I DO NOT PRETEND to know[9] how far my brother continued to accept throughout life, in all circumstances, the denial of what was natural to him, but I do know that he considered the inhibition imposed by society on his fellow-victims both cruel and unjust. That fact is made abundantly plain in the poem which, after considerable hesitation, I decided to publish,[10] even though its literary merit was not high—the one beginning:

"Oh who is that young sinner with the handcuffs on his wrists?"

[7] "Shake hands, we shall never be friends, all's over" and "Because I liked you better/Than suits a man to say."

[8] LH had quoted from this letter in *A.E.H.*, p. 104.

[9] "We never discussed sex seriously together," wrote LH to Mrs. Hawkins, 12 February 1951.

[10] *Additional Poems* XVIII.

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It refers quite evidently to those who inescapably, through no fault of their own, are homosexual—having no more power of choice in the matter than a man has about the colour of his hair, which, as the poem says, he may hide out of sight, or dye to a "more mentionable shade," but cannot get away from.

Here, then, was a poem expressing contemptuous anger against society's treatment of these unhappy victims of fate, and a sympathy which went so far as to imply no blame. That poem he had left me at liberty to publish: had he objected to publication he would either have so marked it—as he did one or two others for literary reasons—or would have destroyed it. My only reason for hesitation was that its meaning was so obvious, that intelligent readers would be unlikely to refrain (nor did they) from making the true deduction; and my brother had relatives still living to whom this might give pain. I felt, nevertheless, that the risk must be taken; it was something of a public duty that I should make known so strong an expression of feeling against social injustice, and if I needed any further justification I had it in the second verse of the poem with which *More Poems* opens:

> '*This* is for all ill-treated fellows
> Unborn and unbegot,
> For them to read when they're in trouble
> And I am not.'

His trouble was safely over; I printed the poem, as I believe he wished me to print it, for those in more present need.

HAD THE MATERIAL which came into my hands been poems only, I might not have felt concerned to leave to a later day this fuller account of what one of his biographers[11] has described as my brother's "Buried Life." But though all letters between the two friends have been destroyed[12]—except the last one, my brother left four diaries in which is recorded with strange brevity, and almost without comment—not the breaking of their friendship (for that never happened) but the parting of their ways, when from daily intercourse they passed to the separation of years.

The diaries—the only diaries apparently which he ever kept, were those of 1888, 1889, 1890 and 1891. In those diaries nothing whatever was entered of a personal character except what had to do with Alfred's association with his friend Jackson. Most of the pages are blank: the diary for 1888 contains nothing else except his cash account of daily and weekly spendings.[13] In the following years there are entries, in addition to the cash account, of the variations of the seasons—mainly spring and autumn—the weather, and the dates at which flowers came into bloom; these are sometimes given in great detail. One of the fullest entries, that for March 16th 1890, reads as follows:

> 'Catkins on hazel; calendine in bud; a green flower out, whose name I do not know; buds on hazel (green with red tip) and blackthorn (reddish); hawthorn, wild roses, and lilac buds unfolding; lords and ladies new (some just coming up); hayriff and wild parsley new; crocus fading in some cases.'

Sometimes, on a date filled with a list of flowers, all of which are written in pencil, comes an entry (written in ink[14] so as to distinguish it) which has reference to his friend Jackson. But hardly once is his name given—"Jackson" never; once or twice the abbreviation "Mo" for Moses. It is nearly[15] always "he" and nothing else.

In 1887 Jackson received his Indian appointment. In December of that year he sailed in the *Bokhara*—from which, at Suez, he trans-shipped to the *Mongolia*. In January 1888 the diary begins; and throughout that year there are no other entries than those which here follow—impressive, standing out from the otherwise blank pages, without names, and without comment.

Diary 1888

MONDAY.[16]	JAN:	4.	Bokhara arrives at Gibraltar.
SUNDAY.	,,	8.	Bokhara leaves Naples 4 p.m.
THURSDAY.	,,	12.	Bokhara arrives at Port Said.
FRIDAY	,,	13.	Mongolia leaves Suez 11.p.m. Bokhara an hour later.
TUESDAY	,,	17.	Add [Jackson's brother Adalbert] calls at Off:[17] and out to lunch.

[11] The late Dr. Percy Withers.

[12] This is not correct. There survives, in private hands in the United States, a most significant letter which accompanied (and still accompanies) AEH's gift to Moses Jackson of a copy of *Last Poems*, 1922; and others are preserved in the Jackson family.

[13] These must have been on the missing terminal leaves: see Appendix A.

[14] See Appendix A, under the year 1889.

[15] In the diary entries preserved in the British Museum, Moses Jackson is invariably "he" (or "him").

[16] Actually Wednesday.

[17] In this and the two subsequent abbreviations of "Office" (*i.e.*, the Patent Office, where AEH was

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WEDNESDAY „ 18.	Mongolia leaves Aden this evening.
WEDNESDAY „ 25	Mongolia arrives at Bombay this morning. (Midnight of the 24th I learn later)
FRIDAY „ 27.	He gets to Karachi at "8 o'clock".
WEDNESDAY MARCH 28.	Add calls at Off: and out to lunch.
SUNDAY. JULY 8.	He wrote this day to Nightingale, having seen his name in the paper as called to the bar. "My dear Nightingale" "Yours[18] very truly"
MONDAY. NOV: 19.	This afternoon at Off: I receive letter, written on 28th and 31st October.
FRIDAY. DEC. 14.	I posted letter to him.
WEDNESDAY „ 19	His grandmother died.

The most significant entry in the above is the note of July 8th. Jackson's first letter comes *not* to Alfred but to a mutual friend: the terms used are noted without comment "My dear Nightingale" and "Yours very truly." Not till four months later does Alfred get his first letter,—no doubt in the same terms—"Yours very truly." Three weeks later, Alfred writes *his* first letter in reply. After that, in the diary of 1889, nothing is recorded for six months; the friends do not correspond. In October of that year Jackson returned to England, for a reason which Alfred, it would seem, did not know until a month after the event. This I take to be almost certain —judging from other entries—and from the absence of the entry one would most surely expect: "I hear that he is engaged to be married." Was it intended kindness which kept from him the news of that, and of the marriage which followed, until the date was well passed? It was a significant omission.

Diary 1889

FRIDAY. JUNE 28	Posted letter to him. [Nightingale did so too, about the same time]
TUESDAY JULY 9.	Nightingale has not heard from him for[19] a long while, but wrote to him about a week ago.
TUESDAY. OCT. 22.	He came to the Office: lunch he, I, MCK, Nghtgle. Afterwards he went with MCK into City. He dined at Nightingale's[20]: K also.
FRIDAY. OCT 25.	Went to see him ~~6=30~~: he had just gone out to Camberwell.
SATURDAY NOV: 9.	He started from Newport on a walking tour to Bletchley. I went to Cambridge.
THURSDAY NOV: 14.	He returned to London.
MONDAY. „ 18	He came to me at the Office a little after 3.
WEDNESDAY „ 20	He meant to go home today.
MONDAY DEC: 9.	He was married.
TUESDAY „ 10	He was to sail.
SUNDAY „ 22	He was near Perim and wrote to Add.

From these entries one gathers that Alfred and Jackson only met twice during the latter's stay in England from October to December; once in the company of others, and only once ("at the Office") alone. At the time of their meeting—only three weeks before the marriage—it is evident that Alfred had not been told of it. Three days later, when Alfred went, hoping to see him, he was out. The last three entries would seem to have been made at a later date, after "Add" has received the letter written on Dec: 22nd.

Diary 1890

TUESDAY JAN: 7.	I heard he was married.
THURSDAY. „ 9.	I wrote to him (mail tomorrow)
FRIDAY. JUNE 20	Wrote to him by to-day's mail[21]
THURSDAY OCT. 2	His son born.
WEDNESDAY „ 29	His son's birth in the paper.
FRIDAY NOV. 7	I write to him by this day's mail.

The only entry in the diary of 1891, is of a subsequent year, 1898. This seems to indicate that Alfred did not continue to keep a diary: and this is borne out by other entries relating to flowers and seasons in several years following: in each case the date of the year is added.

The one significant entry is thus given, under Friday May 22, 1891: [Sunday 1898, 10.45. p.m. said goodbye.] This meeting must have taken place when Jackson was once more home on leave from India. But though it was the last of which my brother has left any record, there was at least one of a later date. When Jackson had resigned his Indian appointment, and was on his way to take up another at Vancouver in British Columbia, he stayed in England for the

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employed 1882–1892) the diary has a full point for LH's colon. The square-bracketed insertion is LH's.

[18] "Yours" is LH's insertion.

[19] "For" is LH's insertion.

[20] LH has here expanded AEH's "Nghtgle." The name Nightingale and the initials McK and K are unfamiliar to me (and presumably were to LH): I suppose they must have been Patent Office friends.

[21] This leaf is not preserved.

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last time; and it was at the house of their mutual friend Dr. A. W. Pollard, that the two had their final meeting.

There was no estrangement; all three were, in Pollard's account of that meeting, "very youthful and light-hearted." For my brother the remedy of age had come to ease the old trouble which had left on his life so deep a mark.

NOBODY reading these entries from his diaries, can have any doubt about the emotional nature of my brother's love for Jackson; it was deep and lasting, and it caused him great unhappiness. Even in memory the emotion of it remained. Only two years before his death, I had proof of it. In Alfred's rooms at Trinity College Cambridge, two portraits hung near together over the fire-place—the one a portrait taken in youth, the other in late middle-age. The youthful one, I learned later, was of Adalbert (the A.J.J. of poems XLII in *More Poems*).[22] I asked Alfred, when I was staying with him two years before his death, whose was the other. In a strangely moved voice he answered, "That was my friend Jackson, the man who had more influence on my life than anyone else."

Only those who knew how impenetrable was my brother's reticence over personal matters, will understand how astonished I was that he should have told me that. Why did he tell me anything more than the name, *unless* he wished me to know?

When I found the poems which he had left to my discretion, when I found the diaries which had so obviously been preserved for one purpose only, when I found other things among his papers, which did him no discredit, but which told me clearly the direction of his interest in beauty of human form, I became convinced that he had a purpose, and that purpose was to let me know the secret of his life, and to give me liberty to make it known.

I do so for two reasons, one personal, the other social. I am quite sure that, however much my brother resented the ill-fate which his "unlucky love" had imposed on him, he had no false shame in the matter: "the laws of God, the laws of man" were none of his making—the responsibility for them was not his. One may agree with it, or not; but that was how he himself stated the case: and he was of too proud a nature to wish that he should be mis-understood.

Yet this proud nature had a deep human need, which all through his life remained unsatisfied. In *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* T. E. Lawrence gives the following introspective account of himself:

> There was my craving to be liked—so strong and nervous that never could I open myself friendly to another. The terror of failure in an effort so important made me shrink from trying; besides, there was the standard; for intimacy seemed shameful unless the other could make the perfect reply, in the same language, after the same method, for the same reasons. . . .

Against this passage,[23] Alfred wrote in the margin "This is me."

I find a special significance in that last sentence: "intimacy seemed shameful unless the other could make the perfect reply" etc.

The poems and the diary tell us plainly that the perfect reply was never given. The *Shropshire Lad* poems were all written between the years 1891, and 1895. In answer to the inquiries of a literary correspondent about his life and writings, Alfred made the following statement: "I did not begin to write poetry in earnest till the really emotional part of my life was over . . . very little of *A Shropshire Lad* is autobiographical." The last of the diaries, containing entries actually to date, was the one of 1890. In the one of 1891 is the single entry, dated May 22nd, eight years later: "Sunday 1898. 10.45. p.m.. said goodbye." That was the concluding word to the emotional part of his life: after that there is no mention.

Alfred's craving to be liked was also a craving to be understood; and in order that understanding might be possible, he left these records to be found by one of whose sympathy he could be sure. And though the foolish and the obdurate, and those of hard understanding may reprobate what is here disclosed, many—the more intelligent, the more charitable, the more kindly of understanding—will, I believe, think differently; and having fuller knowledge will be able to have more liking also for the man who, in his own life-time, could not let himself be better known.

This is the personal reason for what I have here recorded.

MY SOCIAL REASON is that though, in their treatment of the homosexual problem, "the precious balms of the righteous" have broken many

[22] Cf. *A.E.H.*, p. 61; see also Appendix B, below.
[23] As quoted in a review of the book (according to Mr. A. S. F. Gow, via Mr. Sparrow).

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heads, and many hearts, and ruined many lives, I have a hope that, twenty-five years hence, their day of evil power will be gone; and that society may, at long last, have acquired sufficient commonsense to treat the problem less unintelligently, less cruelly, more scientifically. And if not, it may help to that end for the world to be given knowledge that one to whom it is deeply in debt for the beauty of his poetry and the eminence of his scholarship, was one of the sufferers whom it has in the past found it so foolishly easy to despise and to condemn.

★

Appendix A.

The Diaries

1888 A cloth-bound Pettitt pocket diary; the case loose at the end; intact to 31 December but terminal leaves seemingly extracted (perhaps containing cash accounts; see above, note 13). The only entries, all in ink, are those quoted by LH. Some of these, *e.g.* the second entry for 25 January and that for 8 July, must have been added later than the dates to which they are attached; like that for 9 December 1889. There are also pencilled ticks, which if LH observed he did not attempt to explain, in the calendar printed at the beginning against four Wednesdays—22 February, 23 May, 22 August, 24 October. These were noted by Mr. John Sparrow when, in 1959, he and I were, on LH's instructions, allowed to inspect the contents of the sealed packet (B.M. Add. MS. 45861).

1889. Eight detached sheets containing Jackson entries for eleven dates: those for the first two and the last four in pencil, the middle five in ink. The botanical and meteorological notes are all in pencil.

1890. Five detached sheets, each with one Jackson entry in ink: that covering Friday 20 June, for which LH cites an entry, is missing. Again the nature notes are in pencil.

1891. One leaf only, from a larger-sized diary, covering 21–27 May. There are botanical notes for 26 and 27 May. The only Jackson entry, under Friday 22, reads "[Sunday 1898. 10.45 p.m. said goodbye.]"

Mr. Sparrow also noted that all the leaves in the 1888 diary which carry or (in one case) face Jackson entries—and no others—have at some earlier stage had their corners turned down, and that the same is the case with all but one of the detached leaves: most of these, in fact, had been turned down more than once. The presumption that they were so signalised by AEH himself is consonant with LH's phrase (p. 39 above)—"when I found the diaries which had so obviously been preserved for one purpose only"—whether the writer's purpose was in fact the one his brother supposed, or merely his own punctilious record of these private landmarks.

The one exception is the leaf which carries the entry for 22 December 1889. This had not been turned down; and it was doubtless the absence of the normal signal that caused LH to overlook it when in the spring of 1939 he gave the balance of the 1889 diary (after extracting seven leaves) to Mr. Houston Martin of New York, a then youthful transatlantic admirer of AEH whose delightful letters to him were publishel in the *Yale Review* (Winter 1937) and with whom LH himself continued a brisk correspondence. The Jackson reference did not escape the recipient, who scrupulously reported it, eliciting from LH on 4 June 1939 an understandably troubled response. "I feel I have been untrue to my trusteeship in letting that page of the diary slip through. I thought I had extracted everything on that very personal matter; and my carelessness distresses me.... I don't mind your having the *knowledge*—to keep private—but the *material*, however careful you were of it, would outlast you." He asked Mr. Martin to return the errant leaf (which he did) and sent him an autograph draft of one of AEH's poems by way of recompense.

A later paragraph in this letter, from which I quote with Mr. Martin's courteous permission, is significant in the present context. "I won't tell you, in *writing*," wrote LH, "about the other extracts which I took out *to destroy reverently and regretfully* [my italics]: I can only tell you that they were poignant proofs of a hidden grief." This is an entirely accurate description of the diary extracts, as we have seen: very different from the statement made to Mrs. Hawkins (letter of 7 October 1956) that the diary "reveals his most 'intimate relations' with his friend Moses Jackson"; a statement which, as we have also seen, has no foundation whatever, but which naturally misled her. What caused LH to change his mind between 1939 and 1942—not to destroy the diary extracts but to preserve them for eventual publication (*all* the Jackson entries in the preserved diaries are quoted in the article)—we have no means of knowing. But his earlier intention provides a *terminus a quo* for the composition of *De Amicitia*, just as its deposit in the British Museum provides a *terminus ad quem*.

Appendix B.

Adalbert Jackson

ADALBERT J. JACKSON (the "Add" of the diary entries) was a younger brother of Moses Jackson. In 1882, when AEH, on his appointment to the Patent Office (where Moses was already established as Examiner of Electrical Specifications), joined the two brothers in lodgings in Bayswater, he was a classical student at University College London (where AEH was to be appointed Professor of Latin ten years later). After taking his B.A. he became classical master at a preparatory school (Grant Richards, *Housman*, p. 305). He died of typhoid fever on 12 November 1892.

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More Poems XLII ("When he's returned I'll tell him—oh,/Dear fellow, I forgot") is addressed to him, as "A.J.J."; and Grant Richards' description of him as "greatly resembling his elder brother in attractive qualities" is more than borne out in this moving poem, with its lament for "that straight look, that heart of gold, that grace, that manhood gone." *More Poems* XLI ("He looked at me with eyes I thought/I was not like to find") also refers to Adalbert Jackson. When the beggar is enjoined, in the last stanza, to "Turn east and over Thames to Kent/And come to the sea's brim,/And find his everlasting tent/And touch your cap to him," he is being directed to Ramsgate, the home town of the Jackson family, where Adalbert was buried.

Despite the evidence of warm affection offered by these two poems (and, now, the evidence of the 1888 and 1889 diary entries that the familiar friendship between the two young men was not disrupted by AEH's move from the Jackson *ménage* to lodgings in Highgate in 1886), Adalbert Jackson has remained rather a shadowy figure in the biographies: if only by comparison with his brother, "the man," as AEH told LH, "who had more influence on my life than anybody else." Yet his photograph hung close to that of Moses Jackson, who had survived him by thirty years, over Housman's fireplace at Trinity. And it is perhaps well that two references to their relationship, from LH's letters to Mrs. Hawkins, should be put on record (she ignored them in her book: but the letters survive). In his last years, as has been earlier apparent, LH's memory for facts and dates and details could not be relied upon; but he was by then almost the only man living who had known those concerned at the material time, and this is a matter of feeling and understanding, less subject to failure of memory than a concrete fact.

In a letter of 19 June 1958 about "AEH and his Jackson friendships," he wrote: "I still think there was more *mutual* attraction between those two [AEH and Moses Jackson] than you give credit for. But Jackson *shied away* from the full implication, knowing he could not share it *'in kind'*. But (and *this* is what I want you to release [was this a slip of the pen for *realise*? there is no doubt that *release* is what he wrote]:) his attraction to the *younger* brother *was* reciprocated." LH then refers to *More Poems* XLI and concludes: "I doubt whether Moses ever kissed AEH: but I have no doubt that AJJ *did*." On 21 July 1958, he wrote: "I have *no* doubt whatever that A.E.H. was in closer and warmer physical relationship with A.J.J. than with his brother Moses": again he cites *More Poems* XLI, and this time also XLII, for confirmation.

How much credence should be given to the beliefs of one who never knew either of the Jacksons at all well and who, when he made these statements, was very old and very vague, readers of *De Amicitia* must decide for themselves. But so positive an impression from such a source cannot be wholly ignored.

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Aubade

In the river of waking no one drowns
Though the drowned float to the surface there, grinning.
Another day of loving you.

Or not you. A girl I made up, once,
Of motions, and colours: smiles, kisses,
Dark hair, soft skin. A shade of lipstick. Words.

Or not loving but flowing or being flowed
Out of the dark to the same spot on the same shore
Always, always; and waking too close always

Ever to push away into the deep currents of
Travel, I bump the shore this good morning
Grinning, beginning our day apart.

Edward Weismiller

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Column

IT HAS BEEN a strange summer, and one has a sense that even stranger things may happen before it is finally over. The six-day war in the desert, and Israel's spectacular victory; further escalation of the war in Viet Nam; race riots in the ghettos of the United States; the weird antics of General de Gaulle; mounting chaos in China; war in the Congo, in Aden, in Nigeria; no doubt some ironic spirit, contemplating the ant-hill of human affairs, as in Hardy's *The Dynasts* or the opening of Goethe's *Faust*, might find a meaning in such events, but for the ordinary individual, involved willy-nilly in their bewildering course, there is no such satisfaction; only a gnawing apprehension that, somehow or other, things have passed beyond human control and that now all there is to be done is to watch helplessly as they proceed towards some as yet undreamed-of catastrophe.

Such feelings, of course, are not new, and are not peculiar to our own time. Even in the comparatively short lifetime which spans this century, a man might look back to moments, before 1914, before 1939, when he could have said that there was the smell of blood in the air, and that blood will have blood despite the best-intentioned efforts to prevent it. In both cases, alas, he would have been right.

Earlier this summer, U Thant gave precise and concrete expression to this sense of apprehension, which in most people is far more amorphous and ill-defined, by saying that we have already entered the preliminary stages of the Third World War. It was a remark which was not, at the time, taken as seriously as it deserved, perhaps because to acknowledge its truth would involve accepting possibilities too terrible to contemplate. It could even be dismissed as the utterance of a man driven into hysteria by responsibilities too heavy for him to bear, which indeed some people thought he had notably failed to discharge. Yet it was, surely, a most remarkable statement to come from the Secretary-General of an organisation to which the nations of the world have formally entrusted the task of maintaining the peace. As a cry of helplessness and despair nothing could have been more striking; and if people were inclined to dismiss it as exaggerated or hysterical, it was largely because, under present circumstances, they cannot envisage the precise form in which catastrophe could come about or believe that anyone could be so insane as to provoke it. But insanity of this kind is not exactly a rarity in history.

But whether U Thant, speaking as it were *ex cathedra*, was right or wrong in his despairing pronouncement, he was at least registering one fact which is of the very greatest importance in the present situation. It is that neither he, nor the organisation of which he is the head, can any longer do anything to carry out the main function and purpose for which it was established. It would, I think, be fair to say that the United Nations died this summer, and the fact that its demise was neither noticed nor lamented made it all the more tragic. If this is really so, then I think one must agree with U Thant at least to the extent that one of the essential preliminary conditions has been satisfied which would make the outbreak of a third world war possible. No doubt statesmen, both here and elsewhere, will continue to declare that the United Nations is the foundation of their country's foreign policy, but this is simply to say that they have no more power to influence events than the United Nations itself.

DO THE YOUNG react against this situation by opting out of the world created by their elders in favour of the *paradis artificiel* of marijuana and LSD and enclosing themselves in private flower-garlanded ghettos of their own? It is a tempting theory, much in fashion at the present time, both among the young themselves, when they feel that their behaviour requires some kind of justification, and among those of their elders who feel that the young are perfectly right in substituting the pleasures of hallucination for the pains of distressing reality. After all, what victim of the Inferno would not rationally prefer Paradise, even if it were a false one?

Whether such theories are correct I am in no position to judge, but even if they were, I think we should remember that in the youth syndrome of today there is much which is not specifically new or exclusive to our own times. I am indebted to a German friend for directing my attention to the following passage:

> What did Chinese philosophy or Indian mysticism mean to the generation of 1918–1919? Strictly speaking, nothing at all; but they liked the parables; the fact that they were not at all applicable at a time of political and social crisis to a people with an entirely different cultural tradition in the heart of Europe, was a secondary consideration. There was, too, the underlying readiness to believe that not only Germany but the West as a whole had failed—Spengler's

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Decline of the West was published in 1918 and widely discussed in the youth movement—and the need for new, radically different ideas. Holzapfel's "Pan-idealism" enjoyed a brief popularity and for some time Rudolf Steiner's anthroposophy gained a considerable hold on the youth movement.

The mystical streak was not restricted to the Left. Naturally, the right wingers were not ready to take the law from racial avatars of doubtful racial origin; they preferred to rediscover the medieval German mystics, Meister Eckhardt, Henry Suss and the rest. There was one young artisan, Friedrich Muck-Lamberty, who thought that since the urge for a new message was so strong he would try to do something about it. With twenty-five young companions he went from town to town in Thuringia calling the population to contemplation, urging them to waken up to life, to combat the decay of society, to be gay. How was all this to be accomplished? By singing, dancing, and lectures on the Revolution of the Soul. His followers, like the early Christians, shared all their worldly possessions, and were vegetarians and abstainers. Muck-Lamberty's favourite word was "swinging"; things were swinging if a community was united in peace and joy.

Wherever the barefooted or sandalled *Neue Schar* (as Muck-Lamberty's group was called) made its appearance, thousands joined in its meetings and dances, there was a triumphal procession, and the clergy had to open the churches for Muck's lectures and community singing. Nothing like it had been seen in Germany since the days of the Anabaptists: it seemed that the millennium was about to dawn and the New Jerusalem was at hand. . . .

I see from today's newspaper that a gigantic "love-in" has been organised at Woburn Abbey (the Duke of Bedford taking ten per cent of the proceeds). Should not the name of Muck-Lamberty have been remembered in its rituals?

THE PASSAGE I have quoted above, which suggests such fascinating analogies with some manifestations of youthful behaviour today, comes from *Young Germany*, Dr. Walter Laqueur's admirable study of the pre-war German youth movement published in 1962. In its day the revolt of youth in Germany had as wide an influence, and was as fertile in extravagances, both in behaviour and in ideas, as anything we have seen recently either here or in the United States. Is it possible that there is more than a linguistic link between the "swinging" youth of contemporary London and the "swinging" *Neue Schar* of Muck-Lamberty?

But it will also be remembered that it was precisely the German youth movement, anti-establishment, anti-rational, anti-political, anti-militarist, sandalled or barefooted, worshipping strange gods and adopting a moral code of its own choosing, which inspired D. H. Lawrence to an uncannily prophetic vision of Germany's future, almost literally fulfilled in the Third Reich. He repeated the warning in a letter to Rolf Gardner: "Even the German *Bünde*, I am afraid, will drift into nationalistic, and ultimately fighting bodies; a new and necessary form of militarism."

Is it in any way likely that the hippies and the beats, the psychedelic trippers and the flower-people, will one day suffer the same kind of sea change which transformed the *Wandervögel* into obedient members of the *Hitlerjugend*? In his book, Dr. Laqueur gives a fascinating account of how this latter transformation took place; he emphasises, above all, that a movement opposed to all forms of organisation, whose very *raison d'être* was "the Revolution in the Soul" (and what else do their young descendants aim at in their hallucinatory ecstasies?) could not, when the crucial moment came, offer any kind of effective opposition or resistance to a movement which demanded above all the total subservience of the individual to the service of the state.

Is this to be the fate of those who, today, like Muck-Lamberty, preach the blessedness of a world swinging with peace and love, and will they one day too, with flowers in their hair and bells on their toes, march happily in the ranks of some new and as yet unimagined form of authoritarianism? At the moment nothing would seem less likely; but then, nothing seemed less likely once than what actually happened to the German youth movement, and a study, like Dr. Laqueur's, of its rise and fall, and of the reasons for its final liquidation, does not wholly reassure one that something similar may not happen again.

THE REVOLT OF YOUTH is, happily, always with us; what is less happy is its record of concrete achievement, and today there are particular reasons for thinking that now less than ever is it likely to achieve the aims it sets itself, so far as these involve a fundamental change in the organisation of society. The young today are exposed to such merciless exploitation by commercial interests, attracted by their newly acquired spending power like flies to the honey pot, that every gesture of revolt is quickly turned to profit. And since for these same interests the essence of the matter is fashion, that is to say its outward form rather than its inner content, it inevitably follows that they concentrate upon its most superficial manifestations. This applies as much to ideas as anything else; for with the immense growth of the mass communication industries, ideas have become an in-

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stantly saleable and marketable commodity, so long as they can be given a form in which they can be mass-produced by the millions, like pop records. We have the paradoxical situation in which youth in revolt is both supplier and consumer to a vast range of industries which are inextricably bound up with the social and economic system against which the revolt is directed. Indeed, if only this form of exploitation were less blatantly and crudely commercial than it is, one might be tempted to regard it as a sinister manoeuvre by which society sterilises and emasculates the young before their instincts of revolt have a chance to develop into anything more dangerous than a mini-skirt.

Fortunately the house of youth has many mansions, not all at the moment inhabited by rolling stones and monkees. Indeed, if we really want to understand what is happening to the young today, what we are most in need of is a patient and sober survey of the entire establishment and not only those sections of it which attract the attention of the adman, the press, or the police. One would like to know who the tenants of the different mansions are, and where the rents come from, and who does the work and the domestic services, and what is the numerical importance of those who take Dr. Leary as their prophet or who populate the nursery underground of which Peter Fryer writes so sympathetically in this issue of ENCOUNTER. One would hardly believe that it was very large; or do they in fact represent the exposed tip of an iceberg of which nine-tenths is submerged?

NO ONE CAN ANSWER such questions with any kind of authority, and until we can it might well seem a waste of time to speculate any further about them. One therefore particularly welcomes a book like *A Prophetic Minority*, by Jack Newfield, which has been recently published by Anthony Blond, for it at least plots out one section of the terrain. It is a sober and serious account of the phenomenon known as the New Left movement in America ("You can't trust anyone over 30") and is valuable because it helps to redress what is by now becoming the common misconception that the typical young person of today is one who has put aside all political interests or activity in favour of the delights of artificially induced hallucination. Mr. Newfield, who writes very well, does not try to exaggerate the movement's importance. "Only one in eight hundred Americans is a New Leftist," says the dustcover of his book, and I take this to mean that there are over 200,000 of them, of whom the majority are "kids of 17 to 18" and, for the most part, the privileged children of the affluent middle class. Even so, it seems an awful lot of them. But the book provides a clear history of the movement, which traces its origin to the moment when, in 1960, four freshmen at the all-Negro Agricultural and Technical College at Greensboro, North Carolina, ordered coffee at the segregated lunch counter in that town. It also gives an excellent account of what the movement, to date, has achieved in the particular fields on which it has concentrated, especially that of civil rights; of the various groups, sometimes conflicting, which compose it, its leaders and their ideas, and in particular their belief in non-violence; and of the relation between the movement's political activities and the cultural and intellectual influences which press so heavily on the young in the United States today.

It is in many ways an impressive story; it is also an extremely refreshing one for anyone who might be tempted to believe that the youth of America consists exclusively of friends and acquaintances of Jonathan Aitken's in Haight-Ashbury. But it is interesting also because Mr. Newfield is sharply aware of the dangers to which the New Left, like all movements which depend explicitly on youth, is exposed. One is, of course, the extraordinary new form of violence and militarism preached and represented by Stokeley Carmichael, and the equal and opposite white version of it which it is likely to provoke; such developments go hand in hand with what Mr. Newfield describes as "the mounting tide of domestic McCarthyism, which is paralleling the escalation of the war in Viet Nam." But there is also "the culture's sponge-like genius for either merchandising or absorbing all dissent," as exemplified by its "insatiable thirst for novelty and titillation" which "ensures television interviews . . . million-dollar royalties . . . and fat pay cheques as a government consultant. Yesterday's underground becomes today's vaudeville and tomorrow's cliché. If the draft, super-patriots, and the Justice Department don't wreck the New Left, mass culture may kill it with kindness, and then deposit its carcass in the cemetery of celebrities, alongside of Baby Jane Holzer, Liberace, and Jack Kerouac. . . ."

This is written, of course, about the United States, but much of what Mr. Newfield writes applies equally, *mutatis mutandis*, to Britain and indeed to the whole of the white world. What answer has flower power and hallucinations to such dangers? Only, as things are, capitulation. The other night I woke up from a dream contemplating the equation: "Flower Power = Black Power." I am not at all sure what it means, if anything, but it continues to haunt me.

R

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Intellectuals & Just Causes

A Symposium (II)

Robert Bolt:

TO TAKE first the most important of the topics raised in the ENCOUNTER briefing: I think the question of justice is no more "foolish and irrelevant" in world politics than it is in local politics or the fierce politics of a family. It is desirable that every man should have his due and urgently necessary that no man should think his due is not even considered.

Of course it is hard to decide what every man's due is, and having decided, hard to see that he gets it. And even those difficulties pale beside the difficulty of persuading a rich nation that its riches are more than its due, and the difficulty then of persuading such a nation to do anything about it. Likewise it is hard to persuade a poor nation that anything at all is any longer due to people who for generations have been and still are enjoying riches; difficult to dissuade a poor nation from any means, however arbitrary, of redressing things.

This extreme difficulty between nation-states of making any move towards justice is what leads to the conclusion that no such move is practically possible. And from that it is a short step to the next conclusion, that justice in world politics is foolish and irrelevant.

And that conclusion brings immediate relief, like liver salts, from intellectual tension and emotional frustration. It has, moreover, a fine radical style as of fusty old Gordian knots cut through. But it seems to me nonsensical.

If justice is irrelevant to politics, then politics is a purely technical function. That it is indeed highly technical is obvious, but no function can be purely technical, for that entails a total concern for means to the total exclusion of ends, *i.e.*, means employed to no end, which is paradoxical. If we have no ends we cannot speak of "means"; we cannot judge the technical efficiency of an action unless we know what the action was for and cannot know what it was for if it was not for anything. We are left with *mere* action—hardly indeed with action, but with mere random behaviour. And random behaviour is the opposite of technical.

A politician who rejected justice for his end yet was reluctant to behave, or admit that he behaved at random, might claim for his criterion the preservation of stability. His aim is not to rock the boat and he selects his means to that end. I have tried to think of a brief way of saying what I think about this and can only do it by expanding the metaphor. The fact is that the boat is rocking—always has and always will. It rocks because it moves, always has and always will. That it should rock as little as possible is something nobody denies, but leaves unanswered the question of which direction it should move in. If the captain of the boat directs his attention exclusively to not rocking it, then there is no one at the tiller. The boat is drifting at random. So long as the boat is moving at all, not rocking it solves merely the manner of its moving and leaves at random the vital matter. The captain's whole duty would be exhausted by the preservation of stability only in a stationary boat. The politician's function would be performed by preserving stability only in a world not subject, as it is, to constant change.

Why we cannot have a static world no one knows. But that we cannot everyone knows. The Buddhists flatly state that motion is the law of Life and change the only abiding thing. Certainly change is a biological, geological and astronomical fact and a fact of human history. And in human history the motive takes the form of human consciousness which centres, I would say, upon justice, upon each man's assessment of what is due to him in the way of food, clothes, dignity and scope and upon each man's awareness, dim or keen, glad or uneasy, of what is due to his fellow-man in those same matters. I think the boat is moving so fast and rocking so dangerously today because one half

THE *following contributions to our inquiry on the public role of writers, scholars and artists (see the questionnaire in the September* ENCOUNTER*) arrived too late for inclusion in the last number.*

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of the world makes graphic matter for OXFAM posters while the other half struggles to keep its weight down. East and West confront each other in hate and fear because the East is physically and culturally starving while the West is physically and culturally fat. How to redress this injustice is a question of enormous practical difficulty. But it is not a foolish or irrelevant question even for those statesmen whose aim is simply to preserve stability, because the boat may soon capsize altogether if it is not steered in the direction of greater justice.

AS FOR YOUR SECOND TOPIC, I think that writers are asked about political issues because writers are understood to be thoughtful. Also because they are (bewilderingly) understood to be comparatively free from or indifferent to the ordinary social pressures and therefore disinterested in their conclusions. I suppose the only response which the writer can make is to be as thoughtful and disinterested as he can. And if he is not properly informed about the issue raised I suppose he should not comment.

I am not properly informed about the Arab-Israeli war, but I will comment all the same. It seemed to me a classic case of sheer mess—the sort of mess, I fear, resulting when the issue of justice as judged for each side by itself expels considerations of expediency altogether. The Arabs and Israelis, so contrasted in sophistication, share a primitive resentment of their recent history. Both bear the world a grudge. It is a pity that they share a border and no wonder that their border is one of the world's open wounds. The Arabs are convinced that the evacuation of their people from the land allotted to Israel by the greater Powers was a parting injustice which honour demands must be rectified. The Israelis are convinced that they have a just right to the land which they at long last have and will at any cost keep it. Both sides deserve sympathy.

But I take the State of Israel to be a fact and the apparent determination of the Arabs to obliterate the fact to be at best wrong-headed and at worst wicked. I think the Arabs drifted into this particular conflict by their leaders' outbidding one another in expressing the resentment of their peoples. I guess that Colonel Nasser was surprised by the speed with which he approached and went over the brink. His domestic policy, so far as I know it, seems very sensible. He must know that repeated wars with Israel will prevent his getting on with more important things. And I do think that the Israelis are self-righteous and quick on the trigger. I got the impression that they were glad to fight. But it was the Arabs who made the fight inevitable and I was very much on the Israeli side while the conflict lasted.

I am less so since the Arab defeat. The Israeli case was (*a*) that they were not the aggressor but were fighting to defend themselves, and (*b*) that their only claim was for equal recognition as a sovereign power, with all the usual rights of passage and representation. That case seemed to me unanswerable.

Now however, though they speak with contradictory voices, they seem to say that they will keep some at least of what they have won, by right of conquest. If that is so they cannot complain if they later lose it to the Arabs by right of reconquest. And so on indefinitely. And I greatly fear (though the truth of it is hard to come at) that they are vigorously encouraging the Arab inhabitants of these conquered areas to take themselves elsewhere. I do not accept that Israel has a "special claim" to adjust its border-line so as to be more defensible. All states, when they are on bad terms with their neighbours, could usefully make such adjustments. And when the adjustment is to be made in every case at the expense of one's neighbours, never at one's own expense, it is not an adjustment but a grab. I do not even accept the Israeli special claim upon Jerusalem. Of course they want Jerusalem very much, but that is not a special claim.

If the Israelis would return unequivocally to their original and wholly just case, I should think them wholly justified in retaining their conquests until the case was met. When it was met, as I think it would be, they should return the conquered territories. From thence they could with luck obtain a civilised and workable relation with the Arabs who otherwise quite certainly will simply "wait till next time" in the determination to do better then. Expediency and justice are not contradictory. And this is because justice is a real thing.

Frederic Raphael:

NOT WITHOUT ITS IRONY is the fact that I have never had anything printed in ENCOUNTER, despite a few tries, at various intervals, with short stories. Why should I be given space for reflections where I find none for what the cant calls "my work?" ENCOUNTER itself reveals the reason for the general question "Why are writers canvassed for their views?" The short answer: their views are more acceptable than their work. What writers (artists?) think homogenises nicely with the World of Celebrities in which we live. What they do may

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embarrass (perhaps, let us be frank, by its badness) but their journalism, if they are smart enough to be called upon for it, will have that veneer of "personality" which we look for in skimming through a magazine where anything "serious" looks as if it might be a bore. By their works shall ye know them? Not at all, my dear chap, it's much quicker to know them by their characteristic retorts to snap questions. Man Alive! By their quirks shall ye know them.

Why should it be supposed that one, one single person, must have a foreign policy? For the Tripartite Soul, read the Cabinet Pudding image of man. Am I more or less of an intellectual if I don't have an attitude to great power commitments? The Arab-Israeli war started in the week my third child was (over)due. My own childhood and early adolescence were clouded by the realisation that somewhere over the horizon the Jewish Question was being asked and, apparently, solved to the glee of some and with the indifference of most of mankind. Must I have a foreign policy to feel a quickening of fear and frustrated anger when Israel is boastfully threatened with extinction?

My son was born on the Thursday and we added the name Joshua to those we had already chosen for him. It was a mild and harmless gesture of absentee triumph. If the triumph had depended on calling him Zebediah, we would not have indulged in it, but Joshua is an agreeable name. We might have given it to him anyway if we had thought of it.

What is my attitude to war? Is it filed away somewhere and do I turn it up in my EasiFlick mind and see how the account stands? I do not consider myself a Jewish writer; I am a writer who happens to be Jewish. Yet it would be pretending to a lordly rationality which I would consider inhuman in anyone else not to admit to a profound feeling of emotional involvement in the Arab-Israeli conflict. At the level of childish partisanship (Chelsea for the Cup), I could not but identify with the Jews (whoever they may be—well, we know who they are); at the next level, I could not but dread that I might have to live for the rest of my life under the shadow of having been an absentee on some catastrophic St. Crispin's day; at the next, it seemed to me that Israel had reason to believe that the powers would do nothing to help her and that those who had used her in 1956 were prepared to ditch her in '67. For the first days I was sick with apprehension and later, momentarily, a little giddy with vicarious victory. During the days of apprehension I was approached by a group of Jewish writers to sign a manifesto, sponsor an advertisement, go through the usual motions of arm-chair partisanship. I agreed, with many personal doubts, to do so. On the Monday, they were caught short for people to deliver a petition to the Prime Minister. I went along to make weight and found myself addressing BBC-TV. I was choked and uttered a few banalities. Mr. Auden would not choose them for any anthology of political sagacity. They might, in a certain sense, have been said by anyone; the words were not private to the guild of writers. Nevertheless, I don't think they were entirely vain. The world does not function only on a critical level. I was embarrassed next day by congratulations, as if I had really done something. A refugee lady came up and said to me, "That was what we were waiting for in Vienna in 1938. We said, 'Where are the writers? Why isn't anyone saying something? . . .' " I was embarrassed because what I had done endangered neither me nor my family; if I had fantasies of being mobbed by furious Arabs, I had in fact spoken almost exclusively to the converted. London '67 was not Vienna '38; Israel is not "the Jews." All the same, perfectionists like Auden, those who like to dip their hands only in clean water, run the risk of losing touch with the general messiness of things. The assumption behind Auden's mock modesty is one that Plato would find congenial. It is that politics is a speciality, like brain-surgery, on which only members of the guild have any right to pronounce. This essentialist doctrine seems to me to be nonsense. Auden is a famous man and he lives in a famous world. He will survive; no matter how few the places, there will always be a Chair for him. He does not live a common life. He can afford to be above the battle. It seems to me that the novelist (and perhaps the film-maker) above all must face the ambiguities, the inconclusiveness, the crass contingency of human life. If we had to understand everything perfectly before we began, if we had to know everyone at the party before we could engage in conversation, then we would stand nervously tongue-tied for ever. That one's motives are mixed does not entail that one has no right to move.

Robert Conquest:

THE Israel War does seem to have shaken up the thoughtless orthodoxies previously prevailing. I have found a number of progressives realising for the first time that a moral calculus which might sound convincing to a fifth-form debating society in an exceptionally peaceful country is a doubtful guide to conduct in the jungle of political reality, where the Cong and the Fedayeen roam. Even such things as the idea that a napalm-using Air Force may deserve

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support became rife. (Pro-Egyptians, indeed, had to cope with, or compulsively forget, this one some time earlier, in the Yemen events.) Israel's extremity, moreover, introduced many previously automated circles to the idea that more than one view may exist. Intellectuals, or some of them, started to think—and to resent their earlier bondage.

But how does it happen that they got trapped in the first place? Writers cannot easily be brought to approve or even tolerate a system permanently devoted to crushing free expression. But they can be, or some of them can be, led to give too little of their attention to this, and too much to other events in spheres where words and referents can be more easily confused. In a distant land "Terrorists" and "National Liberation Army" are not to be sorted out without a background of political knowledge which the writer may not have. "Good" words like "Socialism" can be used to exert a pro-totalitarian influence—though of course America, as well as being more capitalist than Russia is also more socialist, if socialism has any connection with popular control over the economy. As for "liberation. . . ."

But I feel that even apart from Israel a revulsion had already begun to set in, and is now running ever more strongly. It has long been the misfortune of the intelligentsia that its most vocal section has been taken as its representative and plenipotentiary. For this has the worst record of any part of the community when it comes to judging foreign affairs. Current lists of signatories contain stratum after stratum of names recognisable to the political geologist as what a ruder commentator might call Guilty Men—apologists for the Moscow Trials, supporters of the 1940 movement for peace with Hitler, signers of Stalin's "peace" appeal, excusers of the North Korean aggression, sponsors of the Germ Warfare hoax, and so on and so on. For only among these "intellectuals" is it not even yet understood that *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*; that Utopia can lead to the Lubyanka. It is only they who want, above all, not facts but "Truth."

Having decided on the Truth, they may then seek to become well-informed on the matter at issue. But instead they become merely well-briefed, like a shyster lawyer though less discreetly, with a case compounded of selected facts, near-facts, sub-facts and plain falsehoods. They back this up with partial and distorted legalisms, and present it with asymmetrically applied moral fervour—the capital T of their Truth being matched by the equally misplaced capital C of their Conscience. Their virtue, like their rationality, gains warm applause from simple-minded democrats and less simple-minded anti-democrats. Why others are now ceasing to grant them a serious hearing may be seen in a thousand instances. For example, a letter recently appeared in the *Times*, signed by a whole gaggle, calling for the release in Bolivia of Regis Debray. Such is their right and perhaps their duty. But they describe M. Debray simply as a "writer and philosopher" and omit the undeniably relevant point that he is also a Castroite guerrilla warfare expert. Who is misleading whom?

In fact, this sort of thing becomes more and more reckless. Mr. James Cameron tells us that the North Vietnamese man in the street unreservedly backs "Uncle" Ho. Even the uncommitted are quick to realise that in fact no evidence one way or the other can possibly be forthcoming to the passing journalist. The Master of Balliol quotes Marx on the unacceptability of capital punishment, without a hint of any consciousness of the list of capital crimes in Russia—extended in the 1960s to forgery, currency offences, violent behaviour in prison by habitual criminals, attempts on the life, health or dignity of the police, certain cases of rape, bribery, and so on, as well as treason and espionage, murder in the first degree and banditry. Mrs. Renée Short, M.P., has just remarked that Russia does well on sex-for-prisoners arrangements: but we *know* how many visits Mrs. Brooke has had, don't we, and Mrs. Daniel too gives a different impression.

The truly fearful thing is that all this is second or third time round. Already, in the 1930s, for example, all progressives knew about the little "model" prison for petty crooks at Bolshevo, and contrived to be ignorant of the vast and deadly labour camp system. There will always be people incapable of taking in the lesson so bitterly provided over the past forty years that political liberty is an achievement beyond price: not only is it true (in Camus' words) that none of the evils totalitarianism claims to cure is as bad as totalitarianism itself, but also that it doesn't even produce the alleged economic and social advances for which we are called upon to sacrifice our (or more commonly other people's) liberties. And now we are seriously being told, by grown-up men, not to be rude to the Politburo on its birthday!

But the voice of political fantasy, far falser and more strident than any advertising agency, creates resistance—helped by the cycle of unsuppressible realities from Kronstadt to Budapest, of which Israel is perhaps, indirectly, the latest example. The supposedly captive audience revolts. And it is not only the moderately sensible or the moderately well-informed who now feel alienated, but most people of good heart or good taste. The *fronde* against the

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President, for example, has been carried out in so disgraceful a way that sympathy rather than hatred is aroused.

For the oracles, spoiled by too little opposition, have succumbed to a lethal *hubris*. Their standards have suffered an internal collapse, like Mr. Waldemar's. To turn against them there is now no need to have read or heard their adversaries. Their own arguments are self-refuting. Those of their audience who retain any remnants at all of critical sense tend increasingly to strike the board and cry "No more"! The lunatic fringe benefits are becoming less attractive to serious artists. Professors with an eye to their reputations are beginning to shun the grooves of Academe.

These first steps, as I see it, will take time to spread. The press of the Marsh will still stick to trendy formula, like some provincial girl devotedly following the fashions she has not the sense to realise have now lost their metropolitan appeal. And beyond *them*, in the green rooms and the common rooms and all those places where one idea in a decade is the limit of tolerance, where the conversation is an anthology of *niaiseries* for some Orwellian researcher, where people admire the thought of researcher—it may be years yet.

James Morris:

AT PHARISAICAL moments—late at night usually, after a bottle of wine, as I wander down to the river contemplating the delightfulness of life—I give thanks that I am not as others are, who belong to the Intellectual Community, and sign round-robin letters to the newspapers. Among the endless advantages of the professional writer's life, I rank high the privileges of never having to share an opinion, never having to subscribe to another's phraseology, and never having to be involved in any issue at all, unless in moral duty bound.

On most issues duty passes me by. My views are worthless and my participation would not help. I do not subscribe to the view that the intellectual (for want of a less odious word) must be permanently up to the temples in convictions. Nobody *has* so many convictions. Half a dozen are probably the average quota, and even they often concern matters of less than inflammatory urgency, like the rights of badgers, or the proper way to pronounce "controversy." To suppose that any of us can have strong sensible views, at once reasoned and spontaneous, on issues ranging from Bolivian subversion to the administration of reform schools, seems to me perfectly nonsensical. Half the signatories to those round-robin letters, I would surmise, do not really, in their hearts of hearts, very much care.

Most of them anyway are professional onlookers of life: writers, artists, actors, or most drear of all, academics—those tiresome cuckoos of our contemporary nest, puffed up by a deluded public on State grants and sycophancy. When was there last a letter to *The Times* from a group of soldiers, or grocers, or engineers, or farmers—or for that matter just a group of *people*, neighbours, say, or cousins, or fellow-commuters on the morning train? But no, "We the undersigned" are generally an all too familiar collection of names, the usual testy playwrights, the same old inescapable dons.

But I am not as they! In the past five years I have written, I think, six letters to editors: one about the bumpiness of motorways, one asking why trains were composed of differently coloured coaches, one urging liberals not to vote Liberal, one praising the Welsh postal services—and two, white-hot, about the Arab-Israeli war. For if the writer cannot, as I see it, hold more *numerous* convictions than anyone else, it might be argued that he holds them more passionately than most. He is likely to live, after all, by his emotions. I had been concerned with the Israel issue since 1947, when I first manned a Palestine road block: I had thought about it ever since, spent some years in the region, and felt obliged to express an opinion on it—not in the company of a pack of associate professors, but on my own, in my own words, black and white.

For I prefer to think that if I am indeed an intellectual, then I am thrown all the more on my own resources—and responsibilities. I need no companions in conviction, nor do I feel a duty to engage myself any more frequently in public issues than the farmer next door, or my aunt Elsie. We are all writers in one sort or another, thinkers in one degree or the next. If we choose to make these happy pursuits our professions, we gain no mystic powers thereby.

In short I am of the opinion that intellectuals should choose their issues with more care, and perhaps more honesty—and should stop throwing their weight about so tediously, and setting themselves up as universal experts, and attaching false values to artistic or intellectual gifts—and as I walk in my Welsh garden, a scribe and a Pharisee too, and imagine the intelligentsia down in London jostling for position in next week's declaration on Greek Government or narcotic reform or Viet Nam (on all of which issues the ignorance of the most vociferously committed is generally quite staggering)—I think to myself, my God, nothing would induce *me* to take part in one of those preposterous symposia.

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Anthony Hartley:

WHAT IS STRIKING about the replies to ENCOUNTER's latest symposium is not so much a change in intellectual attitudes towards world affairs (this may have been brought about by the Arab–Israeli war, but does not emerge here), as the clash of opinion about the importance of holding such attitudes at all. At one extreme is Hans Morgenthau's conviction that "by confronting the powers-that-be with the truth intellectuals erect a standard by which the actions of the government can be judged." At the other is Max Beloff's view that intellectuals have no right to expect "any particular weight" to be given to their views on international affairs, since "judgment on a complex international situation demands some willingness not only to observe consistent criteria, but also to have some idea of the facts of the situation."

Professor Morgenthau's is the traditional West European idea of the intellectual, inherited from the medieval *clerc*, laicised by Renaissance humanists and the *philosophes* of the 18th century, adopted by the apostles of 19th-century nationalism, used (and perverted) by conflicting ideologies during the 20th century. It is a concept which demands on the part of its adherents considerable confidence in the ability of the contemporary humanist to stand above the battle, survey the scene around him and pass on it moral judgments felt to be valid by his fellow-citizens.

Professor Beloff, on the other hand, points implicitly to the bad record of intellectuals sitting in judgment on foreign affairs and foreign régimes, many examples of which are given by Robert Conquest and Tibor Szamuely. It is clear that lack of knowledge combined with a dogmatic temperament and a dislike for admitting to being wrong can pervert the very moral standards which Professor Morgenthau looks to intellectuals to maintain. To "speak truth to power" requires some knowledge of what that truth is, not only in the sense of a consciousness of eternal values, but also in that of a more *pied-à-terre* familiarity with the facts of a political problem which determine the application to it of higher principles. Thus, in the Viet Nam war, it is of some importance to decide just how far one thinks the National Liberation Front in South Viet Nam is an instrument of Hanoi. In the Arab–Israeli confrontation the intellectual has to ask himself to what extent Israel was in fact threatened by the Arab states. Similarly, intellectuals should be aware that they cannot have it both ways. If they applaud the Israeli victory over the Arabs, they cannot then use pacifist arguments to condemn American policy in Viet Nam. Napalm is indivisible. If *apartheid* is deplored in South Africa, it cannot be condoned in the theories of Mr. Stokeley Carmichael. Racial hatred is detestable whoever generates it. A wilful refusal to look at the real world, an inability to apply standards consistently, undermine the foundations of any authority intellectuals may enjoy.

One wonders, moreover, whether the traditional Western intellectual as conceived by Professor Morgenthau is not a dying species. The idea that a strong human intelligence can be brought to bear on any subject under the sun may date from the Renaissance, but there were then fewer subjects under the sun. No one felt called upon to take up attitudes about the behaviour of the Manchu dynasty or the misdeeds of Aurungzebe. Nowadays a world balance of power exists, and the ability to pass fair judgments on what is happening may depend on, say, a knowledge of Indonesian politics or the sociology of an African state. Pronouncements from the height of a *mansard* in Saint-Germain-des-Prés are of little use when it comes to a deciding between the respective rectitude of Biafra and the Nigerian Federal government. It is only surprising that so many intellectuals still back countries or factions in countries as others back football teams or horses. In fact, Sartre may well be the last Western intellectual in the old sense. The purely subjective character of some of the contributions to this symposium would seem to suggest that few are now able to rise to the height of Professor Morgenthau's great argument and justify the ways of God to governments. If that is so, then we might well adopt the more modest course suggested by Professor Beloff and inform ourselves before we speak. Even informed there will be sufficient unconscious forces at work (as John Mander has suggested) to warp our judgments.

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POETRY

St.-John Perse: Poet of the Marvellous

By Kathleen Raine

IN CONVERSATION the author of the poems published under the pseudonym St.-John Perse once said to me what a pity it was that whereas up to the beginning of the last war English and French poets knew one another's work as a matter of course, this was no longer so. The context of St.-John Perse's poetry is by no means limited by the language in which he writes. His earliest master was Conrad, whom as a young man he knew intimately, and who introduced him also to W. H. Hudson and his writings; one of his earliest poems (*Images à Crusoé*) is an evocation of Defoe's hero by a poet whose boyhood was lived in the tropical archipelago of the Antilles. He was associated, in the period between the two world wars, with the American-born Duchess of Sermoneta, Marguerite Caetani, in the editing of the magazine *Commerce*; as was also Paul Valéry. His latest—and finest—work has been written in America, in whose natural features and majestic scale he has found the correspondence of his characteristic themes. Alexis St.-Léger Léger, one-time Permanent Secretary of the French Foreign Office, has lived in the United States ever since the destruction of the Third Republic; at which time he lost, with everything else he then possessed (including the manuscripts of several unpublished poems), his French citizenship; he has now once again a house in France, but (though no longer as an exile) continues to reside in America, where his work is known and better understood by poets of the New World and the heirs of Walt Whitman than it is in England.

Like most of my generation I read *Anabase* because it was translated by T. S. Eliot, in 1930. Even in this early poem (first published in 1924) and indeed in the earlier *Eloges*, his inimitable style ("Innumerable the image, and the metre prodigal") was already formed. But I remember being puzzled where to fit this poet into the picture my generation was at that time building up of what modern poetry was and should be. Surrealism was easy to understand, being little more than avant-gardism as such; Joyce and Proust had obvious contemporary points of reference; but its very originality made the *Anabase* seem the more strange. Its theme—the setting-out of a nomadic prince on an expedition of conquest—was in no obvious way related to contemporary experience although the images (exotic in the style of Gauguin) were, as such, pleasurable. The great sweep of the rhythm had no obvious similarity (other than not being confined within any traditional metrical form) with the Free Verse of Pound or Eliot; (it is in fact nearer to Rimbaud and Claudel). It was not clear what affinity such poetry had with Eliot's own theory and practice as a poet; nor do I even now know the answer to that question.

Twenty years were to pass between the first publication of *Anabase* and the appearance of *Exil, Poème à l'Etrangère, Pluies*, and *Neiges* in 1942. These poems were written in the United States, and in France first published on the presses of the *Résistance*, without the name of the author. During the intervening years the diplomat had kept "his brother the poet" in abeyance. We shall never know (unless those lost manuscripts should be recovered) how St.-John Perse developed from the author of the romantic epic *Anabase* into the poet of *Exil* and the greater poem of exile, *Vents* (written in the United States in 1945 and published in 1946). With these poems, the poet and the times moved into conjunction; what had formerly been a personal voice became a voice of the age. If *Vents* is his greatest poem this is surely so in part because the vision of these "very great winds over all the faces of this world" ("*de très grands vents sur toutes faces de ce monde*," *Vents*, I) whose storm tore down the edifice of European civilisation and carried the poet into the New World was experienced so immediately by "his brother the prince," Alexis Léger; as Dante, Milton, Byron and Yeats, whether as rulers or as exiles, played their part in and shared the suffering of their

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cities. No more than these is he a political poet; but like them, political concern and knowledge is part of the structure of his thought, giving authority to his prophetic speech. There is no longer, in 1945, any question of how St.-John Perse's poetry relates to the contemporary experience: the migrant tribe is ourselves, the country we must leave, our own past, and western civilisation; whether as conquerors or exiles—and there is little difference—we must set forth again into that future open alike to all.

> All to be done again. All to be told again. And the scything glance to be swept across all man's heritage.
>
> *Tout à reprendre. Tout à redire. Et la faux du regard sur tout l'avoir menéel* [VENTS I. 4.]

The state of exile, in many cases physical, but above all spiritual exile, is the typical condition of poet and prince alike in the new dark age of barbarism and the reversal of the natural hierarchies with all their values; the state to be explored.

CLAUDEL, WRITING of *Vents*, pointed out that whereas the *Odyssey* is an epic of home-coming, *Vents*, an epic description of the fall of the civilisation whose beginnings Homer scarcely saw, is a poem of setting-out; as that other epic, *Finnegans Wake*, ends, like the *Götterdämmerung*, with a purification by re-immersion in the source. But for Perse, this purification, re-immersion, and setting-out is not cyclic, but at every moment to be enacted as life moves always into its future.

He chooses for his symbols those freely-moving elements which traverse and unite all times and spaces—seas, winds, birds, the perpetual setting-out of migrant swarms, flocks, human tribes; an "open" poetry in which all spaces and times coexist in a single present. No theme could be more true to one of the as yet unformulated experiences of this time. The scope of his poetry is coterminous with the earth in its single and continuous space-time.

The English reader may be alarmed by the initial difficulty of a poetry whose vocabulary is full of unfamiliar words, many of them not to be found in a dictionary, which in any case tells us little. The writings of Darwin, the paintings of Audubon, or a text-book on boat-building could tell us more, an acquaintance with the things themselves more still. Knowing that his translator Eliot was interested in words and read largely in the *Oxford Dictionary*, I asked if this was a meeting-point between the poet and his translator. But this was not so, he said; for Eliot's interest in words was literary and philological, whereas his own vocabulary comes from his knowledge of many skills, his travels in many places, his knowledge of plants and their products and uses, the flora and fauna of many coasts, the ethnography of outer Mongolia; of whatever mankind has made or valued; objects rather than myths, all that can be handled rather than what has been thought. His interests are not primarily literary, less still academic; a man of wide experience, he is able to create those astonishing syntheses and analogies which could occur only to a man of trained sensibility and many kinds of exact knowledge. Only if "exotic" and "tropical" are synonymous can even his early imagery be so described; but in so far as the word implies a certain artificiality (as in Beardsley) this is not so. Those immense random samples of the wonders of the world ("*La terre enfante des merveilles*"), miraculous drafts from that thalassic fecundity are all taken from the real, and the accessible. Modern mankind inhabits, as did no former generation, the earth as a whole, whose flora and fauna with all the regions they inhabit, have for the first time become a book open to all.

> All the land of trees, out there, its background of black vines, like a Bible of shadow and freshness in the unrolling of this world's most beautiful texts.... The land in its long lines, on its longest strophes, running, from sea to sea, to loftiest scriptures. . . . And this great winter prose that is, to the Old World's flocks, the wolf-lore of the New World.... Those flights of insects going off in clouds to lose themselves at sea, like fragments of sacred texts, like the tatters of errant prophecies and the recitations of genealogists and psalmists....
>
> *Toute la terre aux arbres, par là-bas, sur fond de vignes noires, comme une Bible d'ombre et de fraîcheur dans le déroulement des plus beaux textes de ce monde.... Et la terre à longs traits, sur ses plus longues laisses, courant, de mer à mer, à de plus hautes écritures.... Et ces grandes proses hivernales, qui sont aux laines du Vieux Monde la louveterie du Nouveau Monde.... Ces vols d'insectes par nuées qui s'en allaient se perdre au large comme des morceaux de textes saints, comme des lambeaux de prophéties errantes et des récitations de généalogistes, de psalmistes....* [VENTS II. 1–4.]

Our generation has become intellectually, but not imaginatively, habituated to the retrospect of natural evolution, to the new spacious simultaneity of the relativity of time and place. In reading the poetry of St.-John Perse we experience this new freedom, familiar to the scientist, which poetry has been slow to enter. Plato called the world a happy and immortal animal, one immortal joy sweeping through its

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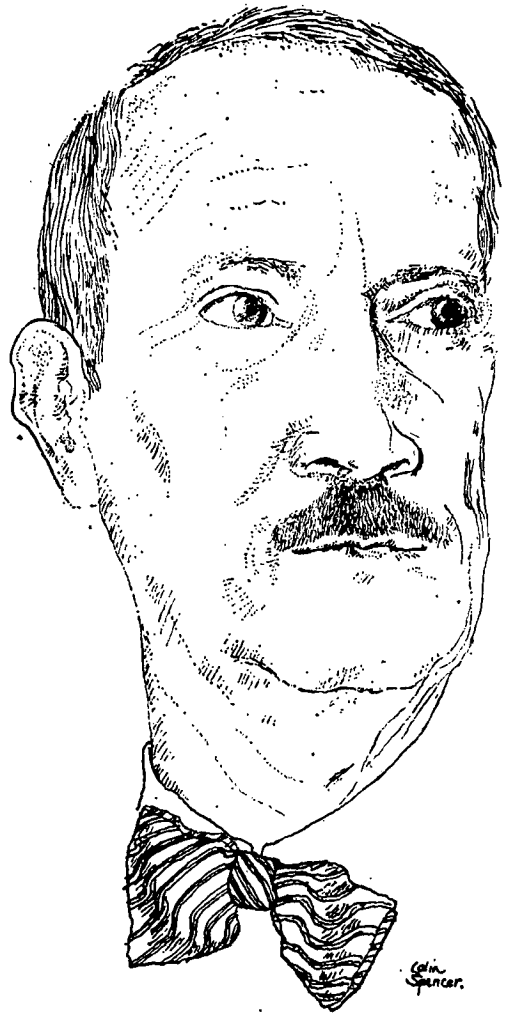
myriads of component lives; and all Perse's poems are (as one is entitled) praises, *éloges*, of this "moving image of eternity." His prodigality of image both illustrates and suggests an infinitely various and inexhaustible fecundity.

When we come to examine those "marvels" which are ever before the eyes of the poet, we recognise, with some astonishment, that they are such as are everywhere present but generally unheeded; the moon "thin as the ergot on a white rose" (the English translator —Hugh Chisholm—has missed the beauty of this comparison of the misty moon with the familiar fungoid blight to which white roses are particularly subject); or, from one of his earliest poems, *Images à Crusoé*,

> Hear the hollow creatures rattling in their shells—Against a bit of green sky a sudden puff of smoke is the tangled flight of mosquitoes...and other gentle creatures, listening to the evening, sing a song purer than their announcing of the rains: the swallowing of two pearls swelling their yellow gullets.
>
> *Entends claquer les bêtes creuses dans leurs coques—Il y a sur un morceau de ciel vert une fumée hâtive qui est le vol emmêlé des moustiques.... Et d'autres bêtes qui sont douces, attentives au soir, chantent un chant plus pur que l'annonce des pluies: c'est la déglutition de deux perles gonflant leur gosier jaune....* [ELOGES—LA VILLE.]



M. Saint-John Perse

You can hear and see the like on any shore or by any pond where the frogs make their continuous music. The exotic strangeness of some images (the "two pearls" in the frog's gullet, or "Anhinga, the bird, fabled water-turkey, whose existence is no fable...it is enough for me that he lives") (*"Et l'Oiseau Anhinga, la dinde d'eau des fables, dont l'existence n'est point fable...et c'est assez pour moi qu'il vive—" Vents*, II. 4) is diffused upon all, reminding us that common and rare alike participate in the same marvel of existence, the *magia*. This world which seems remote and unreal to poets and their readers is one in which any naturalist would feel at home; the world of the scientists which often seems infinitely more poetic than the dull round of poets and their readers, who notice, as a rule, very little, and have lost the habit of regarding knowledge of many kinds—or of any kind —as the material of poetry.

AT MY FIRST meeting with the poet, I listened with enchantment while he spoke of the wildest shores and deserts of the world (his conversation is like his poems, rich in marvels) and I asked if living in Georgetown he did not miss such things. He pointed to the sky where two vultures were wheeling, and spoke of W. H. Hudson who had studied dispersal of tropical plants and insects brought ashore at English sea-ports, and those fungi which thrive on the paste used for bill-sticking; for St.-John Perse the great cities are themselves only another wave-crest raised by the ocean of inexhaustible life. The "marvels," purified from all commonplace associations and the unreal values utility assigns, are, in his poetry, revealed in their absolute nature.

If at first sight the vocabulary of St.-John Perse seems difficult, his themes exotic, there is an underlying simplicity about this poetry of "the many," "the ten-thousand creatures." Its amplitude is tremendous but it is not as Joyce, semantically, or, as Eliot, in historical and literary allusiveness, or, as Yeats, in metaphysical and mythological import, complex poetry at all.

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That may well be part of its difficulty for readers more attuned to a trivial complexity than to a simple grandeur. It is "nature-poetry," that genre so dear to the English; but upon a scale which surpasses our national expectations: it is to the "nature-poetry" of the post-Wordsworthians as the ocean to a village pond.

In one of his very few prose statements[1] the poet defined certain attributes of poetry which are presumably those he would wish us to find in his own work. Poetry and science, he said, are alike ways of exploring an "original night" in itself unknowable.

> If poetry is not itself, as some have claimed, "reality absolute," it is poetry which shows the strongest passion for, and the keenest apprehension of it, to that extreme limit of complicity where reality seems to shape itself within the poem.
>
> By means of analogical and symbolic thinking, by means of the far-reaching light of the mediating image and its play of correspondences, by way of a thousand chains of reactions and unusual associations, by virtue also of a language through which is transmitted the very rhythm of Being, the poet clothes himself in a surreality to which the scientist cannot aspire. Is there, for man, any dialectic more compelling, or capable of engaging him more fully? When the philosophers themselves abandon the threshold of the metaphysical, it falls to the poet to take the place of the metaphysician; and at such times it is poetry and not philosophy which is revealed as the true "daughter of wonder," to use the phrase of the ancient philosopher who most mistrusted her.
>
> *Car si la poésie n'est pas, comme on l'a dit, "le réel absolu," elle en est bien la plus proche convoitise et la plus proche appréhension, à cette limite extrême de complicité où le réel dans le poème semble s'informer lui-même.*
>
> *Par la pensée analogique et symbolique, par l'illumination lointaine de l'image médiatrice, et par le jeu de ses correspondances, sur mille chaînes de réactions et d'associations étrangères, par la grâce enfin d'un langage où se transmet le mouvement même de l'Etre, le poète s'investit d'une surréalité qui ne peut être celle de la science. Est-il chez l'homme plus saisissante dialectique et qui de l'homme engage plus? Lorsque les philosophes eux-mêmes désertent le seuil métaphysique, il advient au poète de relever là le métaphysicien; et c'est la poésie alors, non la philosophie, qui se révèle la vraie "fille de l'étonnement," selon l'expression du philosophe antique à qui elle fut le plus suspecte.*

[1] *Poésie* (Speech of acceptance upon the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature delivered in Stockholm, December 10, 1960), "... *un langage où se transmet le mouvement même de l'Etre.*"

[2] *Un Poème de Saint-John Perse,* in the *Revue de Paris,* November 1949; and *The Hudson Review,* Autumn, 1951, Vol. 4, No. 3, translated by Hugh Chisholm.

CLAUDEL wrote of the eyes of the poet as "two round holes which I am tempted to refer to as magnets."[2] My own first impression of the poet—whose appearance for the rest is correct and somewhat retiring—was of those eyes, as of a man enchanted by what he contemplates. St.-John Perse's poetry has been described (by Gaëtan Picon) as "a magic positivism and pragmatism"; it is true that a materialist might (disregarding his own confessed concern with the metaphysical) so read it; but his "marvels" are more akin to *maya* than to matter, and suggest Conrad's "a man that is born falls into a dream like a man who falls into the sea," or (from the preface to *The Shadow Line*)—

> All my moral intellectual being is punctuated by an invincible conviction that whatever falls under the dominion of our senses must be in nature and, however exceptional, cannot differ in its essence from all the other effects of the visible and tangible world of which we are a self-conscious part. The world of the living contains enough marvels and mysteries acting upon our emotions and intelligence in ways so inexplicable that it would almost justify the conception of life as an enchanted state.

For St.-John Perse it is true, as Blake claimed for himself, that "I see everything I paint In This World." Blake also said that "to the Eyes of the Man of Imagination, Nature is Imagination itself"; and that the world perceived by the senses is the fourth region of consciousness, externalised by the illusory philosophy of materialism: "although it appears without, it is within, in your imagination." In the poetry of Perse, the sensible world is restored as a region of the imagination; for the content of his imagination is "nature" itself.

THE UNBOUNDED NATURE of the poet's theme, free in time as it is uncircumscribed by space, determines the prodigality of his metre. Accustomed as we are to minimal vision, our attention solicited by, and for, the pathological, the criminal, the immature, the uneducated, the ignorant and the unskilled of all sorts presenting the articulations of ignorance as communications of knowledge and achievements of art, we have all but lost the capacity for the total response his poetry demands. The "self-expression" of the individual (always more or less handicapped in one or more of the above ways) has no place in his art. Claudel called him "a Mont St. Michel immensely accentuated in an ebbing tide"; and if this mountain is generally unnoticed in post-war England this may well

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be because, by standards designed for measuring mole-hills, mountains are unperceived. Yet his unbounded vision of "the visible and tangible world of which we are a self-conscious part" is a liberation offered to whoever is willing to entrust himself to the great open sea (*"le mouvement même de l'Etre"*) of the poetry of Perse.

As against the continuous and relentless attrition, the dwindling of knowledge, the coarsening of sensibility, the abdication in thought, feeling and conduct of even the conception of the best, tacitly demanded and too often accorded in defence to the all-too-common man, St.-John Perse summons to an expansion of consciousness, to a total realisation of being. He speaks as the "free man of high caste," reminding those who are determined to forget how great are the demands made by the aristocratic view of man, which alone protects and fosters the highest human potentialities: knowledge, and the freedom to translate knowledge and imagination into action (the prince) and into art (the poet, who is "brother" to the prince). For Perse, as for Plato, and Manu, the superiority of the "man of high caste" lies not in his status but in his quality of being; his superior knowledge and freedom of action. Whether as acknowledged leader, or as exile from a fallen civilisation, "the superior man" remains such by virtue of what he is. The prince-poet has given himself totally to the fullest attainable human experience, accepting those hard terms upon which alone freedom of act and of thought are given. We are again reminded of Conrad, whose heroes also are "free men of high caste," and of his phrase about "the unknown disciples of the self-imposed task." Sex and the dead, Yeats somewhere said, are the only matters serious enough to engage the thoughts of an ageing poet; and erotic love and death are the frontiers which bound the world of St.-John Perse's prince-poet: mortal, we are possessed by, but cannot possess, the immortal life which the sexual mystery confers, and death takes away; no other limits can impede the freedom of act and thought of whoever fears neither the loss of life nor of possessions; courage, magnanimity and wisdom—the aristocratic virtues—are the fruits of this proud detachment. The plebeian whine comes from those (of whatever social class, since caste and class are not coterminous) who have not looked at life and death. The sense of immortality is lost precisely when we seek to bind it to ourselves. *"Il faut que vous mettez la tête dans la gueule du lion"* was the memorable advice the poet once gave me; for such is the condition accorded by reality itself, that lion's-mouth ever open before us.

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One same wave throughout the world, one same wave since Troy
Rolls its haunch towards us. On a far-off open sea this gust was long ago impressed.

Une même vague par le monde, une même vague depuis Troie/Roule sa hanche jusqu'à nous. Au très grand large loin de nous fut imprimé jadis ce souffle. [AMERS IX. 1.]

The sea, ancient and universal symbol of material flux, impressed by the "breath of life," in the beginning is an image from Genesis acceptable alike to Platonist and evolutionist.

M. Léger admitted a certain affinity with the thought of Teilhard de Chardin, at the same time denying indebtedness and withholding that kind and degree of admiration for the Jesuit to be found in "certain Paris salons." Such ideas, he said, had long been in the air. Yet both are discernibly of the same generation, and the vision common to both lends to the modern experience of nature an amplitude, spaciousness and purity to be found in no living or recent English writer known to me. (It is characteristic that after disclaiming any indebtedness to Teilhard he added: "But for one thing I admire him: his Order offered him freedom from his vows of obedience, in all honour; and he refused." The admiration of the poet, like the action of the Jesuit, was that of the "free man of high caste.")

"ONE LAW of harmony governs the whole world of things." The amplitude of that harmony, of the free-flowing "wave throughout the world" characterises the cadences of the verse of St.-John Perse; for verse it is (so he insists) though of very long lines, and in no way to be confused with prose-poetry; or, in England, with the cadenced poetic prose of David Jones. (Readers of Proust will remember that the two maids at Balbec were incredulous when Marcel, reading—was it?—*Eloges*, told them that this was "poetry.") It is difficult to attune a foreign ear, not to the sweep of the larger pattern, but to the very subtle internal cross-patterns (again like waves, whose regularity of rhythm breaks down into such variety) of rhythm, assonance, even internal rhyme. The ruling pattern is liturgical, with returning phrases which, as in an Introit psalm, define and continually reaffirm the theme.

One same wave throughout the world, one same wave reaching to us, in the very great distance of the world and of its age... and such a surge, from all sides, that rises and finds its way up into us....

Une même vague par le monde, une même vague jusqu'à nous, au très lointain du monde et de son âge... et tant de houle, et de partout, qui monte et fraye jusqu'en nous....

One same wave throughout the world, one same wave our course.... Narrow the measure, narrow the caesura, which breaks the woman's body at the middle like an ancient metre....

Une même vague par le monde, une même vague notre course.... Etroite la mesure, étroite la césure, qui rompt en son milieu le corps de femme comme le metre antique.... [AMERS IX. 3.]

One same wave throughout the world, one same wave among us, raising, rolling the hydra enamoured of its force.... And from the divine heel, that very strong pulsation, which rules everywhere.... Love and the sea of the same bed, love and the sea in the same bed....

Une même vague par le monde, une même vague parmi nous, haussant, roulant l'hydre amoureuse de sa force.... Et du talon divin, cette pulsation très forte, et qui tout gagne.... Amour et mer de même lit, amour et mer au même lit.... [AMERS IX. 6.]

One same wave throughout the world, one same wave throughout the city.... Lovers, the sea follows us! Death is not! The gods hail us in the port....

... Une même vague par le monde, une même vague par la ville.... Amants, la mer nous suit! La mort n'est point! Les dieux nous hèlent à l'escale.... [AMERS IX. 7.]

In *Vents* (the *"très grands vents sur toutes faces de ce monde," "sur toutes pistes de ce monde"*) recurring themes are *"S'en aller! S'en aller! Parole de vivant!"* and *"Parole du Prodigue"; "Eâ, dieu de l'abîme"; "Et le poète aussi est avec nous"; "O vous, que refraîchit l'orage."*[3] (St.-John Perse makes ridiculous the timid fear of the orator's vocative.) No two poems are alike, nor their imagery interchangeable. A superficial reader of Perse will be impressed by the consistency of his inimitable style, his "breath," but a closer reading reveals the architectural unity of theme, imagery and even metre within each.

CONCLUDING HIS ANALYSIS of *Vents*, Claudel (after quoting long sections of particularly magnificent evocations of that spacious cosmology

[3] *"Very great winds over all the faces of this world... over all the trails of this world"; "Let us be gone! be gone! Cry of the living" and "Word of the Prodigal"; "Ea, god of the abyss...."; "And the poet too is with us"; "oh you whom the storm refreshes...."*

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of Perse's world) exclaims, "We are a long way from Marcel Proust." Guadeloupe with its swarms of green insects and boats with white sails on tropical seas may be a long way from Combray with its lilacs and its hawthorn, the nomadic horde and the anonymous exile from the Boulevard St. Germain. St.-John Perse is himself by no means a Proustian; yet certain themes belong to the period to which both have given expression. Both are impressionists, imaginatively recreating the "minute particulars" of the sensible world; above all both are concerned with palingenesia, the restoration of all things to their primal perfection, the state of Paradise: Proust by the emancipation of memory from the bondage of time; St.-John Perse by the freedom and simultaneity of all existence within nature's long present and single now. For Proust, the element in which all is freed from time is mind itself, the only paradise the paradise we have lost, for only when twice-born in memory do things enter upon this timeless and immortal contemporaneity. For St.-John Perse all in nature is immortal and contemporaneous in so far as the many participate in the one. Like Proust, too, the poet places the supreme value not in the qualities of things but in their mere existence. In a passage in *Jean Santeuil* (a hundred others may be found, but I happened to be reading the lesser book) the narrator, sitting in the kitchen of the family house at Etreuilles (Combray) is speechlessly happy as the cook stirs her pans on the open fire and takes his damp shoes to dry them:

> At such moments the sound of the cook's voice, saying "I should just think those shoes of yours *are* wet!" is pleasant in your ears, because it is something that *exists*, as, too, the sight of the old chemist standing by his window, absorbed in the concoction of some mixture and brightly illumined by the lamp, is also full of charm because he *is*.
>
> *Dans ces moments le bruit de la voix de la cuisinière disant: "Ce qu'elles étaient mouillées, tout de même, vos chaussures," vous impressionne agréablement parce que le bruit de voix c'est une chose* qui est, *comme par la fenêtre le vieux pharmacien absorbé dans un mélange et vivement éclairé par la lampe vous charme aussi parce qu'il* est.

If this be existentialism both Proust and Perse are existentialists in the existential not in the theoretical sense: for both the marvel of *"les merveilles"* is that *they are*.

But if Claudel's phrase is intended to praise the poet at the expense of the novelist, admirers of both may well see in the passage quoted an element entirely absent from the writings of St.-John Perse—the human as such. The poet

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stops short, in his account of man, precisely with what is (in terms of all the higher religions) precisely human in man, his individual being. The gods whom he invokes are the old pantheistic gods, *"Eâ, dieu de l'abîme," "mer de Baal, mer de Mammon,"* Dionysus with the rigging of his ship entwined with vines; the many-armed, skull-adorned fertility goddess of southern India; nor does he shrink from those more barbaric Mexican deities to whom blood sacrifice was made, from a sense (so I remember the poet saying) of the inexhaustible abundance of life. Some might see in this re-immersion of man in the pre-human a post-Christian vision (if we may so describe a mode of apprehending life which Teilhard's Alpha and Omega perhaps insufficiently consecrate) essentially nihilistic. Upon the charge of nihilism this most life-praising of poets must be acquitted; even though (as Edwin Muir said also of D. H. Lawrence) the "life" he praises is "not human life as such." It is, however, a "divine" life, not some mechanistic nihil. But the creator of the Baron de Charlus is within the Christian tradition, the poet of *Amers* outside it.

Erotic love (and *Amers* is the most splendid poem known to me upon that theme) celebrates the re-immersion of man and woman, in the act of love, in the "one same wave" of the immortal and indivisible life of the cosmos: "In the divine promiscuity and man's depravation in the gods" (*"Dans la promiscuité divine et la dépravation de l'homme chez les dieux...."*) who here represent the immortal cosmic life. For the poet man is but the crest of the advancing wave of nature; the life and the joy in which he participates is impersonal: "In the destructive element, immerse"—such, following Conrad (whose Stein was quoting his Goethe), is the invitation of his poetry.

Individual woman is but an aspect of that "universal bride," the fecund sea of life:

> Towards you, the universal bride in the midst of the congregating waters, towards you, the licentious bride in the abundance of her springs and at the high flood-tide of her maturity, all earth itself streaming descends the gorges of love.
>
> *Vers toi l'Epouse universelle au sein de la congrégation des eaux, vers toi, l'Epouse licencieuse dans l'abondance de ses sources et le haut flux de sa maturité, toute la terre elle-même ruisselante descend les gorges de l'amour.* [Amers—Choeur, 3.]

A long way—Claudel might have said—from the vision of Dante; yet it is a sacred poem. Having in *Vents* said all he (and through him the former diplomat) wished to say of our *"rendez-vous avec la fin d'un âge,"* the poet like some modern Antony who has risen out of his own defeat, divests himself of the prince and becomes the lover. There is in Perse's erotic poem some of that dazzling quality of the barge of Cleopatra, as she, mediating the goddess Isis herself, advances to meet her lover (worthy, in the eyes of her love, to be set at "Jove's side" and attended by the page Eros). (His imagery is at all times of truly Shakespearean fertility.) In Perse's poem woman is herself the ship in which the lover puts to sea upon the occasion of existence, carried by that "one same wave" in the act of love, obscene and sacred, in which every mortal creature participates, in the *hieros gamos* with *"l'Epouse éternelle."*

We may reflect, in passing, how little, for all the current obsession with "sex," has been written on this theme, in English, which, beside *Amers*, does not seem vulgar and trivial. Is it an after-image of Protestant puritanism that in place of the erotic, in Anglo-Saxon countries, has left only the pornographic?

The sea as symbol of material existence and its flux is age-old and universal—Hebraic, Neoplatonic, Hermetic, Vedantic; and woman as the *foederis arca* who in her body bears immortal life over those dangerous waves where Odysseus sailed among marvels and perils. But in the poetry of Perse it is the existential reality rather than the symbolic analogies on other planes of the real, which are made apparent. The wave of the sea that with "such a surge... rises and finds its way up into us" might be (like the hot heart of the bird in *Oiseaux* whose burning is its life) the *"simple fait biologique"*; for the salinity of blood biologists relate to the salinity of the sea where all organic life originated;

> The Sea, woven in us, to the last weaving of its tangled deeps, the Sea, in us weaving its great hours of light and its great trails of darkness.
>
> *La Mer, en nous tissée, jusqu'à ses ronceraies d'abîme, la Mer, en nous tissant ses grandes heures de lumière et ses grandes pistes de ténèbres....* [Amers I. 4.]

Neither of St.-John Perse's two subsequent poems is on the same scale, or so magnificent, as *Vents* and *Amers*. *Chronique* (1960) is on the theme of age; and the approach to death is still a setting-forth, an *éloge*. *Oiseaux* (1966) illustrated by four lithographs by Georges Braque, a collaboration in which the poem existed first, is the poet's definition and exploration of the relation of art to nature, nature to consciousness. Classical, economical

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("laconic") in contrast with the superb prodigality and amplitude of *Amers*, this poem is not an essay in criticism but itself exemplifies what it explores in an existential identity of thought and expression, comparable with the identity, in nature, of existence and being, form and life.

> Man has rejoined the innocence of the wild creature, and the bird painted in the hunter's eye has become the hunter himself in the eye of the creature, as it does in Eskimo art. Wild thing and hunter together cross the ford of a fourth dimension. From the difficulty of being to the ease of loving they move in step at last, two real beings who form a pair.
>
> *L'homme a rejoint l'innocence de la bête, et l'oiseau peint dans l'oeil du chasseur devient le chasseur même dans l'oeil de la bête, comme il advient dans l'art des Eskimos. Bête et chasseur passent ensemble le gué d'une quatrième dimension. De la difficulté d'être à l'aisance d'aimer vont enfin, du même pas, deux êtres vrais, appariés.* [Oiseaux, V.]

Of inner and outer worlds the bird (a symbol especially apt perhaps because of all creatures the bird is the most free to move in all elements and to "lose its shadow") is the unifying image. In the immediacy of primitive art, related rather to the skills of the hunter than to aesthetics, the poet finds the very point at which, in the transition from sky to eye, the image passes from nature into art; and as for Proust memories are alone freed from the restrictions of time and place, so for St.-John Perse whatever enters art enters the paradisal state of coexistence and unity; while at the same time art is itself but another region of nature. In this superb image we see what the *ars poetica* can achieve by means of the "mediating image and its play of correspondences, by way of a thousand chains of reactions and unusual associations" without being symbolic. Again we may think of Proust, whose rejection of "realism" was not on metaphysical grounds, but because it is in the nature of sensations to evoke those thousand associations. It is these alone, their resonances and evocations, which enrich and give meaning to the sensations which occasion them. Or again,

> At the hypnotic point of an immense eye inhabited by the painter, like the very eye of a cyclone in its course—all things referred to their distant causes and all fires crossing—there is unity at last re-knitted and diversity reconciled. After such and so long a consummation of flight, behold the great round of birds painted on the zodiacal wheel and the gathering of an entire family of wings in the yellow wind, like one vast propeller in quest of its blades.
>
> *Au point d'hypnose d'un oeil immense habité par le peintre, comme l'oeil même du cyclone en course—toutes choses rapportées à leurs causes lointaines et tous feux se croisant—c'est l'unité enfin renouée et le divers réconcilié. Après telle et si longue consummation du vol, c'est la grande ronde d'oiseaux peints sur la roue zodiacale, et la rassemblement d'une famille entière d'ailes dans le vent jaune, comme une seule et vaste hélice en quête de ses pales.* [Oiseaux, XI.]

In entering consciousness, multiplicity enters the state of unity.

None of the poet's translators is in all ways excellent; Eliot's knowledge of French seems the most perfect; his polished renderings are faultless, linguistically, though his own dignified and processional *lento* at times slows down Perse's "rhythm of Being itself." Sometimes he misses the naked simplicity of St.-John Perse's images, as in the sedate 17th-century "earth is brought to bed of wonders" for *"la terre enfante des merveilles"*; Eliot's own practice as a poet is to evoke literary overtones and to call up the past echoed in every word and image; whereas St.-John Perse's images all alike seem to belong to a "nature" which has no past, no history, in which fossil, ephemerid, or modern city alike belong to the one here and now. His language is without echoes or penumbra. Hugh Chisholm's *Vents* seems to me best to catch the rhythm of the original, while Wallace Fowlie's *Amers* fails to do so. Denis Devlin's *Exil* is perhaps (after Eliot) the most poetic. Robert Fitzgerald (whose knowledge of French seems less good than any of these) does nevertheless (as in the above quotations from *Oiseaux*) capture the poet's absolutely modern quality, places his work in the present of the 1960s and not of the 1920s. It is not for an English reader to discuss the many untranslatable aspects of his style; every language places on reality itself different contours; even simple nouns are untranslatable; but the "play of correspondences" of his "mediating image" is generally not semantic, and is therefore not greatly weakened in translation. As in (to take another example from *Oiseaux*):

> The more they fly, the more wholly they come to the delight of being: birds of the longest day and the longest resolve, with blows like newborn infants or the dolphins of old fables.
>
> *Plus qu'ils ne volent, ils viennent à part entière au délice de l'être: oiseaux du plus long jour et du plus long propos, avec leurs fronts de nouveaunés ou de dauphins des fables. . . .* [Oiseaux, X.]

The complexity here is not verbal, yet the internal so-to-say valencies of the figure are as firmly established as the forces which hold to-

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gether a molecule. The "long day" of the birds who follow the sun; the strength of the instinct which urges the migrant on is implicit in the "brows like new-born infants," doubly apt from the projecting rounded form of the bird's head, and the implication of a perpetual setting-forth, the creature at every moment new-born into the future. The beautiful modulation to the brow of the dolphin (bulbous also) and the swiftest-travelling creature of another element is introduced like a change of key in music. The poet (a man of the sea) has doubtless seen many dolphins in the water; but the deliberate evocation here of the dolphin of art ("old fables") brings in the legend of Arion and the dolphin as the vehicle of the poet, and of poetry itself; so that the bird with its *"longue propos"* (and we are here reminded that Braque's birds belong not to nature but to art) becomes also the vehicle of imagination and its "long purpose." None of this is stated yet all is implicit in the configuration of the image. Such poetry is, in Shelley's full sense, "the language of the imagination," expressing essences and relations entirely qualitative.

ST.-JOHN PERSE'S EXISTENTIALISM (if such it is) might seem opposed to the symbolist tradition which (under whatever name) stems from some form of Platonism. Neither poetic practice can be detached from that view of the nature of things in which it is grounded. The symbol presumes multiple planes of being linked both by cause and by analogy; without understanding of this metaphysical ground, symbolist poetry becomes meaningless. In Perse's existentialist use of the image a metaphysical ground is no less implicit, by his own confession. No less than the poetry of Yeats his work must remain opaque to vulgar positivism, for he too uses the term "divine," though for him divinity is existentially implicit. Perhaps the two apparently opposite modes may be compared to different phases of waves; at their point of intersection we have the existential image; at the limit of their amplitude, the analogies and resonances of the symbol. And like the symbolists, St.-John Perse not only assumes but affirms and uses as the instrument of his art the law of harmony which subsists in and unifies the cosmos; his universe is neither arbitrary nor indeterminate; and is governed by that symmetry, unity and accord in which Plotinus discovers the essence of "the beautiful."

The symbol is, besides, itself rooted in nature, and in that reading of the great Bible of the world which precedes all written books, those remote copies of the intrinsic meanings of things. I was myself dramatically reminded of this when in the summer of 1966 I saw flying over the Temple of Aesculapius at Epidaurus (of all places) an eagle with a writhing serpent in its beak. This symbol, first used as a metaphor by Homer, has accompanied European poetry and symbolic thought throughout its history, gathering on its way symbolic associations profound and various. The alchemists made of eagle and serpent figures of their mythology; Ovid, Spenser, Blake and Shelley have in turn clothed the image in literary form and symbolic connotations. But seeing the thing itself (as if a piece of writing in the sky torn loose from all these books) I thought of St.-John Perse; whose poetry re-immerses all our used images in "that original night" of Orphism, contemporaneous with every period of history and every moment of life, and gives back to us a world at every moment newly created.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from America

Black & White Tragedy

MORE WAS DESTROYED here this summer than the lives and property that fell victim to riots in Detroit, Newark, and elsewhere. The confident generalisations of liberals about what must be done for the Negro, the hope of some Negroes that "equal opportunity" alone would change the lives of many, and the belief of working- and middle-class whites that the government could ensure order whatever happened—all have suffered a serious blow.

Much of this loss is still referred to only privately, and in guarded tones. One of the remarkable features of the disturbances of the last few American summers is that they have not yet shattered the control of the public agenda and the public rhetoric exercised by the national news media, the Eastern press, and the liberal professors and politicians whose opinions are regularly referred to when an oracular statement seems required by large events. Or to put it more succinctly, what is remarkable is that there has not yet emerged a McCarthy of race: a figure with a mass audience (if not a mass following) who would say boldly and demagogically what millions of people are already thinking. George Wallace is trying to become that figure, but not yet with great success.

What they are thinking and whispering, as I understand it, is that those who resisted residential integration and believed that the Negro was not yet "ready" in the mass (conceding individual exceptions) for full citizenship were right all along, and that those who said that the fact of race was an accidental and irrelevant stigma, unfairly used to the disadvantage of one group, were wrong.

During the last week in July, I found myself in the midst of a minor riot (in Albany, New York), thereby becoming one of the few social scientists who manages to collect more data than he really wants. I was also in the white bars and restaurants of Albany after the disturbance, and in retrospect I am not sure which experience was more frightening. That's not quite true: the riot, being a fact, was more frightening than the talk, which was only a threat. Reasonably prosperous and slightly over-weight middle-class whites may talk of buying shot-guns at Sears-Roebuck and of "shooting on sight" Negroes demonstrating or looting near their property, but not many of them, one hopes, are likely to have the inclination or the opportunity to do much along these lines.

THE STANDARD EXPLANATIONS of and prescriptions for the riots are being offered in the editorials and in speeches, but even those which I myself fully subscribed to a year ago now have a hollow ring. The concept of "relative deprivation" once struck me as a profound sociological insight; but somehow it is hard to impute to that idea the power to kill forty-three people and destroy $100 million dollars worth of property in Detroit alone. Worse, relative deprivation—the idea that people judge themselves deprived, not absolutely but relative to the lot of people they regard as equivalent—now seems a counsel of despair. Negroes did not riot when they were much worse off than they are today; they are rioting now (so the theory goes) because though they are better off in education and income than twenty or even ten years ago, they are still badly off compared to whites. But if we find some way to increase the rate at which progress is now being made among Negroes, in the short run we are likely only to intensify the feeling of relative deprivation and thus increase the prospect of more riots. Put another way, if the Negro riots are a "revolution of rising expectations," then the more done for them in the name of preventing riots will only further enlarge these expectations and thus (in the short run) stoke the furnaces of revolution.

Nobody should refuse to meliorate adversity or correct injustice on the grounds that it may cause more trouble; at the same time, however, nobody should expect that things done because a riot has forced us to "do something" will in fact prevent a riot. The blunt truth is that nobody has any idea how to prevent a riot, and those that say they have are, in my opinion, substituting hope for facts. This is not to deny the real possibility that unemployment, poor education, bad housing, and inadequate public services are at the root of the matter. But such problems have always been with us; with respect to most of them, things have been getting better in recent years. These "underlying causes" may create the conditions in which riots occur, but they do not explain the crucial question: why *now*, why these riots *today*? The "underlying causes" might explain a generation, or a half century, of rioting, but not two or three summers' worth.

PROFESSOR JAMES Q. WILSON *is an eminent American political scientist. He teaches at Harvard and is the author of* Negro Politics (1960).

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A FEW CLAIM that the proximate explanation is to be found in the seditious statements and activities of black nationalist radicals. The "National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders" created recently by President Johnson, will probably not be able to accomplish much but it should be able to disprove that theory. Already, it is reliably reported, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI are prepared to assert that there is no evidence of any conspiracy, though nobody is confident the FBI has the sources or the information to render it expert in this field. There are, in my opinion, some Negro radicals who are trying to create a conspiracy and who would like nothing better than to cause a riot, but so far they have been unsuccessful—they are in the position of the man chasing the mob shouting that he must follow them because he is their leader. We have conspirators, but as yet no conspiracy.

A more plausible reason why underlying problems are now being converted into civil disorder is that rioting has been made legitimate. Nobody exactly condones it (H. Rap Brown excepted), everybody routinely deplores it, but at the same time everybody—from the Vice-President of the United States on down—has gone around for some time predicting it and saying, in effect, "If I were in their position I would riot, too." Civil rights leaders have regularly and without exception used the prediction of riot as a reason why whatever proposal they were offering at the moment should be accepted —"Do this, or there will be a Long, Hot Summer! . . ." Many of their proposals were eminently worth accepting, but rarely for the reason implied.

Television cameras have given to riots—and more importantly, to rioters—an audience, an immediacy, and a dramatic impact unparalleled in the history of American civil disorders. There have been Irish riots (the Draft Riots of 1863), Jewish riots (the Kosher Meat Riots in New York City), and anti-Negro riots (in Chicago in 1919 and Detroit in 1943), but rarely were they more than sporadic and isolated events —the absence of a pictorial mass media prevented them from being nationalised and thus, in a sense, legitimised. Today, television cameramen and radio announcers on location are at the scene almost before the crowd has become animated, and they rarely need explain to the gathering mob what is expected of them.

One minor riot in a West Coast city last year began *after* TV cameramen in jump suits and crash helmets had set up their equipment in a parking lot on the morning of a Negro school boycott. The youngsters assembled before the cameras; all they lacked was a director to give them their cue. The cues supplied themselves. In the Albany disturbance I witnessed, my car was in Clinton Square next to that of a radio crew broadcasting on a live remote pickup. I heard over my radio what they were saying and saw through my windshield what they were seeing. There was not much relationship between what I saw and what I heard. While Negro kids were still running about, almost aimlessly, and police were circling them without leaving their cars or making an arrest, the radio station—the regular programming of which featured hard rock music and thus was a favourite among young people, white and Negro —was announcing that "Albany has erupted in violence" and a "long, hard night was beginning." As I watched, the nearby saloons disgorged their customers, and cars and pedestrians began arriving to swell the crowds hoping to see the action and, occasionally, to join in. (The newspapers, by contrast, were quite responsible —holding stories of earlier outbreaks as long as possible to avoid putting fuel on the fires and then publishing stories of the conflict in perspective and without sensationalism.)

BEAR IN MIND that, at least in the initial stages, the rioters are young Negro men—many with jobs, others so young that by law they cannot be

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employed—for whom a display of mass violence has not only become legitimate, but important. Every militant, working-class Negro leader to whom I have spoken (and organisations of such "street men" have begun to spring up in many cities) will say that the younger Negroes are not only ready for violence, but eager for it. In Albany, one working-class civil rights group, calling itself "The Brothers," cooled off a confrontation between the police and young Negroes on a Wednesday night (the incident had arisen from a rumour, later proved false, that a police car had run down a Negro girl). By Thursday night, however, the youngsters had quite plainly decided they had been deprived of a chance to do something they very much wanted to do, and this time the most urgent pleas by the civil rights leaders (who normally are heroes to the kids because many of them have prison records) were to no avail.

In short, we may be facing an irrepressible conflict. Pessimistically, this means that few, if any, Negro ghettos will escape having one major disturbance; optimistically, this means that a self-limiting process may be at work so that few ghettos will have two major riots. The only thing a government can do to prevent a riot is to offer constructive alternatives (jobs, schooling, neighbourhood centres, better housing). But what can government do if the urge for violent self-expression can only be averted by creating a destructive alternative—a moral equivalent for rioting?

ONE WORD that is rarely heard these days is "integration." It was the slogan of the Civil Rights Movement in the 1950s. It is hardly anybody's slogan today. Roy Wilkin's NAACP and Whitney Young's Urban League, both deeply committed to integration, speak as if they realised that to hold their own against Black Power leaders they must emphasise programmes of immediate economic benefit to the ghettos.

But what programmes? There is a spreading disillusionment on the progressive Left as well as on the Right with many "war on poverty" and welfare programmes as being aimless, impossible to administer well (or at all), and irrelevant to the lives of the masses. There is now a good deal more talk of a federal programme of "guaranteed employment"—as Daniel Patrick Moynihan insists, the government should become the employer of last resort—whereby anybody, black or white, literate or illiterate, skilled or unskilled, can walk into a neighbourhood office and be put to work for at least the minimum wage (now $1.40—ten shillings—per hour). This would be a year-round (not a summer only) programme and linked to a large-scale vocational training effort. And it would be aimed at males, not

5

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females. The furore that followed the release two years ago of the Moynihan Report on the Negro family has begun to die down and a concern for the serious consequences of the matrifocal, fatherless Negro family has now almost become part of the conventional wisdom.

The advantage of a guaranteed employment programme is essentially the same as the virtue Lord Melbourne found in the Order of the Garter—there's no damn merit about it. One doesn't earn it, one *gets* it. The other advantage is that—short of a direct cash handout or "negative income tax," which is politically impossible and may be morally dubious—it is about the only way of ensuring that the beneficiaries of the programme are *the unemployed* and not social workers, university researchers, and local bureaucrats.

The disadvantage of such a programme is that it will not, in my opinion, materially reduce the probability of rioting, at least in the short run. The reason we are having riots at all is that, as Professor Norton Long has put it, one important element of our society has failed to produce a social structure adequate to full participation in the economic system. A combination of unparalleled prosperity and multi-billion dollar welfare and anti-poverty programmes should have brought by now every person but the pathological into full economic citizenship. It has not, and discrimination—especially in the craft unions—is part of the answer but not all of it. It is now quite apparent that a modern economy, however affluent, has great difficulty in doing much for anybody who finds life on the street corner more attractive than life in the factory. This is true of a substantial fraction of Negro men who now operate most of the big-city hustles—pimping, petty gambling, pushing dope, defrauding the tourists (and each other). Ironically, the big-time rackets—machine politics, organised gambling—have been either eliminated or taken away from the Negro, leaving him with only the little hustles. But they are still attractive enough so that many Negroes tell poverty workers that they can keep their $1.40-an-hour jobs. "Duking" on the corner is more stylish, more expressive, and an adequate living.

A recent public service radio advertisement I heard makes the point. The announcer in earnest tones told his listeners that "industry faces a great shortage of unskilled and semi-skilled workers" and that "businessmen needed manpower as never before." Therefore, "if you are physically handicapped," be sure to learn about the many job openings available to you. For reasons we are only beginning to understand, it is easier to place amputees than Negroes in our economy.

THE ADMINISTRATION in Washington has let it be known there is not going to be much new money for the cities because of the Viet Nam war and the prospective $28 billion budget deficit. Mayors, who once would have applauded such a statement on the grounds that it was fiscally responsible (and anyway federal grants to the cities would only lead to "federal controls"), have now denounced it. Only a small handful of them, I imagine, believe there is any way in the short run that Washington could honourably reduce expenditures in Viet Nam; but a large majority are willing to argue most vociferously that we could well afford to take money away from the space programme (getting "a man on the moon" will cost an estimated $23 billion). In light of what is happening in our cities, making a safe manned landing on the moon seems at best ill-timed and at worst frivolous.

THE ADMINISTRATION is looking for low-budget ways of dealing with disorders, and improved police and riot control procedures are obviously going to be one. And there is much to be said for this on grounds other than economy. Whatever else the law is, it is an alternative to private vengeance and right now, for many whites, it is no longer a credible alternative. The

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government is going to have to make it much clearer than it has so far that it is capable of maintaining order in the cities.

The local police, as they will readily admit, cannot cope with this situation. They are too few in numbers, too thinly deployed, and too lacking in a military command and control structure to be effective against large masses of rioters. Unlike some European countries, American fears of the "military state" and the "garrison city" have led us to combine the constabulary function with the civil order function, and the combination is not working well. Distasteful as it may be, I believe we are going to have to garrison our major metropolitan areas, at least during the summer months, with National Guard units stationed in armouries and available on one hour's notice.

In principle, a military unit has the numbers and the discipline to both isolate a disturbance and suppress it with a minimum of shooting. In practice, the Guard so far, especially in Detroit, has shown itself woefully inadequate to the task. That city, indeed, offered almost a controlled experiment. The National Guard dealt with one half of the riot area, the U.S. Army paratroopers with the other. All the returns are not in yet, but in the opinion of every observer who has so far spoken out, the paratroopers did an incomparably better job—less violence, greater discipline, and more precise and less indiscriminate use of force. President Johnson has already ordered "improved riot control training" made available to the Guard. But how much is this likely to accomplish when the Guard trains only on weekends and for a fortnight during the summer? And even a well-trained Michigan National Guard would have only offered a slight improvement over what happened: it takes so long to mobilise. The early hours of a riot are critical—if it can be contained and looting prevented, then the mass involvement of Negroes and Whites can perhaps be avoided. Once looting starts, it becomes a tragic carnival with prizes for everyone. If two days are necessary to get battalion-size units into a city and on to the streets, the carnival—and the carnage—are inevitable.

An alternative is to stagger the summer training schedule of Guard members so that a few companies train at different periods rather than the whole division assembling at once for field manoeuvres that are well-suited, perhaps, to a European land war but ill-suited to guerrilla warfare in the ghettos. The extra cost would have to be paid by Washington. If the Guard is not going to be used in Viet Nam (and it seems unlikely, especially with a Presidential election next year), then perhaps we ought to make it deliberately and fully into what necessity re-

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quires it to be—an organisation that will ensure a minimum of civil order.

Talk of "mobilising the Guard" is as repellent to liberals as talk of "guaranteed jobs" is to conservatives. And I, for one, am not confident that a strong and well-trained Guard will prevent white vigilantism any more than I am confident that a modern Rooseveltian W.P.A. (modern in the sense that it would be coupled with a serious vocational training programme) will prevent Negro rioting. The best that can be said for either proposal is that it will remove the excuse for vigilantism and rioting. And right now, that may be the best we can hope for.

James Q. Wilson

The Argument between Arabs and Jews

An Exchange between ARNOLD TOYNBEE *&* J. L. TALMON

London, 3 July, 1967

DEAR *Professor Talmon,*

I have just been staying with my son Philip and I have read your paper "For Total Peace in the Middle East" which Isaiah Berlin passed on to him. I believe, like you, that this is the moment for everyone of good will and good sense to make an all-out effort to get total, genuine, and lasting peace there. I believe there is a real opportunity for this, if we seize it now. I am just back from the United States, and, three weeks ago, I stuck my neck out by writing, for the United Press International, an article saying this, and making some concrete proposals for bringing it about. The United Press tell me that my article has been reproduced pretty widely in the U.S. press, so a copy of it may come into your hands some time, but, as there is no time to lose, I am writing to you now direct.

I feel a responsibility for doing anything I can to help towards getting a permanent peace now. I have a number of reasons. (*1*) I am British, so I have a share of responsibility for my country's past actions. (2) As a young man during the First World War, I was working as a "temporary Foreign Office clerk" on Middle Eastern affairs, particularly on British war-time commitments in the Middle East, so I know the history of these from the inside. (3) I am known as a Western spokesman for the Arab cause, and it is therefore just possible that what I say in public now might have some influence in the Arab World, though it is perhaps more likely that the Arabs might write me off with the verdict that I am no friend of theirs after all. Anyway, I believe that the truest act of friendship that any friend of either the Arabs or the Israelis can do for them at this moment is to try to help them to see that the facts make genuine peace a prime interest for both parties. (*4*) Being now an old man, with grandchildren, I feel what Johnson and Kosygin seem to have felt when they met. One's grandchildren symbolise for me, in a concrete way, all the future generations of the human race—70 million unborn generations who might be deprived, by our generation, of their right to life if we, in our time, were to stumble into an atomic third world war. (*5*) Thinking also in terms of the present, I want to see something done now which, besides saving the world from an enormous catastrophe, will reduce present human suffering in the Middle East to a minimum. I should have been as much horrified at genocide of Jews in the Middle East as I was horrified at it in Europe. I also think it very wrong to treat any people, living or unborn, as political pawns, instead of treating them as suffering human beings whose alleviation ought to have priority over any political considerations. In discussing the Arab states' policy with my Arab friends, I have always pointed out to them that West Germany's post-war policy towards refugees from Eastern Germany and from east of the Oder-Neisse line has not only been humane, but has paid dividends to Western Germany, economically and therefore also politically. Israelis should look ahead for their grandchildren.

Now about the facts that each side has to face and about practical possibilities for a settlement.

PROFESSOR ARNOLD TOYNBEE, *who rejers to himself as "a Western spokesman for the Arab cause," is the author of many studies of Islamic history, politics, and culture.* J. L. TALMON *is Professor of Modern History at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and is the author of* The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy (1952), Political Messianism (1960), The Unique and the Universal (1965), *and most recently* Romanticism and Revolt.

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IN YOUR PAPER, YOU, YOURSELF, have put your finger on the fact that Israel has to face. A series of more and more sensational victories in successive wars does not, in itself, give Israel the vital thing that she wants and needs: that is, real peace with her Arab neighbours. So long as Israel has not mutually agreed permanent frontiers, but only a military front, always smouldering and periodically flaring up into full-blown hostilities, Israel has to stay constantly on the alert and cannot concentrate her energies on her own internal development, which is, and always has been, her real objective. She has demonstrated now conclusively that, in war, she can always conquer more Arab territory without any foreign military aid; but, the more of this that she occupies, the more she will become militarily over-extended, and the larger the proportion of her limited and precious man-power she will have to keep unprofitably mobilised. The Arab World has the same passive military advantage as Russia and China have: there is virtually no end to it. So Israel's overriding interest is genuine peace; even the greatest military victories will be fruitless unless they can be converted into that.

The Arabs have to face the fact that Israel has come to stay; that a three-times repeated experience has shown that they cannot defeat her; that the Soviet Union is not going to go to war with the United States for the Arabs' sake; and that, in the unlikely event of the Arabs becoming, one day, able to destroy Israel, the United States would not let this happen.

I NEED NOT dwell on your psychological analysis of the present-day Arab state of mind. It is masterly; you have shown a power of sympathetic understanding by which you have entered into it imaginatively. This is very important and very encouraging, because Israel, as the present victor, holds the initiative. The party that has suffered injustice and has been humiliated is the one that is the more sensitive and that therefore needs the more delicate handling. The Palestinian Arabs have suffered injustice. To put it simply, they have been made to pay for the genocide of Jews in Europe which was committed by Germans, not by Arabs. The Arabs as a whole have been humiliated, because, in the establishment, first of the Jewish National Home and then of the State of Israel, the Arabs have, as you point out, never been consulted. It has all been done over their heads. They have been treated as "natives," with no more than sub-human rights. For a people with a great, but no longer actual, historic past, this is infuriating. The present Arab and present Chinese states of mind have the same explanation.

So I would plead with Israel to make the first move towards achieving the total genuine and lasting peace which is the supreme common interest of Israel, the Palestinian Arab refugees, and the Arab states. For Israel publicly to make the first move would be magnanimous as well as far-sighted. I suggest that Israel should now propose that the two sides should make the following simultaneous declaration:

> "The Arab states and the Palestinian Arab people pledge themselves to recognise, *bona fide*, the existence of Israel with the intention of making a permanent peace with her, and they also guarantee to negotiate permanent frontiers with Israel on approximately the 1948 armistice lines. Israel pledges herself to accept these agreed frontiers *bona fide*, with the intention, on her side, of making permanent peace, and she also undertakes to take the initiative in bringing about a satisfactory permanent settlement of the problem of the 1948 refugees."[1]

If both sides would give these reciprocal pledges in a formal agreement of the kind that used to be called "preliminaries of peace," this would open the way for a negotiated treaty about details, and then things that have so far been impossible would become possible, *e.g.*:

> *1.* In the conversion of the 1948 armistice lines into permanent frontiers, there could be minor rectifications, so long as these offset each other fairly on balance.
>
> *2.* There could be a mutual opening up of communications that are vital to both parties. Israel could be assured of a right of way not only through the Straits of Tiran but through the Suez Canal too. Egypt could be assured of a right of way, across Israel, to Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia, thus removing the "Polish corridor" irritant of Israel's having split the Arab World in two by extending from the Mediterranean coast to the Gulf of Aqaba. Syria and Jordan could be given a free port at Haifa, with a right of way to it, and Jordan could be given a second one at Jaffa.
>
> *3.* The 1948 Palestinian Arab refugees could (*a*) be given monetary compensation for the loss of their property situated in Israel; (*b*) be given an extra indemnity for having been forced, as innocent victims of the conflict between Israel and the Arab states, to spend twenty years as refugees; (*c*) be given the option of either returning to their former homes on condition of becoming loyal citizens of Israel (as the Galilaean Arabs have been during the present crisis) or else being settled on good land outside Israel; (*d*) a fund could be raised for the refugees' resettlement, whether inside Israel or outside it. I am sure the majority will opt for resettlement *outside* Israel; but for Israel to offer the choice of returning home (on condition of their becoming *bona fide* loyal Israeli citizens) is psychologically very important for producing a change of heart among the refugees. If Israel appealed to the world to help her raise a fund for these four purposes, money would pour in.

[1] The repatriation of the 1967 refugees was taken for granted in this letter.—*A.J.T.*

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4. Water for irrigation: in the London *Times* a few days ago, there was an important letter from Edmund de Rothschild about this, followed up next day by a long and constructive article by a desalination expert. They make the point that, even though desalination has not yet been made possible at an economic price, it would pay the world to subsidise it for the use of Israel and Jordan. This would (*a*) make it no longer necessary to pay a pittance to the refugees; (*b*) in combination with the Jordan water, it would supply abundant water for *both* Israel *and* Jordan, and would therefore make it unnecessary for them to contend with each other over their respective shares of Jordan water.

THE FUTURE OF THE Old City of Jerusalem is a question of special urgency and danger. It is of crucial importance that Israel should not take unilateral action for annexing it. This would not be valid in international law; it could not be accepted by the United Nations; it would make genuine peace between Israel and the Arabs impossible; and it would arouse the whole Muslim World, and probably a large part of the Christian World too, not only against Israel, but against the Jews in general. It might seriously prejudice the diaspora's position in many countries.

Moreover, possession of the Temple area (the Muslims' Haram ash-Sherif) would be an embarrassment for Israel. She would have either to refrain from rebuilding the Temple or else she would have to demolish the Dome of the Rock and the Al Aksa Mosque, which would really be unthinkable. Of course, Israelis and all other Jews must have free access to the Wailing Wall. I like the Pope's proposal for an international trusteeship for the holy places of *all* religions in Palestine. But any change of sovereignty here would be most provocative unless it were freely negotiated in exchange for some equivalent *quid pro quo*. For instance, Jordan might conceivably say to Israel: "Cede to us the fields, now in Israel, that belong to villages on the Jordan side of the frontier, and then we will cede to you the south-west corner of the Old City of Jerusalem, up to the western face of the Wailing Wall." A bargain on these lines would be all right, but unilateral action by Israel would be disastrous.

Well, I am writing this to you, and am sending copies to Isaiah Berlin and to a friend of mine in Baltimore, Maryland, Rabbi Agus.

I am now an old man, and most of my treasure is therefore in future generations. This is why I care so much, and why I am writing this letter to you.

Please make any use of my letter that you think useful. I am not marking it "confidential."

Yours sincerely,

Arnold Toynbee

Jerusalem, 18 July 1967

DEAR *Professor Toynbee,*

I expressed to you by wire my first deeply felt reaction to your letter as soon as I finished reading it. I wish to apologise to you now for the ten days delay in sending you the detailed reply which I promised in my telegram. This was the last week of term at our University, teaching having been resumed at the end of June, after the interruption caused by mobilisation and war. I had also wished to show your letter to friends at the University and to a few persons in government circles for their comments. Finally, I needed time to ponder over what you say and sort out my own thoughts in the light of the feelings and ideas which animate the people of Israel at this moment.

May I say at the outset that I have reason to claim that I voice the sentiments of most Israelis in the appreciation of the moral fervour and sense of urgency which motivate your letter. I speak however only for myself when I deal with your concrete proposals and offer my own suggestions. All the same, I know for certain that a very strong volume of Israeli opinion shares my views on the practical prospects of an Arab-Israeli settlement; and I do not think I exaggerate if I add that, given the proper response from the other side, the suggestions voiced

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in the second part of this letter may easily become acceptable to the vast majority of the people of Israel, and—Israel being a genuine democracy—to its government.

You list a number of reasons for your feeling of "responsibility for doing anything [you] can to help towards getting a permanent peace now." I would add one reason which you do not mention, but which to me outweighs perhaps all those enumerated by you, for in a sense it contains them all. I seemed to hear in your letter the voice of Arnold Toynbee who in the *Study of History* had been speaking to me not just as the architect of a colossal edifice, but, if I may say so, as a prophet who stands in awe before the mystery of Time and is engaged in a passionate quest for overriding purpose and redeeming significance in History. Some of us who are living in "permanent and anguished intimacy with the mystery of Jewish martyrdom and survival" could not help responding to these "Judaic" ingredients in your work, and therefore felt especially pained by what to us, Jews and Zionists, appeared as a failure to accord to Judaism and its contemporary mutation, Israel, their due place in your scheme of civilisations emerging and falling, vast spiritual forces shaping and dissolving them, all that supposedly leading to some salvationist denouement in the end, but now suddenly faced by the mortal danger of total and meaningless destruction.

I welcome, therefore, most heartily your letter as some kind of opening to a friendly and fruitful dialogue. And it is not in any spirit of polemic or out of a wish to put into your mouth things which you did not say in your letter, but out of deep respect and genuine inner need, that I feel compelled to make these few, general comments before I come to your suggestions.

ZIONISM DID NOT START with Hitler, and to us, therefore, the emergence of Israel could not be summed up in the statement that the Arabs "have been made to pay for the genocide of Jews in Europe which was committed by Germans, not by Arabs."

Just as we would not base our right to exist as an independent state in the Middle East solely on our right of conquest and demand of the Arabs simply to bow to that fact of nature (or history), so we could not possibly subordinate the immemorial aspiration of the Jewish people, admittedly much quickened by the rise of nationalism in the world at large, and made unbearably urgent by murderous persecution, to the exclusive resolve of the Arabs. Whatever the degree of our imaginative understanding of the Arab resentment at not having been consulted on the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine Mandate and for having had their objections overridden by the UN and their armed resistance to partition (the solution contrived to meet a clash of rights) overpowered by the Jews in 1948; and whatever the measure of our embarrassed sympathy for the terrible plight of the Palestine refugees, we could not put into question the very basis of our existence.

It is probably too much to ask—in this fallen state of mankind—of a nationalist movement to see the point of the other side and to make concessions to it readily and altruistically. Many as may have been the Zionist sins of commission or omission in this respect, every one of their attempts at a compromise had all along been met by Arabs with the absolute and implacable refusal to recognise any Jewish claim. This was bound to lead to the half-despairing, half-defiant reaction that since nothing could be done with them, it had to be done in spite of and even against them. Arab intransigence has proved a disastrous policy to the Arab interests. Every crisis culminating in armed clash cost the Arabs more and more, and weakened their position still further, which again deepened Arab neurosis on the point of Israel.

Wounded pride of a race with glorious memories is not an ignoble feeling. But an obsessive sense of injury and self-pity are conducive to sterile self-centredness and stultifying misanthropy. Where would we Jews have been today, had we never ceased to remember all the scores and been reliving all the humiliations we had suffered at the hand of every possible nation with which we had come into contact throughout our long history? What would have happened to the persecuted and maltreated of our race, had we behaved like the Arab States towards the Arab refugees: "May they suffer and rot, for it is all the doing of the Jews, and we must not make it easier for the enemy, but should on the contrary keep that sore running." Is there no hope of breaking this vicious circle —the source of so much misery to the peoples of the Middle East, and now threatening to engulf the whole world in an unspeakable catastrophe?

A man greatly revered by both of us, my late teacher R. H. Tawney, wrote:

> It is the tragedy of a world where man must walk by sight that the discovery of the reconciling formula is always left to future generations, in which passion has cooled into curiosity, and the agonies of peoples have become the exercise in the schools. The devil who builds bridges does not span such chasms till much that is precious to mankind has vanished down them for ever.

Surely enough blood has flowed down the chasms for the reconciling formula to be evolved and accepted at last. It is infinitely sad that

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homo sapiens should be so slow-witted, and that his reason should be so dominated and twisted by irrational drives and intractable aversions that only an overwhelming shock and inexorable *faits accomplis* are able to make the sweet voice of reason heard.

I ENTIRELY AGREE with you that on the morrow of the third Arab–Israel war in twenty years, the most self-absorbed nationalists on both sides should be ripe for the acceptance of the fact that galling as it is not to be able to attain one's supreme goal in its undiminished totality, that is the way the jealous gods will it. It may be hard upon the Arabs impelled by a vision of a pan-Arab Empire from Iran to the Atlantic to find the Jews planted on the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean. But the war to the bitter end advocated by the extremists, while most unlikely to wipe out Israel, is sure to bring, at once, the Arab States under Soviet domination, with Russian "advisers" and "technicians" in every office and regiment: a strange consummation of the dream of an Islamic renaissance. Even those no longer very numerous Jews who are still capable of becoming intoxicated with verses on the vastness of the Kingdom promised by the Almighty to His children have to wake up to the fact that God has played them an unfair trick in putting so many Arabs on the banks of the Jordan and scattering so many more in the countries around. The Israelis may defeat them again and again, but only to find the promised "rest and inheritance" removed further and further, and themselves condemned to live by the sword instead of walking by the spirit, to be a Sparta and not the combination of Jerusalem and Athens—the fondest dream of the noblest among the prophets of Zionism.

There is in fact no need to persuade Israel of the desirability and necessity of peace. All the effort is required on the other side. As to the actual terms envisaged by Israel, these would be a function of Arab readiness to recognise Israel and make a genuine peace with her. The graver our fears, the stiffer the guarantees we think necessary for our survival and security; the greater the confidence the Arabs are able to inspire, the more lenient are our terms likely to be.

YOU SINGLE OUT two items as all-important and indeed all-embracing: refugees and frontiers.

Only yesterday I was deeply impressed by a person whom I was always inclined to consider something of an extremist exclaiming with heat "But we should pawn all we have to the tenth generation to solve this terrible problem of Arab refugees!"

I feel sure that, on this, all but one of your suggestions would be met: monetary compensation, extra-indemnity, participation in an international fund for resettlement. The difficulty would frankly be the suggestion of an Israeli offer to the Arab refugees of 1948 of the choice of returning home. You consider this as more important for its symbolic significance by expressing the certainty that the "majority will opt for resettlement outside Israel." As you know, we have made such an offer to the 1967 refugees who, seized by panic (out of implacable hostility to Israel or out of a desire to be with their own next of kin) crossed to the East Bank of the Jordan during and since the recent hostilities. We do not know yet how many will avail themselves of the offer to return to the West Bank. While I can see the human and symbolic significance, indeed the duty, of allowing such an option to the recent refugees, I doubt whether there is a case for doing the same in regard to the refugees of twenty years ago. It would not only create very grave problems for Israel. It would also impose upon the refugees, transplanted into realities quite different from those they knew a generation ago, strains and stresses which they would be spared if resettled in an Arab land or overseas. This does not mean that we shall not be prepared, as we have been in the past, to allow reunion of families or make special consideration where warranted.

This world should become one and a fit place for men and women of different races and religions to live together. Yet I cannot help remembering to what extent precisely régimes which claim to be inspired by a universal creed, which subordinates racial peculiarity and national self-assertion to proletarian solidarity and universal brotherhood, have found no other solution to their nationalities problem but in the expulsion of millions of women and children, and in the annexation of vast territories to which their historic claim bears no comparison at all to the strength of the Jewish claim to Palestine. Even in such advanced and rich countries like Belgium and Canada racial conflict is assuming a virulence which baffles all observers. Incidentally, in absorbing some hundreds of thousands of Jewish immigrants or refugees from the Arab countries, Israel has carried out something of an exchange of populations.

As to the territorial terms, again, I and many like me hold the realistic opinion that territory densely populated by Arabs is not only not an asset to Israel, but a liability which even from the strategic point of view outweighs the supposed strategic advantages of what is called "more defensible frontiers." But there are reservations. Israel is entitled to security, and while I do not wish to be an annexationist, I could not consider the 1949 (you say by mistake 1948) armistice

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frontiers as sacrosanct, and would think rectifications for which you make an allowance in your letter to be justified and indeed indispensable on those trouble spots like the Syrian ridge, the Sinai border, the Straits of Tiran. But I hasten to add that if other effective guarantees for our security could be devised—by way of demilitarisation, international force (not one always exposed to be sent unilaterally packing), international government—I dare say there would not be any insistent pressure for far-reaching territorial changes. The Gaza strip cannot remain an Egyptian enclave.

Israel has repeatedly offered Jordan free access to Israeli ports on the Mediterranean, and although I cannot see the necessity for Syria, which has good ports of her own, of free access to Haifa, surely in an atmosphere of good neighbourly relations this request, like the question of a right of way for Egypt through Israeli Arab territory to the other Arab States, would not present an insurmountable obstacle. But for this, free passage for Israeli shipping through the Suez canal is a precondition.

THE QUESTION OF JERUSALEM is a point *sui generis*, and on this our opinions are likely to differ. Of one thing I can assure you: there is no person or group of persons, of any standing in Israel, even among the ultra-orthodox, who would dream of rebuilding the Temple and destroying Muslim or other sanctuaries. The whole matter is not worth a moment of your anxiety. At the same time, public opinion in Israel is so unanimous and determined on the retention of Jerusalem that no government would survive a week if it showed signs of giving in on that. I invite the historian Arnold Toynbee to weigh the pros and cons of this issue in historical perspective and with the historian's detachment, difficult as it is to treat this loaded problem in that way.

If Israel is prepared, and indeed is most anxious, to submit all holy places to international administration and supervision exercised by the accredited representatives of the various religions, Christian and Muslim, with extra territoriality guaranteed, why should there be all that fuss about sovereignty over the areas which do not contain any holy places? In what way was the Hashemite dynasty of Jordan, whose rule over Jordan resulted from a pure post-World War I accident and indeed a British embarrassment, a more trustworthy guardian than an Israeli government, which (as you hint) has hostages in all the Christian nations? The Jordanians have not left a single synagogue standing in Old Jerusalem and paved the road with

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tombstones from the ancient cemetery on the Mount of Olives. Are we not faced here with a residue of that unhappy, age-long special attitude to the nation of deicides, whose inferiority to Christendom (and Islam) must be made especially manifest, and the members of which must never be allowed to rule or command the members of the true and triumphant faith? Internationalisation? I seem to detect signs that the Vatican has by no means made up its mind on the desirability of a Jerusalem run by the UN, in which pagan, communist-atheist and Muslim, not to speak of Protestant powers, constitute the vast majority. Finally, may I recall the tremendous agitation against the incorporation of Rome, the capital of Christendom, the seat of the Holy See, into the Kingdom of Italy in the 19th century. It requires an effort of imagination today to visualise a situation in which Rome is not the capital of Italy, but the free state of the Pope or an international city.

THIS BRINGS ME to my last and most immediately practical point: how to go about getting peace.

Like very many Israelis I fervently desire an early arrangement with King Hussein of Jordan. In order not to lose myself in too sanguine illusions I would say no more than that this solution appears to me to be the least impossible of all solutions talked of. The Israelis have genuine respect and a sneaking affection for the brave little King, and one can hear expressions of almost sympathetic regret that he should have made the terrible blunder he did. Incidentally, the total absence in Israel of any hatred or contempt for the Arabs as such is best illustrated by the fact that the spate of songs and poems of war and victory has not produced a single hate hymn; and never has any note of abuse crept into radio or press. There have been only minor cases of plunder which received prompt punishment, although in the heat of firing and sniping there seems to have been some unnecessary destruction of houses. The people left homeless were soon provided with shelter. I believe it is our interest to come to terms with Jordan and that Hussein stands to gain no less than we from such a settlement which would return to him most of the West Bank, except Jerusalem, its immediate vicinity and a few strategic points elsewhere, while ensuring to Jordanians some form of free access to Jerusalem and the Holy places of Islam. I believe, like you, that the international community, especially the West, would be enthusiastically ready to offer very large sums and sponsor a joint international venture, with Israel and Jordan as partners,

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designed to resettle the refugees, execute those public works of irrigation and desalination you mention, solving thereby not only the refugee problem, but restoring Hussein to his former position. A common stake in joint prosperity would thus be created. Would Hussein dare to take such a step alone? Objectively speaking, Egypt and Syria can afford not to conclude any arrangement with Israel and play the part of the intransigent patriots; Jordan just cannot exist without it. Hussein had been for so long cruelly vilified and ill-used by the more powerful Arab States. In the war he and his army have acquitted themselves very honourably and the sacrifices made by them have been infinitely greater than those by other Arab States. So he has done more than his share to fight for Arab honour.

It is quite possible that once the shouting against Hussein for having come to terms with Israel had died down, the other Arab States would tire of their excitement and get down to their internal affairs and gradually slide into some modus vivendi, or even follow Hussein's example fairly soon.

Now I AM GOING to stick out my neck with a good many Jews just as you in your words stuck out your neck with your Arabs. I dislike the idea of a separate little autonomous Arab State on the West Bank of Jordan which would be a camouflaged Israeli protectorate. Not only because I doubt its economic viability, am apprehensive of the crushing financial and administrative burden it is sure to impose upon Israel, fear its irredentism, and the grave security problems arising out of it. I recoil from the idea of Jews lording it over others. It is at variance with the image of Judaism I cherish, and the example of other nations makes me fear the dangers to the moral fibre, the psychological balance, and spiritual values lying in wait for a master race.

I pray that we shall not be compelled to assume that role, which may happen if an arrangement with Jordan proves impossible and the other Arab States refuse to establish peace with Israel.

You speak movingly of your grandchildren. I understand you well. I am a younger man and I have two small children. When I look into their eyes, I think of the million Jewish children whom the Nazis separated from their parents, starved to death and killed in the gas chambers. At such moments my heart goes out to all the children of the world, Arab, Vietnamese and all others, and I feel like crying aloud: "Never, never again."

Yours sincerely,
J. L. Talmon

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KENNETH BURKE'S *Towards a Better Life*,[1] is one of the most engaging images of dangling man in modern literature, a book of notable salience in the dispute of Art and Life.

Burke wanted to write his book (first published in 1932) as a realistic, objective novel, lively in event and character, with a palpable background in Greenwich Village. But his first efforts in this standard direction were so dismal that he reviewed his terms of reference, and concluded that the form, excellent for others, was to him a nuisance; that is, it did not allow him to write as he wanted to write. It struck him, and the lineaments of his talent seemed to agree, that any plot would answer, so long as it allowed him to indulge his favourite modes of expression. These consisted of six pivotal procedures: lamentation, rejoicing, beseechment, admonition, sayings, and invective. So his second decision was to move in reverse: to begin with his favourite stylistic gestures and to deduce from these a "corresponding" assembly of characters and a sequence of events loosely designated as plot. As he said:

> *Facit indignatio versus,* which I should at some risk translate: "An author may devote his entire energies to rage purely through a preference for long sentences."

He would let himself be guided by a sense of style to invent characters and events in which the style would be most becomingly disclosed. It would not be necessary to devise a style for his fiction: he had the style already, waiting for the fiction. In this preposterous decision he consoled himself with the thought that he would at least disown the current standardised prose which was apparently designed, like Kleenex, to be used once and thrown away. In his own "periwig" style the sentences themselves would be internally eventful, contrived with so much stylistic scruple that the absence of newsworthy events would pass unnoticed. Hence Burke's prose is exciting as a good sonnet is exciting, by offering a proliferation of verbal events sufficient to engross the most demanding reader. Thus the author hopes to entrance a reader who would otherwise be satisfied only by pictures of war and mayhem, and to send him back to daily life with his lust for excitement somewhat stilled.

To begin with, it was essential to put the reader in a proper mood for the reception of the book: clearly a condition of critical alertness as if he were attending to a song-cycle by Bartok. So Burke makes his hero a thoroughly unpleasant character, a twisted creature, with whom the reader would not possibly identify himself. The hero's skill in articulation would help further to place his reader at a safe distance. Listening to John Neal, a self-declared Outsider, the reader would feel no desire to bring him in. So the character of John Neal was dictated by the decencies of the stylistic occasion. Burke invents an alienated hero by deciding that alienation, at least to begin with, is the appropriate situation of the reader vis-à-vis the book.

The genesis of the fiction is therefore in the strictest sense verbal and stylistic. But, once the technique is under way, the possibilities of invention are limitless, since there is no end to the resources of language. By trading on certain incongruities between style and action, Burke devises the most exquisitely comic incidents. In the second chapter, for instance, he describes John making an anguished telephone-call to his beloved Florence from a public booth:

> ... and while Florence listened to words as desolate as my talent and my predicament could make them, I was grinning into the mouthpiece that the man beyond the glass, waiting to speak here next, might not suspect my condition.

Again, at a theatrical party of extremely low voltage, John feels compelled to attack the lucky Anthony in a style of formal complaint:

[1] *Towards a Better Life.* By KENNETH BURKE (1932; 1966 ed., University of California Press; London, Cambridge University Press, 40s.).

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> This idealism is facile and meaningless. . . . You may advocate much, and thus ally yourself with goodness, through being called upon to do nothing. You need face no objective test. Under the guise of giving, you are receiving.

So the plot is manipulated not according to the usual realistic laws but to allow for the necessary variety in the sentences. If a certain mood has been going on for some time, the time is ripe to change it, for that very reason. And the demands of the sentences, strictly obeyed, often produce scenes and actions wonderfully "true." When John meets Florence, after months of separation, he brings her on a walk to an old ruined house which he has often haunted:

> I have gone through the littered rooms, opened musty cupboards, and rummaged among rags with the rung of a broken chair. I have examined this decrepit house, waiting—and into its dismalness I now guided Florence, that her bright curiosity might give it different echoes.

The motto for this is given about half-way through the book when John reflects, "If one seeks new metaphors, will he not also find new women?"; a conjunction, by the way, entirely consistent with the magical properties commonly attributed to metaphor by the coolest aestheticians.

Towards a Better Life is written as a dance is created; where the choreographer designs the movements not, in the first instance, to tell a story, but to give the accomplished bodies an occasion to disclose their resources. Thus the love-scene with Florence has "a minuet-like quality." John abuses his friends, urged by the persuasions of his terminology, and by those alone; a gift for words being an imperative to use them in the ways most fitting to the gift. "Yet I could as easily have loved these people," John rightly says. In a fragment at the end of the book we read:

> speech being a mode of conduct, he converted his faulty living into eloquence. Then should any like his diction, they would indirectly have sanctioned his habits.

The plot itself is guided by principles purely internal to the medium of language and the reader's desires. It begins in misery, worse still in John's twisted recollection. The misery is appeased; hence a change of scene, Genevieve, John's marriage, children, a move to the country. The appeasement is embodied in an unexpected and joyous meeting with Florence. But this proves, for the moment, a deception, in keeping with the fact that words often run before their deeds. Later the joy is made good. Then John dismisses Florence, as he will later dismiss

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Genevieve, not for any overt reason in nature but in keeping with the linguistic resource of the Negative: Thou Shalt Not. Finally he dribbles into total isolation, soliloquising in Hell: hence, silence.

To GIVE SOME IMPRESSION of the dance-like quality of the book it is advisable to quote a long passage. John has been describing a group of people with whom he has been vaguely associated:

> Dare I go further among this uneven lot? No further than to mention briefly a beautiful, and even picturesque woman, a Madame Durant, loved by two men. Through letters, telegrams, sudden visits, and the intervention of relatives, she carried her drama tumultuously across many states. With her arms about Joseph, she would cry out that she loved Josephus and thereupon, misled by a desire for too literal a symmetry, would cross the room to embrace Josephus and protest her love for Joseph. For to be alone with one of them seemed far greater impoverishment than to be with neither, and whichever she lived with, she thought herself conscience-stricken for leaving the other, though in reality suffering most from a drop in the liveliness of her situation. She wept in contentment, insisting that she was degraded—and friends, stopping to rebuke her for her inconstancy, would become her suitors. On one occasion I drank a toast to her elopement, using for the purpose glasses given prematurely as a present for her prospective marriage to the groom now temporarily abandoned though on hand to bid her and his rival farewell—and I left in complex cordiality, loving her, her two men, her dog, and the darkening inhospitable sky which matched my lonesomeness.

We read this prose as if it were verse, perhaps eighteenth-century poetic couplets in which the outside is simple so that the inside may be intricate. And it is not too fanciful to suggest that every detail in Madame Durant's complicated *ménage* is contained "in principle" in the technical resources of language, not forgetting such choice items as rhyme, alliteration, assonance, and the remaining figures of speech and thought. If metaphor suggests a woman, would it not be possible to devise human relationships equivalent to simile, rhyme, oxymoron; as we already say that a certain relationship is paradoxical, and might go on to say that a full stop is a happy marriage, a comma an affaire, a semi-colon an engagement, a new paragraph a divorce? If speech is conduct, what is a dictionary?

Meanwhile we ask a prosaic question: what kind of book are we reading? It is certainly not a novel, nor was it meant to be. In ascriptions of this kind we are well advised to consult Northrop Frye's account of the several forms of prose fiction. Then it appears that Burke's book is not a freak, a sport of Nature, but an example of a distinguished tradition, the anatomy. It answers in every respect to Frye's description: it deals "less with people as such than with mental attitudes"; its characterisation is "stylised rather than naturalistic," presenting people "as mouthpieces of the ideas they represent." The anatomist sees evil and folly "as diseases of the intellect, as a kind of maddened pedantry." The narrative is "loose-jointed." The writing "relies on the free play of intellectual fancy and the kind of humorous observation that produces caricature." The anatomy presents "a vision of the world in terms of a single intellectual pattern."[2] The masterpieces of the genre include the *Tale of a Tub, Candide*, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Headlong Hall*, and *Brave New World*.

Let us say, then, that *Towards a Better Life* is an anatomy of dissociation. John Neal is detached from Nature as from us: "the weather's metaphysical whisperings" do not sing to him. His human relationships are never more than provisional, the most tentative essays in a doomed genre. Throughout the book he is so conscientious in husbanding grimness that, while buffeted beyond endurance, he is never surprised in principle. He is our scapegoat. At the end of the book the quality of character has drained away entirely from the people of his experience, collecting itself now only in lamp-posts, street cars, and gutters which take on a frightful vitality. John sees these manifestations of his curse as entirely in the nature of things, never a matter of surprise; the last "event" is a fixation upon a wooden policeman outside a cigar-shop. This stage in his Gothic tale is conveyed by unmailed letter to his dead mistress, the style a tissue of quotations from a favourite poet, William Blake. As he sits in his room in New York ("this inexorable city") he says: "Watch the mind, as you would eye a mean dog. Wait. Die as a mangled wasp dies." Thereafter he delivers his testimony in fragments broken from the aphoristic structure. There comes a time, he says, when one must abandon his vocabulary, "for the rigidness of words, by discovering a little, prevents us from discovering more." And this is the time for silence. The book ends:

> Not only not responding, but even refraining from soliloquy—for if we tell no one, the grave burden accumulates within us. Henceforth silence, that the torrent may be heard descending in all its fulness.

[2] *Anatomy of Criticism*. By NORTHROP FRYE (1957), pp. 308f.

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IT IS NOT ENOUGH to say that *Towards a Better Life* is beautifully "written," if by this praise we mean to consign the book to an anthology of Prose Style. However peculiar its origin, it is in fact one of the most moving books in modern literature, as well as one of the purest anatomies. Like John Neal, Burke is skilled in "the hilarious aspects of distress." Burke's book is entirely free of that fretful note one hears in the work of Robert Musil. The basis of Musil's fretfulness is the belief that Ulrich is right and the world is wrong; it is always the world that is in error, in sin. There is something of this also in Saul Bellow. But in *Towards a Better Life* the absurdity is evenly divided between John and the world: neither has any reason to ascribe to the other a monopoly in ill-will. This has the effect of keeping the book's air clear. John never denies the world, or complains of the arbitrary nature of its arrangements. Indeed, if his troubles were of this nature, this would have to be a different life, a different book. He says at one point: "Throughout eternity there is hunger in the fact that the universe *needs to be*, and appeasement in the fact that the universe *is*." This is his idiom. Another fragment reads: "Had he found the matter ludicrous, he could have spared himself much indignation." So he spares himself indignation by finding himself, in many respects, ludicrous. And if he is tempted to become a modern mind-man, he knows the answer:

> We would not deny the mind; but merely remember that as the corrective of wrong thinking is right thinking, the corrective of all thinking is the body.

Meanwhile he walks "boldly through life, head erect and shoulders thrown back in shame." We revert to Beckett and the saving spirit of Comedy.

But leaving aside the diverse excellence of Bellow, Musil, and Burke, we ask: how are we supposed to "take" their images of man, dangling, dissociated, an alien in an alien world?

IN THE PREFACE to *Towards a Better Life* Burke pays tribute to Thomas Mann as an author of notable relevance; and we recall a celebrated essay, "Thomas Mann and André Gide," in Burke's *Counter-Statement*. The essay is very much to the present point. Burke juxtaposes Mann's irony against Gide's experimentalism. Mann's concern, he notes, is with "serious and lonely fellows, deviations from type, who are overburdened with a feeling of divergency

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from their neighbours." These Outsiders "watch, they compare themselves with others to their own detriment, they are earnest to the point of self-disgust, and they are weighted with vague responsibilities." Mann has identified art as the problematical sphere of the human: implicit in the artist's work there is "a deliberate entertaining of moral vacillation." This attitude is summed up as irony, "which merges the sympathetic and antipathetic aspects of any subject." Gide, on the other hand, is an adept of curiosity, the question-mark. "He views any set code of values with distrust, because it implies the exclusion of other codes." He is on guard, Burke says, "lest the possible be obscured by the real." And the critic quotes a passage from Gide's autobiography which toys with the notion of writing the imaginary history of a nation to prove that the history of man might easily have been different. It is obvious, by the way, that Burke himself is close to Mann's irony, as Musil to Gide's experimentalism; and the author of *Herzog* seems to me blood-brother to Tonio Kröger, who wrote to Lisabeta Ivanovna of his longing for the bliss of the commonplace, his love for "the average unendowed respectable human being."

At the end of the essay Burke proposes that we disown a too literal interpretation of Gide's "corruption."

> I should take the specific events in Gide as hardly more than symbols: their parallel in life would not be the enacting of similar events, but the exercising of the complex state of mind which arises from the contemplation of such events with sympathy.

But this, however genially stated, is merely the old aesthetic based on therapy and the dramatic imagination; the idea that we are enlarged and improved by contemplating, in the frame of art, actions which we would disavow in practice. Such theorists would emphasise the intransitiveness of the artistic experience, and recommend it as a relief from our common preoccupations which are all-too-transitive. But Burke goes far beyond this position. He says:

> Irony, novelty, experimentalism, vacillation, the cult of conflict—are not these men trying to make us at home in indecision, are they not trying to humanise the state of doubt?

And later:

> Need people be in haste to rebel against the state of doubt, when doubt has not yet permeated the organs of our body, the processes of our metabolism, the desire for food and companionship, the gratification with sun and water?

Now I relish the certainties of the body quite as vigorously as Burke does, but I cannot separate them neatly from the uncertainties of mind. Burke goes on to say that society might well benefit from "the corrective of a disintegrating art," which "converts each simplicity into a complexity." An art may be valuable, he says, by "preventing a society from becoming too assertively, too hopelessly, itself." If action could be destroyed by such art as Gide's, this would be disastrous: "but art can at best serve to make action more laboured." And this is good.

The implication is clear. Art is Criticism. When society is a braggart, the most useful artist is Thersites. Society is now a braggart (1931), hence we need all the Gides we can find. But the case has altered, I think, in thirty-six years: even Society, crude as it is, has received the artist's message that we are all sick, alienated, and so forth. The deepest visions of alienation are now blurred for general consumption and sold at cut-price. This mode of criticism is no longer available. Lionel Trilling has recently complained that those to whom he teaches the masterpieces of modern literature take those great alienated works in their stride. They are not intimidated. The artist who would criticise our society at this moment would probably hold up before its eyes a heroic image, the implication being that we are incapable of rising to it. There is a literature of celebration as well as a literature of critique. Indeed, there is a case for such a literature now on strictly stylistic grounds, as the persistence of a certain mood in a poem over many stanzas calls for another mood, in relief. This is Burke's own principle, advanced in *Counter-Statement* with great rhetorical force. I find it embodied in *Herzog*, which points its dangling hero toward certain "certainties," soul-certainties as well as body-certainties, in which he might rest. These are not "answers"; but they imply that the gates may still be open.

Meanwhile, behind our several alienists, there is the image of Paul Valéry. We think of his Monsieur Teste as one of the most insistent mind-men in modern literature. The mind seeing itself seeing has never had a more accomplished student. But there are other moments: as in *Le Cimetière Marin* we hear:

> *Brisez, mon corps, cette forme pensive!*
> *Buvez, mon sein, la naissance du vent!*
> *Une fraîcheur, de la mer exhalée,*
> *Me rend mon âme.... O puissance salée!*
> *Courons à l'onde en rejaillir vivant.*

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and later:

Le vent se lève! . . . il faut tenter de vivre!

These are not answers. But the moments in which the voices in Valéry's poems turn again toward the images of human life, to Yeats' "fury and the mire of human veins," are among the most exhilarating in modern literature; the turning means so much, these voices being what they are. And just as Homer was Yeats' example, one looks ahead to Valéry in his last poetic years, to the "final yes" of *Mon Faust*: "*Je vis, je respire, rien de plus!*"

I HAVE IMPLIED that in Burke's novel there is no turn. But this is not so. Indeed, in a recent discussion of the book with its author I was admonished to look more closely at the last few pages. Burke now reads his book as a ritual of rebirth, an example of a pattern which he finds in many modern novels and poems; which he calls the sprout-out-of-rot literature. This description is to account for those works in which the *materia poetica* is unwholesome while the work itself gives an impression of hygiene and sanitation. He still thinks of *Towards a Better Life* as "a terror-stricken novel," appropriately enough for the year of its inception, 1929, but he would now emphasise the intimations of renewal which sprout in its later pages. In this reading John Neal dangles between tragedy and comedy; the tragic grotesque is Burke's name for his hero's place. The squirming of the book is designed to force John from tragedy through the tragic grotesque into comedy. Towards a better life; that is, toward comedy. The principle reminds me of an aphorism in Lichtenberg:

> The healthiest, handsomest, and most regularly built people are the ones who will put up with anything. No sooner has a man an affliction than he has his own view on things.

John Neal has so many afflictions that he is himself an affliction, but the aim of the book is to get him to put up with things in the spirit of comedy. This is why he is a fitting scapegoat. As he says near the end:

> all I have pondered in malice, some one, coming after me, will consider comfortably. What I have learned through being in grave extremities, he will handle with ease.

So there are, Burke would insist, implications of a "way out" at the end. Or rather, the possibility of a "new life" is both foretold and held in "problematic abeyance." John Neal does not disown his affliction: "let no man discredit your discoveries by pointing to your troubles." His

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affliction has given him whatever he has, whatever he knows. All one can hope for is a slight but crucial modification in one's circumstances; with a corresponding modification in one's stance. "The sword of discovery goes before the couch of laughter. One sneers by the modifying of a snarl; one smiles by the modifying of a sneer. You should have lived twice, and smiled the second time." Burke gives the principle of this sequence in *Attitudes toward History*:

> The progress of humane enlightenment can go no further than in picturing people not as *vicious*, but as *mistaken*. When you add that people are *necessarily* mistaken, that *all* people are exposed to situations in which they must act as fools, that *every* insight contains its own special kind of blindness, you complete the comic circle, returning again to the lesson of humility that underlies great tragedy.

And certainly, in looking for a way out, one should note the emergence, in the last section, of words like "vision" and "promise," which stand for allegiances hardly possible in contractual terms. One such moment is: "became bat-blind, that he might have bat-vision." Another recalls the scene in *Jane Eyre* (at the end of Chapter 9) when Helen Burns has died and, fifteen years later, a headstone in the graveyard at Brocklebridge is inscribed with her name and the word "RESURGAM." In *Towards a Better Life*, two pages from the end, we read, in one of John's last explosions: *"resurgam! resurgam!* I shall rise again! Hail, all hail! Here is a promise: *resurgam!*" The tone at least holds affliction in abeyance; as a story-teller, reciting an interminable tale of woe, might insist that the tale was, at any point, unfinished, and there was no telling how it might all turn out. The comedy of Beckett's *Molloy* is in this key, holding its readers sane while threatening to drive them mad.

In Burke the comic proof is style. While John Neal dangles, twists, and squirms, his author maintains his style as the last ditch of possibility. There is hope, the book implies, as long as the sentences stay true. Faith, hope, and charity are not dead as long as grammar, logic, and rhetoric continue to act. This is in keeping with a passage in *The Philosophy of Literary Form* (1941), where Burke, posing the question, "Style for its own sake?", answers:

> Decidedly, not at all. Style solely as the beneath-which-not, as the admonitory and hortatory act, as the example that would prod continually for its completion in all aspects of life, and so, in Eliot's phrase, "keep something alive," tiding us over a lean season.

It seems a good moment to let the matter rest.

Translating Hölderlin

Friedrich Hölderlin: Poems and Fragments. Translated by MICHAEL HAMBURGER. Bi-lingual Edition with a Preface, Introduction and Notes. *Routledge & Kegan Paul*, 63s.

I NOTICE that in 1942, in the rashness and ignorance of youth, I described Hölderlin as "that rare thing, a genuinely philosophical poet." In extenuation I might now plead that the occasion was a review of August Closs's *Hölderlin: Gedichte* (a pioneering selection in England, and effectively my introduction to the poet) and that I was about to contrast him with Rilke, then enormously fashionable, who as time passes seems to me ever less philosophical and even less genuine. Rilke's genius could slide so easily and unnoticed into legerdemain and bamboozlement, whereas there is always a careful honesty about Hölderlin, a quality which emerges touchingly in the poems of his madness as a scrupulous tentativeness. I might also plead that after all Hölderlin is discernibly a "thinker" and no one would feel imperatively called upon to describe him as *not* a genuinely philosophical poet.

The trouble is, though, that to talk about his thought is to say surprisingly little about his poetry. You find you have thrown a whale to catch a sprat. Hölderlin's best English commentators are Michael Hamburger and J. B. Leishman, who have woven his writings generously into their commentaries, and E. L. Stahl, who by pursuing Hölderlin's symbolism has sought to elicit his "poetic thought" rather than "his thought as such." The problem is of course not unique to Hölderlin. Yet very many poets can be discussed, however incompletely, in terms of their thought, their attitudes, their desiderations. Hölderlin is a rather extreme instance of those who cannot be so discussed even though on the face of it they would seem more than usually responsive to the procedure. So perfectly is "what is said" subsumed in "the way of saying," so immediately and completely coincident are statement, rhythm and tone, that almost—and this would be no more illuminating though perhaps it might be less misleading—one is tempted to rest content with a metrical analysis. Characteristic of Hölderlin's poetry is its continuousness: the way, let's say, the opening lines of a poem (and not necessarily a short one) are still sounding as one reaches the close. The term "form" is ambiguous, to put it mildly, for we find it most energetically deployed in the case of poetry which possesses little apart from form, little else to compete for our attention. With Hölderlin subject-matter is *known* to be there, solidly present; you couldn't for a

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moment suspect that he was talking about nothing very much. Here perhaps the concept of form can have a positive meaning instead of an exculpatory function. One is certainly drawn, far more strongly than with (say) Goethe's *Römische Elegien*, into an awareness of formal qualities, of the shapeliness of the verse in the whole and at every point, of its almost tactile nature (the poet of the *Römische Elegien* tracing the rhythms of his hexameters on his mistress's back)—or, better, of a musical organisation which remains in the reader's mind after the words, and certainly after the thoughts, have faded. Hölderlin's is a poetry of distinctive acoustics—distinctively German to begin with, and then distinctively personal.

THE BEST THINGS that have been said about Hölderlin seem inadequate. H. L. Bradbrook speaks of "simple felicity" and "natural piety": the felicity only seems simple because it is so felicitous, while the second phrase suggests a bucolic goodiness more readily come across in Wordsworth than in the German poet. August Closs refers to the characteristic "surging rhythm," which is apt, yet the movement ebbs as well as flows and at times is held magically frozen, a phenomenon intimated by Mr. Hamburger's remarks about the poems' cadences, "their peculiar dynamism, their peculiar stillness, brought about by the tension between a strict form and an impulse beating against it."

Such poetry will be immensely difficult to translate, and would appear unamenable to what is called "imitation." In any case imitation strikes me as a highly dubious activity, of more use to the imitating poet (as a means of keeping his tools in trim and himself out of trouble) than to anyone else. Its products are customarily neither fish, flesh nor good red Loebian herring. Currently imitation holds out considerable attractions to poets who have no subject to hand (a not uncommon contemporary situation) but possess a well-developed style. The imitated poet is plundered for his subject-matter, to which, suitable adjustments having been made, the imitator applies his own idiom. Mr. Hamburger describes the practice rather nicely as "a kind of occupational therapy for poets partly or temporarily disabled."

If Mr. Hamburger were not so active in other spheres, one would think of the Englishing of Hölderlin as his life's work. His first translations of the poet came out in 1943, a revised and enlarged edition appeared in 1952, and in 1961 he published a generous selection of prose versions in the Penguin Poets series. Though a poet himself, Mr. Hamburger doesn't make use of the German poet to show off his own creative talents. He has far too deep a respect for

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Hölderlin to be able to "imitate" him. His guiding principle (which he attributes amusingly to "a residual puritanism") of keeping as close as possible to the sense and the cadences of the original poems impresses me as absolutely correct, both morally (if one may venture such a judgment) and poetically. To say that it is correct poetically is simply to acclaim the results of Mr. Hamburger's policy, but while it is true that nothing succeeds like success, it is even nicer when a reasonably beautiful translation is also a reasonably faithful one. Indeed Mr. Hamburger's piety is one of the qualities which fit him to translate precisely this poet. *"Seid nur fromm. . . ."* A respect for work achieved—an attitude as remote from devotion to fashion as from self-aggrandising belittlement—is quite a rare thing nowadays.

Or is it rather—one asks, looking at this new 600-page volume—a case of making a living out of Hölderlin? No, as Mr. Hamburger has lived, so he has learnt. The new preface is altogether admirable, and the new introduction (based on the Penguin Poets introduction), which "had to be kept as short as possible," has made a virtue of necessity, for the introduction to the 1952 selection took up a good third of the book. We now have much more Hölderlin, including *The Archipelago*, the whole of *"Reif sind, in Feuer getaucht. . . ."* (the third version of *Mnemosyne*), and two dramatic fragments, *The Death of Empedocles*. In the course of revising Mr. Hamburger has removed a few archaisms and smoothed out some clumsiness. Mostly the changes are distinctly for the better: thus, *"Why did you keep/Away?"* replaces *"Why have you been/Distant?"* for *"Was bist du ferne/Geblieben?"* But not quite always. The lines in the 1952 version of *Patmos* (*"Wo aber Gefahr ist, wächst/Das Rettende auch"*),

> *But where there is danger,*
> *The saving powers grow too*

seem superior to the new rendering:

> *But where danger threatens*
> *That which saves from it also grows.*

And in *My Possessions* Mr. Hamburger has now made the storm, the heavenly powers, seem inappropriately baleful by turning Hölderlin's *"verzehrend"* and *"wechseln"* into *"They rend, destroy me."* His 1952 version is juster at this point, as is also the Penguin prose version, and the version given by J. B. Leishman in his *Selected Poems* of 1944 is the best of all.

Leishman was notoriously an eccentric translator, not (like the imitators) licentious in his treatment of the original but licentious in his dealings with the language he was translating into. At his worst, the effect is slightly ludicrous (except when you realise that nonetheless he is making a critical point about the original); at his best, he remains unsurpassed. Mr. Hamburger renders the last four lines of the fourth stanza of *Menon's Lament for Diotima* thus:

> *Desolate now is my house, and not only her they have taken,*
> *No, but my own two eyes, myself have I lost, losing her,*
> *That is why, astray, like wandering phantoms I live now*
> Must *live, I fear, and the rest long has seemed senseless to me.*

Leishman gives:

> *Ah, but desolate now my house! My eye they have taken*
> *From me, and all that I was, oh, I have lost it with her!*
> *Wherefore I gropingly wander, and here like the shadows in Orcus*
> *Linger, and all that remains long has seemed utterly vain.*

If Leishman's introduction of Orcus is a liberty, then Mr. Hamburger's introduction of "I fear" is not only a liberty but also an inaptly pedantic touch. This is one of those passages of Leishman which persist as a remembered music. Others occur in his *Bread and Wine* (which, with *"wild'ring"* for *"Irrsaal,"* provides an instance too of his vagaries)—a comparison of the latter part of the seventh stanza shows that where Leishman is gravely stoical Mr. Hamburger is merely petulant—and in his version of *Hälfte des Lebens*. Mr. Hamburger translates this poem very well, but Leishman's version has an extra sweetness, the singing sweetness of the original. Incidentally his third line is in a simple sense more accurate than Mr. Hamburger's as an equivalent for *"Und voll mit wilden Rosen."*

> *With yellow pears the land*
> *And full of wild roses*
> *Hangs down into the lake,*
> *You lovely swans,*
> *And drunk with kisses*
> *You dip your heads*
> *Into the hallowed, the sober water.*

> *But oh, where shall I find*
> *When winter comes, the flowers, and where*
> *The sunshine*
> *And shade of the earth?*
> *The walls loom*
> *Speechless and cold, in the wind*
> *Weathercocks clatter.*
>
> (Hamburger)

> *With yellow pears leans over,*
> *And full of run-wild roses,*
> *The land into the lake,*
> *You gracious swans,*
> *And, drunk with kisses,*
> *You dip your heads*
> *In the sacredly-sober water.*

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Where shall I gather though,
When winter comes, the flowers, and where
The dappling shine
And shadow of earth?
The walls will stand
Speechless and cold, the wind-swung
Weather-vanes clatter.

(LEISHMAN)

But *"nicht alles will der Höchste zumal,"* and whereas Leishman gave us a small (albeit excellent) selection, Mr. Hamburger has now given us practically the whole canon. Apart from regretting that there should be no mention at all of Leishman's work here, one's only complaint might be that, though handsomely produced, the volume is of a rather austere presence, more appropriate to some genuinely philosophical author than to so warm-hearted a poet.

D. J. Enright

Verandahs of Impotence

The Mimic Men. By V. S. NAIPAUL. *André Deutsch*, 25s.

POLITICS is an aspect of human relations and like other aspects of the subject (*e.g.*, love-making) is better suited to the novel than the treatise. Considering how well adapted it is for this treatment the wonder is not that there are so many political novels but that there are so few. England has, of course, a long tradition in the political novel—from Disraeli and Trollope to C. P. Snow. The Americans have in recent years produced a vigorous crop. But if one excludes the political-moral sermon—which is something different—the field has not much attracted the present generation of French or German writers.

Politics in the post-colonial world is different again, and presents the novelist with another kind of problem. The essence of the British (or American) political novel is that the scene is ready set; the institutions are solid; the codes of action generally accepted; the conventions of behaviour well understood. How, given this system and code, does one become or fail to become Prime Minister or President? How does one pass a measure into law, avert a war, dispose of a crisis? Verisimilitude is all too easy to attain. Readers will be alert for departures from it; the danger is a too obvious *roman à clef*. But in the "New States," the situation is the opposite one. The institutions handed over by

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former colonial rulers are not deeply rooted in the local soil; the conventions of behaviour can be imitated from those perceived to have been of utility in the past, but they do not come naturally to the new masters; still less are they comprehensible to the newly emancipated citizens. The smaller and weaker the country, the greater the distance between the aspirations voiced by the former nationalist leaders and the range of actions possible to them once they attain power. Economic self-interest may dictate initial moderation; retaining expatriate civil servants; availing oneself of international technical assistance; going slow on measures likely to dry up the supply of foreign capital. But those who follow this road are doomed. This is not the future the peoples have been led to believe in; they have not suffered and fought—suffering and fighting may have been minimal but that is irrelevant—so that black or brown faces should nod politely over whisky-and-sodas where once white faces frowned or yawned. The initial euphoria is followed by disillusion; the first "democratic election" by the *coup*; the lucky come out alive, the luckiest with resources to start a new life elsewhere.

It is one of the last category whom V. S. Naipaul has chosen as the narrator and hero of his novel. We find him at forty in a suburban London residential hotel, writing an account of a life that already lies behind him in four well-marked phases. Childhood as a West Indian of Indian descent dimly aware of the complexities, tensions and ironies of a multi-racial society still held together by the rigidity of alien rule—a childhood dominated by a father who follows the path of the Hindu sage suddenly breaking from clerkly routine to lead into the wilderness a secession of the poor and obscure—a founder of one of those evanescent religious sects that would seem to be a product of breakdown in so many societies. Youth in England as a student of the LSE running the gamut of one of London's subcultures and of the sexual and emotional promiscuity of a stranger in a great city. The return to the island with the inevitable, and soon inevitably estranged, English wife; riches, political involvement; power and the loss of it. And finally back to England, this time for good; a little money and so a little time to make something of his experience; to find his identity in a world where fixed points are few, and where those that exist are alien to him.

To put the novel's theme thus flatly is to do Mr. Naipaul an injustice. The political career of his hero hardly figures in the text; perhaps because we are asked to concentrate on the individual at the heart of the political process, events can be suggested rather than described at length as by an historian. Indeed Mr. Naipaul's hero makes clear his own decision in this respect.

> It was my hope to give expression to the restlessness, the deep disorder, which the great explorations, the overthrow in three continents of established social organisations, the unnatural bringing together of peoples who could achieve fulfilment only within the security of their own societies and the landscapes hymned by their ancestors,, it was my hope to give partial expression to the restlessness which this great upheaval has brought about. The empires of our time were short-lived, but they have altered the world for ever; their passing away is their least significant feature. It was my hope to sketch a subject which fifty years hence a great historian might pursue; for there is no such thing as history nowadays; there are only manifestos and antiquarian research; and on the subject of empire there is only the pamphleteering of churls.

As is inevitable in a passage of this kind, one is left uncertain as to whether the views expressed are those of Mr. Naipaul's hero or of Mr. Naipaul himself. For the autobiographical account which is his hero's substitute for the history his restlessness prevents him from writing, is about the passing of Empire, not its being—so that it is hard to reckon the weight that should be placed on the words "least significant." Perhaps the lesson is that it is only through their disintegration that one can assess the historical meanings of empires themselves.

But all this is only the backdrop. What the novel is concerned with is this inevitable figure of the age of imperial retreat—the "colonial politician." Mr. Naipaul's hero both understands in retrospect the desire for "eviction and succession" which is the colonial politician's motive power, and why he himself has been a failure in the role: "I never was a politician. I never had the frenzy, the sense of mission, the necessary hurt." Again, he is a man to whom other things matter whereas "the true politician is by his

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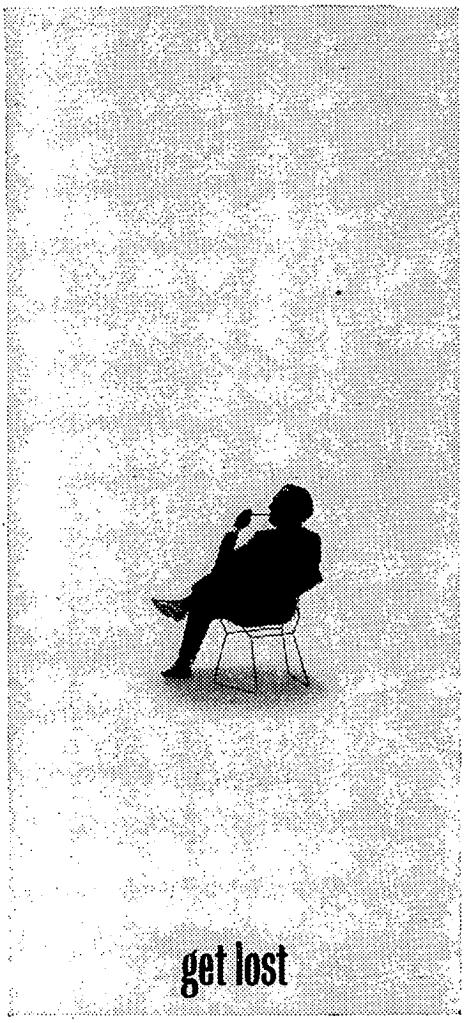

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nature a man who wishes to play the game all his life." One must wholly identify with the role, and the man who is writing with his "deep feeling of irrelevance and intrusion" cannot do so.

But Mr. Naipaul is more than his hero; in the course of the book he sketches in the background and talents which go to make the success of his hero's rival; the man who first co-operates with him and then gets rid of him—the background that entitles him to his "licensed status as a renegade and romantic, a 'radical' for whose acknowledged gifts our island provided no outlet." And with him comes into power the whole galaxy of the "new men" whom we know from the history of so many other islands and territories—

> men without talent or achievement save the reputed one of controlling certain sections of the population, unproductive, uncreative men who pushed themselves into prominence by an excess of that bitterness which every talented clerk secretes.

And so we come to the paradox of so many of such "New States"—the paradox that when the harsh hand of the colonial power is removed the very fabric of obedience upon which the nationalist leaders have implicitly rested their case for the succession goes with it too. "In a society like ours," writes Mr. Naipaul's hero, "fragmented, inorganic, no link between man and landscape, a society not held together by common interests, there was no true internal source of power... no power was real which did not come from the outside." Thus freedom leads to chaos.

There are of course writers who have seen this situation as comedy or at least as a subject for satire. Mr. Naipaul's hero is not willing to follow this easy path:

> the colonial politician is an easy object of satire. I wish to avoid satire... his situation satirises itself, turns satire inside out, takes satire to the point where it touches pathos if not tragedy.

It is in passages of this kind that one is suddenly reminded of the fact that these stumbling individuals caught up in the grip of forces they only partially understand, doomed to disappoint themselves along with their followers, are at the same time the "political élites" of the New States whose earnest "profiles" form the subject of so much writing by solemn American political scientists and sociologists—or indeed by the products of the London School itself, an institution whose physical and spiritual drabness is so powerfully suggested in Naipaul's usual indirect manner, that School from which so many of the leaders have picked up what bare apparatus of general ideas they have, and which could yet for others be just another example of the impenetrability of the great metropolis. Mr. Naipaul's hero, he tells us, belonged to none of its famous student organisations:

> The confession, I know [he adds] will surprise those who try to link my subsequent career with my membership of this celebrated School. Its reputation, I have since seen, lay especially heavily on those who were to sink without trace into their respective societies.

There is no easy way out. We shall not recreate broken societies by giving them Webb-Laski magic to replace their own; nor will we understand their leaders' longing and motives for action by fitting them into the categories of "social science"; nor should we blame them too much if their first use of power is their own gratification—even their own sensual gratification—for which they have had to wait. The artist as usual sees deeper than the scientist. Mr. Naipaul's sensitivity to many different kinds of atmosphere and his mastery of the West's most typical and original literary form—the novel—may be the best we can offer as a justification of Empire. Mr. Naipaul, one suspects, would be too modest to agree.

Max Beloff

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LETTERS

On the Wickedness of Witch-hunting

PROFESSOR HUGH TREVOR-ROPER'S articles on witchcraft [ENCOUNTER, May-June] show such a range of reading and careful judgment, that he must be forgiven the occasional aberration or provocation. Augustine is always good for a crack, but why for "African credulity"? He was no Negro, and anyway Africans were probably no more credulous than medieval Europeans. And the Reformers probably did better to study the "unedifying centuries of the Hebrew kings" (which ones?) than those of the Roman emperors. But the general emphasis on the persecution of witches and heretics as social intolerance has much truth in it, except that it cannot be the sole explanation.

The causes of the mania and persecution are complex. The modern persecutions, by far the worst in history, of the Jews by the Nazis, can be explained as social jealousy against rich but separated Jews. But both these adjectives need considerable qualification, and behind the choice of Jews lay the need to find scapegoats for Germany's inferiority. Theory played a large part in this, with the *Herrenvolk* notion further justifying the wicked massacres.

The prevalence of belief in witchcraft and the persecution of witches in modern Africa provide some parallels to the European phenomena. If there are not easily traceable maladjustments between social classes, there are plenty within the extended family. In witchcraft accusations the people likely to be accused are mostly women: rival wives, mothers-in-law, barren women, old women, and so on. Wives often come from a different clan, even village, and arrive as strangers in a house with other jealous women. If they have children who flourish they are indeed fortunate. If she is barren the wife herself or some other woman is blamed. If children die, as they often do, any woman in the house may be accused; or the wife herself may be blamed for eating the child's soul.

The medical factor is very important, and nobody knows how many children die in infancy, though some put it up to fifty per cent. Many diseases are sudden and mysterious, like polio, and some explanation must be found, so a woman is blamed for witchcraft. Midwives are an obvious target, since babies die under their ministrations. This was the same in medieval Europe and Sprenger, one of the chief inquisitors, said that "nobody does more harm to the Catholic Faith than midwives." There is need for investigation into the correlation of the decline in witchcraft belief and the rise of modern medicine. If the babies no longer died there was no more need for the witch explanation. Trevor-Roper accepts the role of disease and the Black Death in the European witch craze, though he prefers its "mountain origin"; but Previté-Orton emphasised that the Black Death spread across Europe from the fourteenth century, killing about a third of the population, and recurring nearly every ten years.

THEORIES WERE INVENTED in Europe to explain the death of babies, especially before baptism, and laymen were allowed to baptise them *in extremis*. Jews were blamed because they were considered to have an obvious interest in killing children before the waters of baptism saved their souls. Of course they were called cannibals and were said to devour babies in their Sabbaths and Synagogues, terms that were transferred straightaway to the supposedly cannibalistic assemblies of witches. Trevor-Roper points out a further element in the psychology of witchcraft, in that the gross sexual fantasies of the Continental witches and witch-hunters were almost absent from England and the Orthodox East. But perhaps this was because English and Orthodox priests were married, as were their lay inquisitors. The celibate inquisitors on the Continent had all the "fascination of their repressions" and worked them out with sadistic zeal. Enforced and general celibacy is a father to pornography, a fact that can be illustrated from either Catholic or Buddhist monasticism; the *Vinaya Pitaka* is as pornographic as the *Malleus Maleficarum*.

The psychology of witchcraft manias reveals greater depths. It was all very understandable in the ignorant times, the Middle Ages or Africa; but why did it also flourish during the Renaissance, and why even more in this advanced twentieth century? It is here that the optimism of the Enlightenment and the Evolutionists seems to break down, or at least to need much qualification. That Africans even today adopt false political myths, *i.e.* Ghana from a Gana far away, may be explicable, but many intelligent Germans swallowed a far more spurious and dangerous racial ideology. That the Russians have had barbarous police and salt mines is acceptable, but the *Gestapo* and the concentration camps were far worse.

Perhaps it could not happen here, but there are pale reflections of it in many countries. This is evidence of a fact of human nature, which used to be called Original Sin. It may not be Original, in the sense of inherited, but that sin occurs in many men and women is too dangerous to ignore. The fact of human evil, plain wickedness, is present right through history and never less than today.

This is the major cause of the barbaric treatment given to countless innocent people who were termed witches.

GEOFFREY PARRINDER

King's College,
London

DR. GEOFFREY PARRINDER *is Reader in Comparative Study of Religions at King's College, London, and the author of* Witchcraft: European and African (*1963*).

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Why Nkrumah Failed

By Russell Warren Howe

THE SOIL IS STILL FRESH on Nkrumah's living grave, and some of the *Osagyefo* myth persists —although almost exclusively outside West Africa. In the region itself, he has his official friends in Conakry and in Bamako, but his grass roots admirers have been thin on the ground for a decade now.

Dr. Rita Hinden [ENCOUNTER, May] draws, I think, too many general African conclusions from the unique Nkrumah case, while C. L. R. James [ENCOUNTER, July] is unable to accept completely the image of the venal, negative, raving egocentric which has survived, tarnishing a golden page in history. Yet who is this man who cowers now from an Interpol warrant for embezzlement in Conakry's Villa Silly ("Elephant House" in Susu)? Surely, Mr. James argues, there must be something more. Can a tide in the affairs of men be taken at the flood and lead on to shame? In his present mediocrity, are not some of Nkrumah's early achievements being overlooked? Most probably—but are they those for which most writers give him credit? He was the enemy, in his time, of so many forces which liberals despised that there remains an emotional tendency in these liberals to believe that he must have been their friend.

We must be careful to eschew the racial favouritism of avuncular liberalism. Is a black nationalist any better, *per se*, than a white imperialist? There are good and bad of both. To hesitate to write him off as a tyrant is to suggest that Ghanaians are not the best judges of Nkrumah, that their slow, considered, and finally total rejection of him is not the whole verdict of history. But who knows him better than the Ghanaians whom he despoiled, oppressed and, finally, even starved (a difficult thing to do in fertile, under-populated West Africa)? Could any people have been more patient in reaching their verdict, or expressed it more spontaneously? Could anyone imagine the Nigerians, for instance, putting up with Nkrumah for so long? On trial before history, can Nkrumah plead *any* attenuating circumstances?

Is there, today, for example, any concrete evidence that Nkrumah, once power was his, even believed in "Africa"? He believed, to be sure, in Nkrumah —and in the continuity of his own good fortune, using a cast of Guinean, Ghanaian, Senegalese and Nigerian intermediaries who constitute a Who's Who of the higher-paid witch-doctors practising in West Africa. He was certainly never a true socialist, or anything international; he was, I feel, as narrow and reactionary as the word nationalist suggests. Politically, where did he stand? Was Nkruma-ism different from Peronism?

"We were the first fascists," Marcus Garvey wrote of his "Back to Africa" movement (in a letter to George Padmore, a fellow West Indian and a pre-war theoretician of African nationalism). "Mussolini copied fascism from me." If this claim about *Il Duce*'s political education seems hard to accept, Kwame Nkrumah certainly copied "fascism" (and much else) from Marcus Garvey, to whom Nkrumah's writings pay such sincere tribute: Garvey's Black Star symbol was emblazoned across the Ethiopian colours to form the Ghanaian flag, to appear again in Black Star Square and on the Black Star Shipping Line (a title Garvey patented). Garvey's belief in pomp and baubles as a source of power over others appealed equally to *Tsoboi* (Showboy), as Ghanaians called Nkrumah in the days of his popularity.

Nkrumah resembled Garvey in many other ways. If Liberty Hall had ever moved from Harlem to Monrovia, as Garvey intended that it should, it would surely have been a poorer, less mechanised, less air-conditioned version of the Tammany Hut era which Nkrumah introduced into Ghana. And just as Garvey did, Nkrumah has survived himself. Cheated of the bogus martyrdom of a Lumumba, he is now a bogus Redeemer crucified by Kafkaesque absurdity. In exile—whether he remains under the shadow of incipient *coups* in Guinea, or goes on to Havana to teach at the university—he will certainly still conspire, and may even cause occasional trouble. Radio Guinea's April 17 broadcasts make it clear he was in touch with the leaders of the abortive Ghanaian counter-*coup* of that day. Whatever happens, his chances of re-entering active politics are nullified by the extent of his rejection by the Ghanaian people, and by his own conspicuous absence of physical courage.

As C. L. R. JAMES rightly indicates, there was an earlier Nkrumah who—had he died on Independence Day—would, like Castro and Sukarno in similar circumstances, have won an honoured place in the manuals of history. His sense of political timing, in the early '50s, surpassed that of his political rivals—although J. B. Danquah's sense of patience and of "making haste slowly" was certainly more Ghanaian and, in hindsight, more constructive. (James, I think, unfairly over-simplifies when he suggests that Danquah's alliance with the Akan chiefs—after all, he was one himself—was reactionary and dishonourable. Nkrumah's alliance, in April this year, with Akan army officers against the predominantly Ewe-Ga National Liberation Council, was surely more crudely expedient.)

To none of us who knew him in the 1950s did Nkrumah appear as a man of complete integrity. But we—and observers like C. L. R. James and George Padmore, who knew him better, over the course of twenty years—balanced his defects against

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE *has just published a two-volume history,* Black Africa *(New African Library, 1966). He was from 1957 until 1965 the* Washington Post*'s correspondent in Africa, and for a while an adviser to the late Prime Minister of Togo, Sylvanus Olympio. He was born in London (1925), and studied at the Sorbonne. Among his books is a study of Ghana,* Black Star Rising *(1958).*

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London

IN THE HUNT *for George Blake, who escaped from Wormwood Scrubs, Special Branch officers discovered an "aerial" in a cupboard in a house in Perryn Road, Acton. They found 14 wrappers from £100 bundles of banknotes in the Humber Hawk thought to have been used in the escape. Also found in the car was a microhead from a tape-recorder.*

Theories about the real story behind the escape continue to pour forth and now fall into three main groups. The choice between them depends as much as anything upon personal predilection in the fictional world of crime and spies.

For the Fleming set there is the theory that Blake had a two-way radio in Wormwood Scrubs and messages were sent in to him from outside prison. The Le Carré enthusiasts see it rather differently. To them the escape is quite clearly a plot by the British secret service, and Blake will now act as a double (or whatever the number is) agent.

There are even still some faithful Agatha Christie fans who are following closely the case of the pink chrysanthemums. Here the discovery of the head of one of these flowers in the Humber car may be a vital clue. THE TIMES

Saigon

THERE IS A *new heroine of Vietnamese literature, a melancholy figure who is part Orphan Annie, part Jane Eyre, part Joan of Arc, and part Hester Prynne. She is the Saigon bar girl, an innocent from a war-torn hamlet who falls on bad times and who is forced to take up with an American to make ends meet.*

The Vietnamese are voracious readers, and there has been a steady outpouring of paperback books since the huge American build-up last summer. These books—many of which are serialised daily in the Saigon press—have taken to dramatising the plight of the little girl from the tiny hamlet who tries to find happiness and security with a rich but awkward and unlettered American.

The bar girl is always a refugee from gentility, a girl whose best instincts have been mangled and distorted by the war. But she is still Oriental and tiny and unsure, an impoverished, naïve, delicate, simple, quiet girl—a sort of Brett Ashley before the fall, who supports her family and longs to return to the hamlet. WASHINGTON POST

London

MR. JUSTICE STAMP *said in the High Court yesterday that it was a distortion of the English language to call human corpses "goods or materials" or to describe their cremation as "subjection to any process." "I protest against subjecting the English language, and more particularly a simple English phrase, to this kind of process of philology."*

The Judge reversed a decision of the Norwich City general tax commissioners, who had upheld an appeal by Norwich Crematorium against an assessment of £8,588 in respect of profits of the crematorium at Horsham St. Faith's. In its appeal the company relied on a section of the 1952 Income Tax Act which refers to buildings used for the purposes of a trade consisting in "the subjection of goods or materials to any process." THE GUARDIAN

London

THE AFTERMATH *of the Rolling Stones' case which has become the most notable* cause célèbre *since Stephen Ward's trial, has thrown Mick Jagger into a new and, as yet, unsuspected position of respect. To his status as idol of the teen-age pop world he has now added the approval of what can only be termed the swinging Establishment.*

Nothing demonstrated this sudden development better than last night's World in Action *programme* [on T.V.] *in a country garden confronting a venerable panel of the older generation, including Mr. William Rees-Mogg, the Editor of* The Times, *Lord Stow Hill, the former Home Secretary, and the Bishop of Woolwich.*

The spectacle of four donnish middle-aged gentlemen confronting the long-haired, gargoyle-faced Jagger in an English country garden had more than a touch of the ridiculous about it. Fearful lest they should appear not "with it" the panel seemed to hang on Jagger's every word with an attention which the discussion certainly did not justify. EVENING STANDARD

London

W. H. SMITH *has banned the current issue of* Playboy *because of a series of "blue" limericks.*

An official of Smiths, the newsagents and booksellers, said yesterday: "Because of the limericks all copies of this month's Playboy *have been withdrawn on legal advice. That is all we can say at this stage."*

The verses—13 of them, each with an accompanying sketch—are printed under the heading: "Limericks—a roguish gallery of favorite five-liners old, new, borrowed and blue." One starts with the familiar lines:

> There was a young fellow named Skinner
> Who took a young lady to dinner . . .

The last three lines are new. DAILY MAIL

London

ART BOOKS *are to be produced with four legs to do away with the need for coffee tables.*

THE TIMES

Denver

A PSYCHOLOGIST *at Washington State University said today that his studies showed that near-sighted people made the best students. They were not more intelligent than others, but most were introverted and withdrawn people who got their "ego gratification" from intellectual pursuits.* THE GUARDIAN

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the reason of his arguments, which seemed to justify the ends he sought. After all, this was virgin ground on which we trod, and he was the man with the mine-detector. We all failed to heed sufficiently the signs which he carelessly distributed. By 1950, he had already told Joe Appiah of his admiration for Stalin, and his dream of seeing the tanks roll on Black Star Square. (It all came true.) In 1957, he wrote in his autobiography, that he favoured "totalitarian rule." The same year, he told Kingsley Martin and Colin Legum that he would have to rule "by terror" to establish his authority. Later he complained to me that the Martin-Legum talk (which Martin wrote about) was "off the record"—as though a sin of such dimensions could be left in the confessional....

What remains in Nkrumah's favour? His brilliant demagoguery inspired a sense of pride in Ghanaians, and in many other Africans, in the '50s. No one else did this so well, and this legacy endures: it has notably helped to damp down tribalism in Ghana itself. This, not government—nor even Independence, which would have come anyway—was his achievement. Even now (like Garvey) he deserves to be remembered for his golden gift of exorcising racial shame. Some of his non-African admirers betray this one quality he had. James rightly indicts the race-oriented, patronising "liberalism" of the British (and American) Left, its search for a "new messiah," its inability to accept that one can prefer independence to colonial rule without pretending that Africa had a glorious past or has moved into a distinguished present. If some of this is due to guilt about the slave trade, let us not forget that this was even more an African than an Euro-American industry.

AFRICA'S REVOLUTION was essentially psychological, not political—and still less economical, even though economic policy (especially in agriculture) is the most valid yardstick of good and bad government in present-day Africa. If colonialism could have existed without racial discrimination, if Eliud Mathu and Mbiyu Koinange and Jomo Kenyatta could have returned from Oxford, Columbia, and London University to sit in Kenya's Executive Council with their less-educated white brothers, and drink in the Muthaiga Club—if all the colonial Babbitts, from the Gambia to Nyasaland, from Mauritania to Moçambique, had not believed in "jobs for the boys" before all else—there would never have been a revolution in Africa: merely a secular absorption of the foreign conquest.

Nkrumah's expediencies, his schizophrenic attachment to Stalinism without communism, to the Commonwealth without Westminister, to Mao Tse-tung and Edgar Kaiser (and Nasser and General Spears) reflect how little political theory meant to this mediocre student with such a palpable distaste for administration and economics. Nkrumah was not the first politico to play things by ear, or to fly a ship of state by the seat of his pants. But he was probably the first to call this a philosophy and write books about it. The aim was not good government, but how to stay in power. It was vanity, not idealism, that made Nkrumah "good" in, say, 1950, and "bad" a decade later. His ideal was not Ghana (any more than de Gaulle means "Frenchmen" when he says "France"). Even less was his ideal "African unity." He attacked every meaningful Pan-African organisation that was ever created, particularly if it grouped countries over which he could have no influence (such as French or East Africa). But he was prepared to support the most limited, and disparate, regional breakaway associations (such as the Casablanca Bloc or "Guinea-Ghana-Mali Union") if these struck a blow at larger, more Pan-African institutions. Nkrumah was Narcissus, and his backdrop was a Ghana that had to seem more important than it really was to augment his own vain prestige. Even his neurotic, daily preoccupation with sorcery was not to put Ghana's star into conjunction with the sun but to save his own skin.[1]

The drunken-sailor spending which has left the country bankrupt was predominantly on prestige projects. Few bore any relation to economics. Today an Accra labourer must work for one hour to buy one tomato or one onion, six hours to buy one yam or one small fish or a bottle of beer; not in living memory have the poor lived as badly as they live today. Before the now crewless Russian trawlers monopolised fishing, and the Workers' Brigade—composed mostly of the work-shy and delinquent—took over farming, at least everyone had enough to eat.

James rightly rejects the naïveté of Dr. Hinden's admiration for Akwasi Afrifa's political philosophy. Afrifa, I think, would make no claim to be leading a Sandhurstian school of thought. Of the warrior chiefs who now rule, in khaki, so many of the West African states, few, I think, are imbued with ideals consciously derived from Sandhurst or St. Cyr (or Mons College or Eaton Hall, where most of the English-speaking African officers trained: less than ten per cent went to Sandhurst). Reform could only come from the barrel of a gun—and they had the armouries. But Miss Hinden's enthusiasm is counterbalanced by James' old-comrade generosity for Nkrumah's past. The heights from which he fell were essentially the heights to which we foreign correspondents, having selected him as an historic symbol, promoted him. For Nkrumah was never as important a figure in the African independence struggle as Kenyatta or Olympio or Ferhat Abbas, as any student of modern African history is obliged to note. Even Nkrumah's CPP was modelled on Houphouet-Boigny's RDA—with which he wanted a merger in 1949. But to Nkrumah, fame came more cheaply and more easily. He spoke English, the liberal Press in England and America was more vocal than that of France (which in any case did not believe in self-government for colonies), and he had considerable charm. He conquered Europeans and Americans (black and white)

[1] This had one positive effect. More superstitiously afraid of the vengeance of the dead than of the plotting of the living, he never put an opponent to death. When Danquah died, of old age and neglect, in chains, Nkrumah rushed to Nsawam, as soon as he heard the news, to make sacrifices. Presumably they did not work....

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more successfully than Africans. There was something Tarzanic about the man that brought out the incipient Jane in white people. If he was nothing else he was certainly a "white man's Negro": he could fool some of them all of the time.

TODAY his most articulate lobby is resolutely non-African, and he certainly owes this to his charm: with a warrant out for his arrest for stealing over £2 million from the people he pretended to serve, he can still persuade a few genuine defenders of the poor and oppressed to preside over the launching of his latest books, in the absence of African volunteers.

Miss Hinden believes that Nkrumah deceived himself, that he genuinely believed—and believes—that neo-imperialists plotted and brought about his downfall (and presumably hypnotised his people so that they would celebrate it). She may well be right, although it is hard to believe that Nkrumah's call for "a man who abhors greed and detests vanity ... whose humility is his strength and whose integrity is his greatness" was written without tongue in cheek. But if Nkrumah believes at least some of the things he has written recently, this tells us more about his state of mind than about his "philosophy." Poor Garvey believed he was Mussolini's mentor. Nkrumah, whose mentor Garvey was, perhaps believes he is still fighting colonialism.

And why not indeed! Will a man who once successfully predicted a financial crisis not go on predicting them every few years? Will a legislator whose reputation was built on a racket-busting operation not look for—and invent or exaggerate—other rackets? The battle against colonialism was the only battle Nkrumah honourably won. Since then, he has only fought against Africa and Africans—but always in the name of anti-colonialism. In brief, a consummate actor and egoist, with a gift for saying the opposite of what he meant.

"E.g., Viet Nam"

CONTRIBUTING to the Symposium on writers' involvement in public issues, in the September ENCOUNTER, I wrote "Now there are wars to which I lend neither emotional, physical nor financial support." ENCOUNTER took it upon itself to insert the words, "*e.g.*, Viet Nam" in brackets. I do lend my support to Viet Nam and have made no secret of how I look upon the American intervention in that country—an act of crime and folly. I have contributed to a book, *Authors Take Sides on Viet Nam*, edited by Cecil Woolf, in which my feelings are most clearly stated so that it would be ridiculous to abnegate one's commitment for the sake of a cosy paragraph. It will be a revelation to all to know why the words were arbitrarily inserted.

EDNA O'BRIEN

London

[*Ed. Note:* We are truly sorry that any misunderstanding should have arisen. Having read an advance proof of Miss O'Brien's contribution to the forthcoming book, *Authors Take Sides on Viet Nam*, we thought a specific reference to Viet Nam and her committed anti-war position might help clarify and emphasise her very own point. (We still think it does, and cannot see how anything has been made "cosy.") Unfortunately, Miss O'Brien was out of London when the galley proof was sent to her for author's corrections—for we have made it an editorial practice never to change a phrase, a word, or even a punctuation mark without referring it back to the author for approval. We apologise to Miss O'Brien for any conceivable confusion that our bracketed insertion may have caused.]

Marx & Darwin

I AM SURPRISED that Dr. Shlomo Avineri [ENCOUNTER, September] still imagines that Marx's "amusement" at Darwin's recognition of the similarity between *laissez-faire* and the "struggle for existence" in the animal kingdom can in any way be interpreted as a criticism of Darwin. It is of course a criticism of capitalist society as he saw it. His view exactly corresponds to that of Engels, who, like Marx is amused at the "bitter satire" in Darwin's work when he shows *laissez-faire* to be characteristic of the animal kingdom—which is just what Marx said.

But when Marx shows that a co-operative society has greater powers of survival than one split into mutually destructive and warring elements, he is at the same time applying Darwin's evolutionary concept to society, finding in it, as he says "a basis in natural science" for his own theory of social development, but also unfolding a *method* of survival which is exactly the opposite of the process seen by Darwin in the animal kingdom. What he takes as the "basis" is the sequence of higher and higher types, the transformation of one into the other, the higher state represented by a better adaptation of form to changing function, and so on.

The *method* so far from merely repeating social Darwinism flatly negates it, since the new form of society eliminates every factor characteristic of struggle in the animal world and in *laissez-faire* society.

Of course Marx does not eliminate the competitive advantage of a more highly developed form of social organisation, but it does not operate as open war and military annihilation, but as the demonstration of a more successful economy. (Marx would of course be refuted if in the event this did not prove to be the case.) He is simply asserting that it shows its superiority by breaking the fetters of production imposed by capitalism and releasing the forces of production to satisfy human needs. Where does Marx state this? In everything he wrote. It is the single theme of the entire corpus of his writing. And of course it does most certainly represent the triumph of the humanistic ethic which is the very heart of everything that Marx wrote from 1844 to 1883.

JOHN LEWIS

Morley College,
London

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IF MR. LEWIS is right that all that Marx tried to show "in everything he wrote" was that "a co-operative society has greater powers of survival than one split into mutually destructive and warring elements," then the Khrushchev-Nixon Kitchen Debate of 1954 was the most profound and relevant dialogue about society since Plato's *Republic*. I beg to differ.

SHLOMO AVINERI

Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.

Shrdlu on Film

FILM CRITICS have long been favourite victims of Gobfrey ("Stet") Shrdlu, the typesetter's friend. His memorable coups in my own case—apart from routine tussles over the spelling of "Technicolor" and "*Ladri di biciclette*"—have included "college window" for "college widow," "Love Harpy" for the Marx Brothers picture *Love Happy*, and a few such intriguing finds as "psycholopath" and "flash-break." Shrdlu rode again through much of my article "Scrutinising" in the July ENCOUNTER; and I'd like to point out that it was he, not I, who turned Ivor Montagu into "Montague" and the late Richard Winnington into "Winningham." If we don't watch him, one day he'll get awag widh murdler.

RICHARD MAYNE

Paris

AUTHORS

Robert Penn Warren, the American poet and novelist, has recently been living in France, where the poems in this number were written. His latest books include *Who Speaks for the Negro?* (1965), and *Flood* (1964)....

Peter Fryer is the author of books on the Hungarian revolution and Salazar's Portugal, and of *Mrs. Grundy: Studies in English Prudery* (1963), *The Birth Controllers* (1965), and *Private Case, Public Scandal* (1966)....

Richard Lowenthal has been a regular political commentator for ENCOUNTER for the past fourteen years. Among his most recent contributions were a two-part study of "Revolution in Our Time" (January-February 1965) and two articles on Viet Nam (October 1965 and January 1966). His article in the current number has been abridged from a long paper which Oxford University Press will publish in a forthcoming volume entitled *The Impact of the Russian Revolution 1917–1967*. Lowenthal was for many years on the staff of *The Observer* as a foreign correspondent and a leader writer. He is at present Professor of International Relations at the Free University of Berlin....

Kathleen Raine's essay on St.-John Perse will be included in a book, *Defending Ancient Springs*, to be published by Oxford University Press this autumn....

John Carter is the author, with Graham Pollard, of the famous *Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets*, which exposed the forgeries of the late Thomas J. Wise. He is also an Associate Director of Sotheby's. He used to go to A. E. Housman's lectures at Cambridge, and has been responsible for the recension of the text of *The Collected Poems* (London, Cape; New York, Holt) since its first publication in 1939. He is the editor of Housman's *Selected Prose* (Cambridge); compiler, with John Sparrow, of an annotated handlist of Housman's printed work (Hart-Davis); and editor of the catalogue of the centenary exhibition held at University College, London, in 1959. His *ABC for Book-Collectors* (Hart-Davis) has recently gone into a fourth edition....

Denis Donoghue is Professor of Modern English and American Literature at University College, Dublin. He is the author of *Connoisseurs of Chaos* (1966), and *The Third Voice* (1959)....

D. J. Enright is Professor of English at the University of Singapore, and the author, among other works, of *Figures of Speech* (1965) and *Conspirators and Poets* (1966)....

Robert Bolt is the author of the plays *Flowering Cherry*, *A Man for All Seasons*, and *The Tiger and the Horse*. He also wrote the screen plays for the films *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Dr. Zhivago*....

Frederic Raphael, author of *Lindmann* and *The Limits of Love*, whose most recent novel, *Orchestra and Beginners*, will shortly be published by Jonathan Cape, also wrote the film scripts for *Darling*, *Two for the Road*, and (currently in production) Thomas Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd*....

Robert Conquest, whose books include *Power and Policy in the U.S.S.R.* (1961) and *Russia After Khrushchev* (1965), is also the author of a number of books of poetry....

James Morris is a free-lance journalist and writer, whose books include *The Hashemite Kings* (1958), *Cities* (1963), *The Presence of Spain* (1964), and *Oxford* (1965), all published by Faber, who will be bringing out his *Pax Britannica* next year....

Anthony Hartley is the author of *A State of England* (1963) and the editor and translator of the two Penguin volumes of 19th- and 20th-century French poetry. Formerly a leader writer on *The Economist*, he is at present living in New York as Editor of *Interplay*, a new journal of European-American affairs.

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